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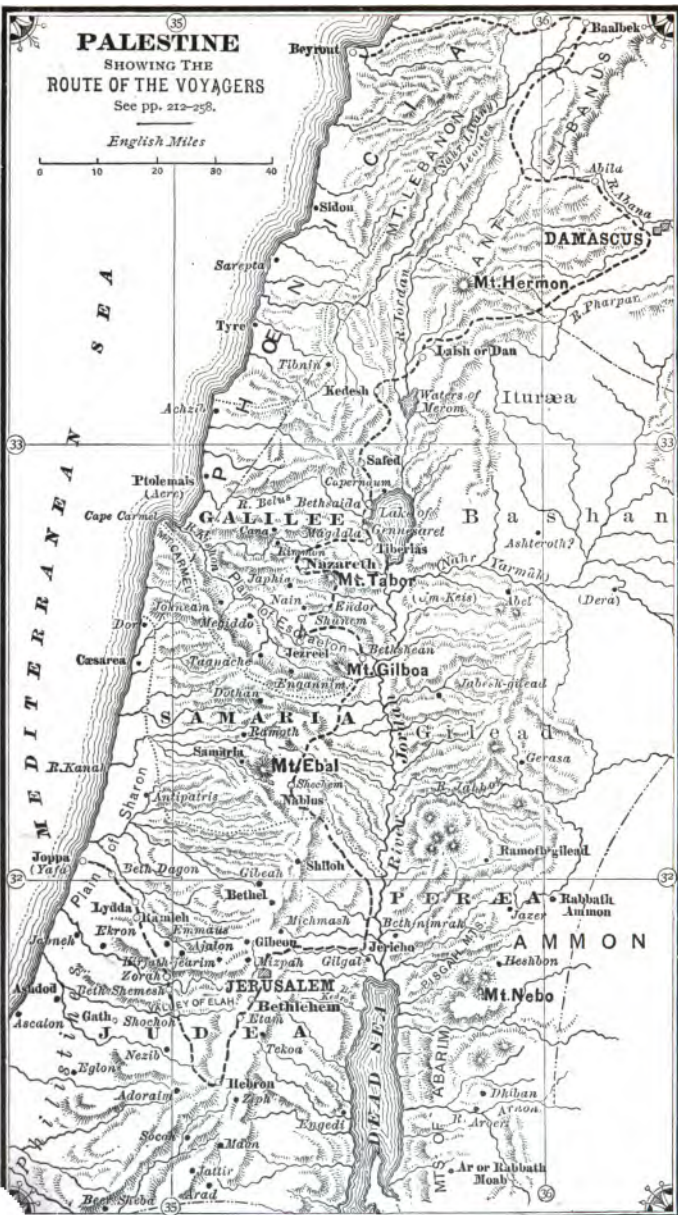
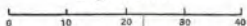
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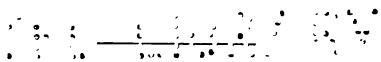
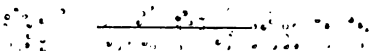
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LIPPINCOTT'S POPULAR SERIES.

THE
FIFTH READER
OF THE
POPULAR SERIES.

BY
MARCIVS WILLSON.


WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.


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1881.

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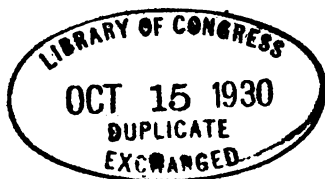
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P R E F A C E.

THE general plan of this Reading Series—that of “localizing events around a home centre of attraction”—has been continued in the present number, although the field of observation and study is here greatly extended.

Instead of “Language Lessons,” in the form contained in the Third and Fourth Readers, a line of instruction closely related thereto is here introduced, in the “Nature and Uses of *Figurative Language*,” for the purpose of illustrating a feature that abounds in nearly all writings, and especially in works of the imagination.—(See pages 15–19, etc., and questions at the bottom of pages.) The little on this subject that we could find room for is designed merely as suggestions to the teacher, who, from the hints here received, may carry forward the study throughout the book. It will be found a good exercise for both teacher and pupil.

In the “Around the World” series of letters, which forms a prominent feature in the present volume, our aim has been to introduce, wherever practicable, such brief characterizations of foreign people and countries, and such historic sketches, scenes, and incidents of travel, and remarks thereon, as will be of permanent value. Although the *narrative* style might be supposed to prevail here, yet description more abounds, while the interwoven adaptations and selections are exceedingly varied in character. It is believed that the novel features of the letters referred to, in connection with the intermediate chapters, will give all the *variety* that is needed in a Fifth Reader,—and much more than is found in ordinary Readers of this grade.—(See Table of Contents and the Appendix.)

We have, designedly, made the grading of the series easy throughout, regarding, continually, the great number for whom “Readers” are, in general, intended, rather than the few more advanced pupils whose field of study comprehends, as a rule, literature beyond the mere range of “text-books.” Hence, selections of an abstruse and metaphysical character have been generally omitted, even in the Fifth Reader. Those teachers that desire additional “set” pieces for elocutionary drill, adapted to Fourth and Fifth Reader grades, are referred to the Supplementary number of the series.

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THE FIFTH READER.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

1. At the beginning of a new volume, let it be understood that we are still at Lake-View, and that we have now something additional to record about the school there, which we hope may interest and profit our readers.

2. In connection with the founding and steady growth of the muse'um, there has been established a school library, of moderate dimensions, but specially adapted to the educational wants of the pupils. The books which it comprises are not only present helps to the pupils in their studies, and in their school exercises, but they are perhaps still more important to them as landmarks and guides to broader fields of knowledge.

3. The practice of giving, to all the pupils, short "gem selections" for memorizing and for recitation, has been continued; while the reading selections, made by the pupils themselves from books other than their regular reading-books, and from the current literature of the day, have been greatly extended.

4. As might be expected, pupils are found to exhibit a great variety of tastes in their selections; for while some have a fancy for battle-pieces, spirited declamations, or scenes of thrilling dramatic interest, there are more, especially among the young ladies, who choose stories of affection and home life, in which the tender and the pathetic prevail; while others delight to dwell on the varied scenes which nature displays, in her thousand forms of beauty, of grandeur, and of power.

5. It is in the last two years of school education that the reading selections take the widest range, especially with the young men of the school, who then begin to think seriously of preparation for the active duties of life. With many of them the selections and compositions then assume a decidedly practical character; and the teacher takes special pains in directing pupils to the best sources of information relating to the great industries of life,—the various trades and professions,—agriculture, commerce, and the mechanic arts;—for to this line of study the library and the museum are admirably adapted.

6. New and inviting fields of thought are thus opened to the pupils; and the pieces selected, and the sources from which they were obtained, are never-failing topics of conversation with the young people, who have learned, ere this, that there is something more in education than merely conning the lessons of the school-room.

7. Recently still another, and a valuable feature, has been added to the occasional reading exercises of the older pupils. It consists in setting apart particular days for reading from the works of certain distinguished authors. For example, there is one day for Washington Irving, one for Bryant, one for Whittier, one for Holmes, one for Longfellow, one for Tennyson, one for Shakspeare, one for Milton, one for Addison and other essayists of the same era, and one for Homer,—ten in all. These are designated as "Irving's Day," "Longfellow's Day," "Tennyson's Day," etc.; and they are so arranged as to be conveniently distributed, for school purposes, throughout the year.

8. Many of the pupils write out their selected readings on foolscap paper of uniform size, writing on only one side of the paper, and leaving wide margins, so that the contributions of a term, or of a year, may be conveniently bound together, and preserved in the museum.

9. What an amount and variety of selections will thus be gathered here, in the course of a few years!—and with

what interest may their pages be turned over by succeeding generations of teachers and pupils! From the first of these manuscript volumes we have selected the materials for the following chapter; and as we chanced to be present at the reading, we are able to append to the selections the teacher's remarks upon the pieces read, and upon the manner of reading them.

CHAPTER II.—SELECTIONS FROM ONE DAY'S MISCELLANEOUS READINGS.

I.—*The Sower.* [Selected by a farmer boy.]

1. The maples redden in the sun;
 In autumn gold the beeches stand:
Rest, faithful plough, thy work is done
 Upon the teeming land.
Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
On every breath that sweeps the sky,
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie,
 And ask the sower's hand.
2. Now strew, with free and joyous sweep,
 The seed upon the expecting soil;
For hence the plenteous year shall heap
 The garnerers of the men who toil.
Strew the bright seed for those who tear
The matted sward with spade and share,
And those whose sounding axes gleam
Beside the lonely forest stream,
 Till its broad banks lie bare,—
For him who breaks the quarry-ledge
 With hammer-blows plied quick and strong,
And him who, with the steady sledge,
 Smites the shrill anvil all day long.

* * * * *

3. Brethren, the sower's task is done ;
The seed is in its winter bed ;
Now let the dark-brown mould be spread
 To hide it from the sun,
And leave it to the kindly care
Of the still earth and brooding air,
As when the mother, from her breast,
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
And shades its eyes, and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be.
4. The tempest now may smite ; the sleet
All night on the drowned furrow beat ;
And winds that, from the cloudy hold
Of winter, breathe the bitter cold,
Stiffen to stone the yellow mould ;
 But safe shall lie the wheat,
Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,
 Shall walk again the genial year,
To wake with warmth, and nurse with dew,
 The germs we lay to slumber here.
5. The love that leads the willing spheres
Along the unending track of years,
And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,
Shall brood above *thy* winter rest,
And raise thee from the dust to hold
 Light whisperings with the winds of May,
And fill thy spikes with living gold
 From Summer's yellow ray.
Then, as thy garner gives thee forth,
 On what glad errands shalt thou go,
Wherever, o'er the waiting earth,
 Roads wind and rivers flow !—*Bryant.*

II.—*Figurative Language.*

1. When the foregoing piece had been read, the teacher asked, what propriety there was in the expression "*autumn gold*," in the second line of the first verse, and in the expression "*faithful plough*," in the third line; and why, in the second line of the second verse, the soil on which the wheat was sown was called "*the expecting soil*." When these questions had been variously answered by the pupils, he took occasion to make some remarks upon the use of figurative language,—a subject to which he had previously called the attention of the more advanced pupils. The following is the substance of his remarks.

2. "Words," he said, "are used in a *figurative* sense, when they are to be understood in a sense different from their plain and obvious, or *primary*, meaning, and are thus made to express some idea with the greater force, through the medium of what is, literally, an untruth. Figurative language is *generally* based upon some real or fancied *resemblance* between objects; and it is employed when the mind bestows upon the real object under consideration, the qualities or attributes of something else which resembles it.

3. "Thus, when, in autumn, the leaves of beech-trees change to a rich orange or yellow, we may say that they are of a *golden* yellow, because their color *resembles* that of gold. By a little further stretch of the imagination we may fancy, as the poet does in the second line of the piece just read, that this golden color is *gold* itself,—as when he says,—

‘In autumn *gold* the beeches stand.’

Here the rich beauty of the autumn color of the leaves is expressed with additional force by giving free play to the imagination, and saying that the trees themselves ‘stand in *gold*.’

4. "When the work of the plough is thoroughly done,

by a like figure of speech we may call the plough a *faithful* plough, just as the poet has done; because the plough seems, to us, in respect to its work, to resemble an intelligent and faithful *workman*. So, also, in the fourth verse, the winter winds are said to *breathe* the bitter cold; but in spring-time the genial year is said to *walk* forth, as if it were an animate object, and to *wake* the sleeping germs of wheat, and *nurse* them with dew.

5. "We speak of the *head* of an army, a column, a state, a family, and a school,—of the *head* of the Nile, and the *heads* of a discourse,—because the prominent or controlling parts of the things here spoken of do, in a measure, *resemble* the head of the animal body. So, also, a man is figuratively said to have a good *head*, when he has a good intellect. We can here easily trace the *resemblances* that lead to so many varied applications of this one word.

6. "When we wish to designate the period at which a state enjoyed its greatest glory, the idea is readily connected, in our fancy, by way of *resemblance*, with the flourishing period of a plant or a tree. We therefore say, very naturally, 'The Roman empire *flourished* most under Augustus.' The Psalmist used the same figure to denote the prosperity of the righteous, when he said, 'The righteous shall *flourish* like the palm-tree: he shall *grow* like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be *planted* in the house of the Lord shall *flourish* in the courts of our God.'

7. "It is owing to such *resemblances*, which are innumerable, and to the desire for variety, force, and beauty of language, that figurative expressions are so abundant in all works of the imagination. When appropriate, they delight by the novelty of the ideas which they suggest; they place the principal subject of thought in a new and striking light; and they add ornament, dignity, and grace to solid thought and natural sentiment. But it must ever be borne in mind that the *figure* is only the dress, while the *sentiment* is the body and the substance."

8. After some more questioning on the figurative language employed by the poet,—such as the “*willing spheres*,”—the “*whisperings*” which the growing wheat germs were to hold with the winds of May,—the “*living gold*” with which the spikes of wheat were to be filled,—and the “*glad errands*” on which the ripened wheat should go forth, the next piece was read,—also by a farmer boy.

III.—*The Farmer Feedeth All.*

1. My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The sailor ploughs the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer,
And the soldier wars withouten^a fear;
But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

2. Smith hammereth cherry-red the sword,
Priest preacheth pure the Holy Word,
Dame Alice worketh broidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,
The bar-maid sells the foaming beer,
The fisher fisheth in the mere.^b
And courtiers ruffle, strut, and shine,
While pages bring the Gascon^c wine;
But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

^a This is an old form of the preposition *without*; but it is now regarded as obsolete.

^b *Mère*, a pool or lake.

^c “*Gascon wine*,” wine made in Gascony, an old province in the south-west of France, the people of which were noted for *boasting*. So, *any* wine may very properly be called *Gascon* wine.

3. Man builds his castles fair and high
Wherever river runneth by ;
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments, and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers ;
Great work is done, be't here or there,
And well man worketh everywhere :
But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

C. G. Leland.

Then a beautiful piece, called "Three Angels," was read by Jennie Lorimer.

IV.—*Three Angels.*

1. They say this life is barren, drear, and cold :
Ever the same sad song was sung of old ;
Ever the same long weary tale is told ;
And to our lips is held the cup of strife ;
And yet—a little love can sweeten life.
2. They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void
Whose Dead-Sea fruit, long, long ago, has cloyed,*—

* Here is a figure of speech called *allusion*. An *allusion*, considered as a figure of speech, is an implied comparison, in which the subject or thing spoken of is supposed to have a *resemblance* to something that is *alluded to*. Thus, in the present case, the "aching void of age" is supposed to have some resemblance to "Dead-Sea fruit." And why? Because the "Dead-Sea fruit" (the fancied fruit found on the shores of the Dead Sea, or Lake of Sodom) is said to be exceedingly bitter to the taste, and to *turn to ashes* on the lips. Hence the allusion to "Dead-Sea fruit" greatly heightens the coloring of the picture of the "aching void of age."

Another striking figure follows this,—in which the "*night*" of old age is said to be "rife with tempestuous storms."

Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife,—
And yet—a little hope can brighten life.

3. They say we fling ourselves, in wild despair,
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there,
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife,—
And yet—a little patience strengthens life.
4. Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf:
Three angels share the lot of human strife;
Three angels glorify the path of life.
5. Love, Hope, and Patience* charm us on our way;
Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirits' stay;
Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

Temple Bar.

6. The fifth selection was one that had been sent by Ralph Duncan to a younger brother of Philip Barto. Ralph, though away, still took great interest in the school, and often sent to the pupils chosen selections from the books and papers that he found in the public library. Mr. Agnew said that the present piece was an excellent one for reading, but that it required to be specially well read to be duly appreciated.

* Here is a figure of speech in which *love*, *hope*, and *patience* are called "three angels," because the effect which they produce in supporting our drooping spirits, watching over us, and causing everything around us to put on a cheerful aspect, is supposed to resemble that of the kind care of angels over us. Here "love," "hope," and "patience" are supposed to act like *persons*. This figure of speech is called *personification*.

V.—*The Retort.*

1. A supercilious nabob of the East—
 Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
 A governor, or general, at the least,
 I have forgotten which—
 Had in his family a humble youth
 Who went from England in his pātron's suite,—
 An unassuming boy, and, in truth,
 A lad of decent parts and good repute.
2. This youth had sense, and spirit;
 Yet, with all his sense,
 Excessive diffidence
 Obscured his merit.
3. One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
 His honor—proudly free, severely merry—
 Conceived it would be vastly fine
 To crack a joke upon his secretary.
4. "Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
 Did your father gain a livelihood?"
 "He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
 "And in his line was reckoned good."
5. "A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
 Instead of teaching you to *sew*!
 Pray, why did not your father make
 A saddler, sir, of you?"
6. Each parasito, then, as in duty bound,
 The joke applauded,—and the laugh went round.

At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade."

7. "My father's trade! By heaven, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a *gentleman*, I'd have you know."

8 "Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow;
"Pray, why did not your father make
A *gentleman* of you?" Anon.

9. The reading of this piece was followed by some very appropriate remarks on the subject of *emphasis*. "You all know," said the teacher, "that in reading, as well as in talking, we give special meaning or effect to certain words by the *manner* in which they are spoken. Although we do this by what we call *emphasis*, yet it must not be understood that it is always that plain emphasis that consists in giving additional force to the words denoted as emphatic. Sometimes the emphasis consists, not in a louder utterance, but in a peculiar *sarcastic* tone.

10. "Thus, while the word '*sew*' in the fifth verse of the selection just read, the word '*your*' in the sixth verse, and the words '*father's*' and '*gentleman*' in the seventh verse, were distinguished by little more than a *louder* or more *forcible* pronunciation than ordinary, the words '*gentleman*' and '*you*' in the last line of the eighth verse, although marked as emphatic, like the others, were correctly spoken in a gentle, but *sarcastic*, tone, and with slower time than the others. Words *sarcastically* spoken are generally uttered in slower time than ordinary. Ordinary emphasis is the emphasis of *force* alone; but the other emphasis here alluded to may be called the emphasis of *time* and *manner*."

VI.—*A Lump of Carbon.*

1. After several more pieces had been read, Mr. Agnew introduced the last piece with a few remarks. "The next selection," said he, "will be read by a member of the geology class, to whom the piece was sent by our friend, Carl Hoffmann, who, I am happy to say, is a successful student of geology. But in order that others who have not studied geology may the better appreciate the selection, I shall preface it with a brief explanation.

2. "A geological student is represented as sitting before a glowing grate and meditating upon the coal—which is mostly carbon—that is burning there. He questions the coal as to its history, although he knows its origin was in a by-gone age, when the earth was covered with dense tropical forests of palms, and other trees of gigantic growth.

3. "He asks if the mammoth, that once roamed the earth, grazed on the verdure that grew beneath the palms, or slept away the tardy hours in their shade; and if the unwieldy saurian^a—of the lizard tribe—and other monsters of that period, crawled upon the land, or wallowed in the marshes, while ichthyic^b beasts—sharks a hundred feet long—fought in the seas, which they reddened with their blood.

4. "Then he asks the ancient palm-tree, now turned to coal,—and, perchance, the same that is giving forth its long-hidden light and heat in the grate before him,—if aught that pertains to *man's* origin and history is found in that primeval world. But although he calls upon the carbon, 'lurid burning,' to elucidate^c the mysteries of those ages past, he seems to call in vain, for no answer is given.

^a The *saurians* include all animals that are covered with scales and have four legs.

^b *Ichthyic*, pertaining to fishes.

^c *Elucidate*, to free from obscurity; to explain.

5. "In this piece, as you will perceive, the 'lump of carbon' is *addressed* and *questioned*. This, also, is an example of the figure called *personification*, and the *resemblance* on which the figure is based consists in the supposed ability of the carbon to hear and understand, like a *person*."

6. Tell' me, lump of carbon', burning
Lurid in the glowing grate',
While thy flames rise twisting, turning,
Quench in me this curious yearning;
Ages past elucidate.

7. Tell me of the time when, waving
High above the primal* world,
Thou wast a giant palm-tree, lifting
Thy proud head above the shifting
Of the storm-cloud's lightning hurled,
While the tropic sea, hot laving,
Round thy roots its billows curled.

8. Tell' me,—did the mammoth, straying
Near that mighty trunk of yours,
On the verdure stop and graze,
Which thy ample base displays,
Or, his weary limbs down laying,
Sleep away the tardy hours?

9. Perchance some monstrous saurian, sliding,
Waddled up the neighboring strand,

In verse 7, what supposed resemblance gives rise to the figure "lifting thy proud head"?—In verse 8, what resemblance gives rise to the figure "tardy hours"?

* *Pri'mal*, and *prime'val*, early; referring to the world in the early ages, before it was inhabited by man.

Or leapt into its native sea
With something of agility,
Though all ungainly on the land ;
While near your roots, in blood-stained fray,
Maybe, two ichthyic beasts, colliding,
Bit and fought their lives away.

10. Tell me, ancient palm-corpse, was there,
In that world of yours primeval,
Aught of man in perfect shape ?
Was there good, and was there evil ?
Was it man ? or was it ape ?
Tell me, have we lost a link ?
Stir thy coaly brain and think :
While thy red flames rise and sink,
Ages past elucidate.—*Chambers's Journal*.

11. On my return to Wilmot Hall, from these "Readings," I found a bulky package lying on my table. It proved to be Freddy Jones's "postscript" to Henry Allen's letter, which we had been expecting almost every day since Henry's letter came to hand. It was a very long *postscript*; but our Wilmot Hall Society, before which it was read, declared it to be a very interesting one. It will be found in the next chapter.

12. These Wilmot Hall gatherings, that were now held on the last Saturday evening of each month only, instead of every Saturday, were quite fully attended by the families that had so long been accustomed to assemble at the Hall on Saturday evening of each week. Mr. Agnew and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond seldom failed to be present.

13. At the reading of the letters of the "Around the World" series, the several portions into which they were divided were often quite freely discussed by those present, who often added to the interest in the scenes and incidents mentioned, by additional information furnished from their

own reading or observation. Both Uncle Philip and Mr. Raymond had travelled extensively in Europe, and were familiar with much of the ground passed over by the voyagers.

CHAPTER III.—AROUND THE WORLD, No. 3.

FROM LONDON TO ST. PETERSBURG.

I.—*More about England and Scotland.*

1. Henry has told you about this *postscript* to his letter, that I intended to write.* You may think it belies the name; for it has grown far beyond the dimensions that I anticipated; and yet I have seen so much that it would be interesting to me to write about, that I have not been able to write the half that I should like to.

2. While Henry was at Westminster Abbey, on the only Sunday of our stay in London, listening to the religious services there, which he has described so well, I went with Prof. Howard to hear the celebrated Baptist preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, whose two little books about "John Ploughman's" familiar talks and sayings I had read at home with so much interest.

3. Mr. Spurgeon preaches in a plain chapel that will seat five thousand people; and it was filled to the utmost with the large congregation which the eloquent preacher has drawn around him.

4. When we were assembled at our hotel in the evening, Prof. Howard remarked that, by many, Mr. Spurgeon is not considered eloquent, as an *orator*. Then I said that he was, certainly, the most interesting preacher that I had ever heard; for I could not help feeling, when he was

* See Fourth Reader, p. 326.

speaking, that he was talking directly, and very earnestly, to me, all the time. Others of our party who heard him said that he produced a similar impression on them. "That is the very best kind of eloquence," said the Professor; and then he gave us an interesting talk on what constitutes true eloquence,—concluding by quoting the following words from an address by Daniel Webster:—

5. "True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist *in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.*"

6. I went with Prof. Howard to see Westminster Abbey on a week-day; and then I appreciated all that Henry has written you about it. It was in the evening following, that the Professor read to us Addison's reflections upon the tombstones and the inscriptions that he saw there; and they are so beautiful that I cannot forbear copying for you the following closing paragraphs.

7. "When I look upon the tombs of the great," says this eloquent writer, "every emotion dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them,—when I see rival wits lying side by side, or holy men that divided the world by their contests and disputes,—I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates on the tombs—of some that died yesterday, some, six hundred years ago—I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together."

8. London is, indeed, a great and growing city, as Henry has told you. "As I was going over London Bridge" (as the first story I ever read about London began),—over which twenty-five thousand vehicles now pass daily,—I could not help thinking of the time—so long, long ago—when Dick Whittington and his cat passed over London Bridge; and how Dick, after a very successful commercial venture, became Lord Mayor of London! How many boys, after reading the story of Whittington and his cat, have dreamed, as I did, about engaging in some such speculation!

9. If Henry had not written so long a letter, I should tell you about the beautiful parks of London, the bridges, the swimming baths, and the drinking fountains: and I should tell you what I thought about the *wilderness* of people who crowd the streets, always hurrying, and jostling each other like bees in swarming time! Great numbers of these are poor, hard-working people, who know nothing about the quiet and the comforts of country life.

10. As we spent some time in the country districts, I should like to tell you about the beauty of the neatly-trimmed hedges, the greenness of the pastures, and the richness of the fields and gardens of Old England. And as we visited the great manufacturing towns, I could tell you about the factory people: and I would say to those who work in the factories of Lake-View, that they are vastly better off, with little cosey places of their own, than their brethren in the old country.

11. While several of our party were riding out in a carriage one day, we noticed that our driver turned to the *left* whenever he met a team; and after that we noticed that *all* teams, on meeting, turned to the left. Prof. Howard told us that this is the law of the road in England;—and in confirmation of it, he repeated the following lines:—

"In England, the law of the road
Gives rise to a paradox^a strong ;—
For, who goes to the *left* goes *right*,
But who goes to the *right* goes *wrong*."

I wish to say something more than Henry told you about our voyage along the eastern coast of the British Isles.

12. A few miles before we passed the mouth of the river Tweed, the boundary between England and Scotland, Prof. Howard called our attention to an island near the coast, called Holy Island, on which are the ruins of a famous old abbey, that are described by Sir Walter Scott in his poem of "Marmion," from which the Professor read the following extract :—

The Abbey on "St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle."

13. "In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row on row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleys walk
To emulate in stone."

14. When, on our visit to Melrose Abbey, to which Henry has referred, we were viewing the great altar window, which is said to be unrivalled for its fine proportions, the richness of its tracery, and the beauty and delicacy of its workmanship, Prof. Howard again quoted from Sir Walter Scott,—this time from his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The following is the poet's description of this famous window, and of the scene presented when the abbey was visited by "William of Deloraine":—

^a A *par'adox* is something that is seemingly contradictory ; something absurd in appearance and language, but true in fact.

Melrose Abbey.

15. "The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliage tracery combined ;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

16. "The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain."

17. On leaving Edinburgh, and passing out of the Firth of Forth, we sailed northward along the coast, past the entrance to the harbor of "bonny Dundee," close by Montrose, the ancient seat of the famous Dukes of that name, and soon after entered the excellent harbor of a great manufacturing city, called Aberdeen.

18. If Aberdeen is a manufacturing city, it is a handsome one, with many broad and beautiful streets ; and the elegant houses in one of the streets—called Union Street, and Union Place—are built, for a mile in length, wholly of the most beautiful white granite !

19. Stopping before one of these new houses, I asked one of the workmen if I might have one of the little bits of

Verse 15.—On what resemblance is based the figure "*freakish knot*" ?—In verse 16, the figure "the moonbeam *kissed*" ?

stone which I saw lying around there in abundance. He looked up at me with surprise, and replied, "As mōny as yě can carry awā wī yě, my little mōn." So there's a bit of rock, all the way from the granite hills of Scotland, for the Lake-View Museum!

20. After leaving Aberdeen for Amsterdam, we passed near a light-house which seemed to rise up out of mid-ocean, with no land, or rocky isle, to rest on. We had seen it, off the Firth of Forth, as we passed northward on our way to Aberdeen.

21. "But it stands on a rock under water," said Prof. Howard. "The rock is now called *Bell Rock*; and it has a strange story connected with it,—about events which are said to have occurred there several hundred years ago. As the sun is just setting, and we shall see no more land to-night, we will go into the cabin, and I will tell you the story."

II.—*The Pirate Rovers of the Sea.*

1. When we were gathered around the Professor in the cabin, he thus continued: "The events that I am going to narrate to you occurred at a time when there were no light-houses to warn honest mariners of the dangers of a rocky shore; and wild 'rovers,' as they were called, but they were no better than pirates, roamed the ocean and plundered the villages along the coasts.

2. "Those wild and stormy times are well described in the following lines about the Danish Count Wittikind, who was the most famous of these 'Rovers of the Sea:'

COUNT WITTIKIND.

3. Count Wittikind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the main:
Woe to the realms which he coasted! for there
Were shedding of blood and rending of hair!

Fright of maiden and slaughter of priest!
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast!
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him wrack:
And he burned the churches—that heathen Dane,
To light his band to their barks again.

4. On Erin's shores was his outrage known;
The winds of France had his banners blown;
Little was there to plunder, yet still
His pirates had forayed on Scottish hill;
But upon merry England's coast
More frequent he sailed, for he won the most.
5. So far and wide his ravage they knew,
If a sail but gleamed white 'gainst the welkin blue,
Trumpet and bugle to arms did call,
Burghers hastened to man the wall;
Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape,
Beacons were lighted on headland and cape;
Bells were tolled out, and aye, as they rung,
Fearful and faintly the gray brothers sung,—
"Save us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Wittikind's ire."

Walter Scott.

6. "It appears," said the Professor, "that one of these pirates, who was known as 'Ralph the Rover,' is connected in the prevailing legends with the history of this *Bell Rock* which we have just passed, but which was then called the *Inchcape Rock*.* The story is, that, as this rock was very

* The "Inch'cape" Rock, now known as *Bell Rock*, is off the east coast of Scotland, about fifteen miles east from the entrance to the Firth of Tay, and ten miles southeast from the port of Ar'broath, the ancient *Aberbroth'ock*, as the word is accented by both Webster and Worcester. But Southey, with 'poetic license', changed the accent to suit the metre and rhyme.

dangerous to mariners, the good priest of Aberbroth'ock, who lived in a village on the coast near by, caused a bell to be attached to a float of timber so fastened to the rock that the bell would ring when the waves ran high in a storm. But I will read the story to you as it is told by one of England's poets."

Then he read the following:—

III.—*The Inch'cape Bell.*

1. The good old Abbot of Ab'erbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inch'cape Rock ;
On a buoy, in the storm, it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.
2. When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous rock
And blessed the Abbot of Ab'erbrothock.
3. The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.
4. His eye was on the Inchcape float :
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."
5. The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.
6. Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound ;
The bubbles rose and burst around :

Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the priest of Aberbrothock."

7. Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away ;
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.
8. So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day ;
At evening it hath died away.
9. "Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?—
For methinks we should be near the shore ;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell !"
10. They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:—
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock !"
11. Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ;
He cursed himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide ;
12. But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

Southey.

"And that was a fitting punishment for his villainy,"
said Dr. Edson, when the Professor had finished reading
the piece.

IV.—*Amsterdam.—Holland.*

1. Although Henry has written you about Amsterdam,—its canals, and the industry of its people,—yet there are some other things of interest about this very singular city, to which the Professor called our attention, and which Henry has omitted to mention.

2. From several points of view, as the Professor said, Amsterdam presents the appearance of a forest of lofty windmills, that wave their enormous arms above the roofs of the houses, like a cloud of monstrous birds; and these are intermingled with masts of ships, fantastic steeples, and odd-looking chimneys; while over the whole broods a dark cloud from the sooty smoke of the myriad workshops, mills, and factories, of the swarming population.

3. The city is built upon about ninety low islands, from which lofty embankments shut out the waters of the ocean. These embankments are in many places tufted with willows, and are constantly undergoing repairs. The islands are connected by some three hundred and fifty bridges,—most of them drawbridges, which present a very singular appearance; for, while some of them are rising, some are falling, and others are closed, and the canals below them are always crowded with rafts, boats, ships, and barges.

4. But what is most singular is, that the surface of the surrounding ocean is considerably higher than the cultivated land of the islands, from which the windmills are constantly pumping out the water; and ships sail about higher than the heads of the people.

5. The houses are lofty, and are built upon piles driven deep into what was once the oozy bed of the sea; and it is said that the Royal Palace, which was built two centuries and a half ago, rests upon just "thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine piles."

6. The streets are mostly dark and narrow, and in the business portions of the city are lined, on the canal side,

with casks, bales, and boxes; while on the other side are splendid shops, where traffic is always busy.

7. Holland, of which Amsterdam is the chief city, has been described as "the end of the earth and the beginning of the ocean,—a measureless raft of mud and sand;" but I prefer to quote a better description of it, which the Professor read to us, from the poet Goldsmith:—

8. To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampart's artificial pride.

9. Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm compacted bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms around the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile,—
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,—
A new creation rescued from his reign.

10. I now pass onward to the time when we came within sight of the rugged coast of Norway. After we had entered the broad strait of Skag'er Rack, and had tired of gazing at the bold headlands, and the numerous rocky islands that lie along the northern shore, we all went into the cabin, when the Professor read to us descriptions of

Verse 8.—On what fancied resemblance is based the figure "rampart's pride"?—V. 9. The figure of the bulwark's "long arms," and the figures immediately following it?

that great and terrible whirlpool, called the Mæel'strom, which is a short distance from the north-western coast of Norway; and he also read to us several thrilling legends connected with it. One of the poetic descriptions is so good—"so musical," Prof. Howard said—that I must copy it for you:—

V.—*The Mæel'strom.*

1. Men say that in those northern seas,
Far out from human view,
There lies a huge and whirling pit,
As deep as though the globe were split,
To let the waters through.
2. All round and round, for many a mile,
Spreads the strong tide's resistless coil;
And if a ship should chance to pass
Within the Mæel'strom's sweep,
Nor helm nor sail will then avail
To drive her through the deep.
3. Headlong she rolls on racing waves,
Still narrowing in her round,
Still drawn towards the awful brim
Of that abyss profound;
Then one sharp whirl,—one giant surge,—
A lurch,—a plunge,—a yell,—
And down forever goes the ship
Into that raging hell. *Prof. Aytoun.*

4. Then he read to us a story describing the fate of a pleasure-party. I shall copy this also; and I hope Mr. Agnew will read it to his pupils, as a good temperance moral is based upon it.

Verse 2.—On what supposed resemblance is based the figure "tide's"
?—V. 3. "Racing waves"?

VI.—*The Fate of a Pleasure-Party.*

1. On the shore nearly opposite to this dreadful whirlpool, one fine day in summer, a party of young people were walking for pleasure. A proposition was made to embark for an excursion upon the water; and some of the party, against the advice of their companions, stepped into a boat lying by the shore.

2. None of those who thus embarked were accustomed to the dangers of the sea. The young men were not so skilful with the oars as those who are practised in their use, and they supposed there could be no danger. The sea was so calm, the day so pleasant, and the winds breathed so softly, they felt that all was safe.

3. Soon the boat was in motion, urged rapidly forward by the oars. Ere long, however, the young men, fatigued with the exertion, ceased rowing, and were pleased to find that the boat continued to glide smoothly, yet swiftly, along.

4. They saw no danger, and thought of none. They knew not that they were within the influence of the whirlpool, and that, although passing around on its outermost circle, they were slowly but surely drawing nearer to a point whence there could be no escape.

5. Borne rapidly onward by the deceitful current, they soon came round nearly to the place whence they had embarked. At this critical moment, the only one in which it was possible for them to escape, those on shore perceived the danger of the unhappy party, and gave the alarm. They entreated those in the boat to make at least one desperate effort, and, if possible, reach the shore.

6. They entreated in vain. The party in the boat laughed at the fears of their friends, and suffered themselves to glide onward, without making one exertion for deliverance from the destruction which they were so surely approaching. They passed around the second circle, and again appeared to their terrified friends on shore.

7. Entreaties were redoubled, but they could now scarcely be heard in the distance, and signs of danger were made; but all in vain. To launch another boat would only bring sure destruction to those who might embark. If any of the party were saved, their own efforts alone could accomplish the work.

8. But they continued their merriment, and now and then peals of laughter would come over the waters, falling like the knell of death upon the ears of those on shore; for the latter well knew that now there was no relief, and that soon the thoughtless revellers would see their folly and madness, and awake to their danger only to find that there was no longer a way of escape open to them.

9. Again they came round; but their mirth was terminated. They had heard the roarings of the whirlpool, and had seen in the distance the wild tumult of the waters. The boat began to quiver like an aspen-leaf, and to shoot like lightning from wave to wave.

10. The foam dashed over them as they sped along, and every moment they expected to be engulfed. They now plied the oars and cried for help. No help could reach them. No strength could give the boat power to escape from the doom towards which it was hastening.

11. A thick black cloud, as if to add horror to the scene, at this moment shrouded the heavens in darkness, and the thunder rolled fearfully over their heads. With a desperate struggle the oars were again plied. They snapped asunder, and the last hope of the doomed gave way to the agony of despair. The boat, now trembling, now tossed, now whirled suddenly around, plunged into the yawning abyss, and, with the unhappy persons whom it carried, disappeared forever. Thus perished the pleasure-boat and all who had embarked in it.

Verse 11.—On what resemblance is based the figure “*yawning abyss*”?

12. "And thus," said the Professor, rising from his seat and addressing the young men of our party, "thus perish, in the whirlpool of dissipation, thousands who at first sailed smoothly and thoughtlessly around its outward circle, and laughed at those who saw the danger and faithfully warned them of it. But, rejecting every admonition, and closing their ears to all entreaties, they continued on their course till escape was hopeless and ruin inevitable.

13. "Had not the pleasure-boat entered the *first* circle, the pleasure-party had never been swallowed up in that whirlpool of certain destruction. Remember also, my young friends, that the real danger to youth lies in entering the *first* circle of dissipation. Pleasure may, indeed, beckon on and cry, 'There is no danger;' but believe her not.

14. "The waves and rocks of ruin are in her path; and to avoid them may not be in your power if one wrong step be taken. Many a man who commenced with an occasional glass, relying upon his strength of mind and firmness of purpose to continue a *temperate* drinker, has passed around the whole circle of drunkenness, and lain down in a dishonored grave."

15. The story, with the accompanying moral, made a deep impression upon the young men of our party; but Dr. Edson afterwards told me that it was quite an exaggeration of the dangers of the whirlpool, which, he says, is destructive to ships and boats only during the prevalence of a western storm.

VII.—Onward to St. Petersburg.

1. Some of our party were desirous of visiting *Chris-ti-ā'ni-a*, the capital of Norway, which is said to be beautifully situated at the head of a deep and narrow inlet, or *fj-ord'*,

Verse 12.—On what resemblance is based the figure "*whirlpool of dissipation*"?—Its "*outward circle*"?—V. 13. "Pleasure may *beckon and cry*"?

as the Norwegians call it, with high rocky shores, seventy-five miles northward from the strait in which we were sailing. But, as Captain Gray told us that the fi-ord' is in some places rather difficult of navigation, and we might be delayed in obtaining a pilot, we concluded to continue on our course, and therefore proceeded to Stockholm, the capital of Sweden.

2. In the extensive parks and pleasure-grounds of this city, to which Henry has alluded, are numerous monuments of the great men of Sweden, among which is one, recently erected, to the memory of Charles XII. On returning to our hotel after viewing this monument, Prof. Howard took occasion to discuss the career of Sweden's warrior monarch, as portrayed in the admirable history of his life by Voltaire. For the *character* of Charles, he quoted Dr. Johnson's description, as being the best that can be said of one whose sole ambition was bounded by "the warrior's pride." It begins thus:—

3. On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounded kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign.

4. Then follows a brief account of the warlike career of the monarch, which was suddenly terminated by a random shot from the petty fortress of Frederickshald in Norway, which he was besieging:—

5. But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fate was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a *dubious* hand :
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

6. After a little more than one day's sail eastward from Stockholm, we came to the little rocky island of Cronstadt, the most important seaport and naval fortress of Russia. Just beyond the island we passed over the bar at the mouth of the river Neva, at high tide, and thirteen miles up the stream came to anchor before St. Petersburg itself.

CHAPTER IV.—A STORY, AND ITS MORAL.

I.—A Ride to the Highlands.

1. One day Mr. Raymond stopped at the Hall, with his slow horse and a two-seated carriage, and invited me to take a ride with him and Mr. Bardou over to the Highlands, a village four miles east of Lake-View. Mr. Bardou, whom our readers will recollect as the elderly French gentleman who lived with Mr. Raymond, and who so kindly stepped forward and paid Bertie Brown's fine, in the famous trial scene, is Mrs. Raymond's uncle. Some of the people in the village call him the "Little Old Frenchman;" others call him the "French Philosopher;" but Mr. Raymond calls him "Father Bardou."

2. Mr. Raymond was going to visit the *Asylum for the Aged and Infirm*, at the Highlands, of which he is one of the directors. The ride over the hills was a delightful one; it was a balmy September day; and the pleasant company of the minister and the genial Frenchman made ample amends for the slowness of the journey.

3. The plain farm-buildings and neat cottages on the route, with the narrow, but flower-bordered, walks that led to them, and their simple surroundings of shrubbery, and shade, and garden, and ploughed fields, and meadows, were a constant delight to my French companion, who saw more beauties in these rural scenes than in the parks, and parterres, and well-kept lawns, and grand approaches, which distinguish the mansions of the wealthy.

4. As we passed the well-tilled farms of Mr. Atkins and Mr. Ducklow, our philosophic friend dwelt upon the tranquil enjoyments, and few cares, of the farmer's life; and when Mr. Raymond pointed out the plain cottage of the widow Anderson, just over the hill beyond, all embowered in shrubbery, he declared it to be a perfect gem of rural beauty, where one fond of nature, and content with simple but substantial pleasures, might love to dwell. "There is a story connected with that cottage," said Mr. Raymond, "that I will tell you on our return."

5. After reaching the Highlands, going through the Asylum, and seeing how well everything had been arranged there for the comfort of the inmates, we went to the Highlands Bank, where Mr. Raymond had some business to transact for the Asylum. I noticed that the clerk who paid out the money, and who is called the *teller*, was quite a young man; and I was so much struck with his frank, open, and honest countenance, that, on coming away, I remarked to Mr. Bardou, "That is a young man whom I should not be afraid to trust."

6. While leaving the village, on our homeward ride, Mr. Bardou chanced to speak of the contrast between an elegant residence that we passed, and the widow's cottage, when Mr. Raymond remarked that he would now tell us the story to which he had before alluded. "The events all happened before you came to Lake-View, Mr. Bookmore," said he. Then, as we jogged slowly along, he related the following story about *Paul and his Mother*.

II.—*Paul and his Mother.*

1. When I first drove along this road, about a dozen years ago, said the minister, a poor widow lived in that cottage, with her little boy, her only child. It was not, then, the pretty place that it now is, with its neat grassy lawn, its garden, its flowers, and its shrubbery; but the same widow lives there still.

2. At the time of which I speak, it was very difficult for the poor woman to support herself and child; but she loved the lad so dearly that she would not have parted with him for all the riches in the world. His name was Paul; and his mother was the widow Anderson.

3. As Paul grew old enough to observe and think, he saw how good his mother was; and he tried to help her in every way that he could. As she had no money that she could well spare to buy wood for the fire, Paul would gather all the little sticks and chips that were around the door-yard, and by the road-side, and then he would go off to the woods, and bring in an armful as big as he could carry.

4. One day, as he was trudging along with his armful of sticks, a gentleman in a carriage met him, inquired his name, and where he lived, and asked him what he was going to do with his load of wood,—and whether it would not be easier to put it in a hand-cart and draw it home.

5. Paul told the gentleman what the wood was for, and said he hoped, when he was a little older, to be able to *buy* a cart; “and then,” said he, “I can draw all the wood that mother needs, so that she will not have to buy any; and then she can get me some books, and let me go to school.”

6. A few days after this, Mrs. Anderson was much surprised, on opening the door one morning, to find a neat and stout little hand-cart there; and tied to the handle was a note, which read, “To Paul Anderson, the boy who loves to help his mother.”

7. Paul wondered who it was that was so good as to send

him a cart; and his mother wondered, too. But Paul made good use of his cart in drawing wood; and his mother took the money which she would have had to pay for the wood, and bought him some books, and a new suit of clothes, and then sent him to school.

8. Paul had long been anxious to go to school, like other boys, for his mother had already taught him to read very well. It was true that the teacher, an old gentleman who kept a school for small children a little out of the village, although a highly educated and very scholarly man, was said to be very severe and fond of flogging.

9. But Paul did not mind that. He was a good boy,—so good that his mother had never punished him; and she had often talked with the teacher about whipping boys, and had told him that she did not believe they *ever* needed it. But she could not make him believe that boys could be governed without the use of the rod.

10. Paul knew most of the boys that went to the school, and for some time everything went on very well. It is true that naughty boys played in school, and there was much scolding by the teacher, and some flogging; but none of it had yet fallen upon Paul.

11. As the winter holidays approached, it happened that, one forenoon, about half an hour before the time for dismissal, the teacher, wearied with striving to overcome the idleness of his pupils, and worn out with watching over a sick daughter the night before, fell fast asleep in his chair just after he had put Jack Roper in the corner and threatened Jim Evans with a sound whipping.

12. Jim, who was on the floor, slowly spelling out his reading-lesson, was the first to discover the teacher's condition, which he soon made known to the whole school. All dulness and laziness were then quickly at an end. Jack Roper came out of his corner on tiptoe; two boys began a game of fisticuffs, taking care, however, to fight silently; nearly all left their seats; some threw paper wads

at each other; one put on the teacher's spectacles; and others gathered around the old man, making faces at him and turning him into ridicule.

13. A few remained at their seats and tried to go on with their studies, but the idle ones began to tease them and try to hinder them. Paul did not join in the mischief, for he knew it was wrong, and he saw that the greatest dunces were the most forward in it; but he could not help laughing at the pranks they were playing, and especially at the solemn face of Tom Larkins in the spectacles.

14. Soon one of the boys opened the teacher's desk, and another reached in and seized a piece of cake which the feeble old man had brought for his luncheon at the noon recess. This Paul thought was going quite too far. "Don't take that," he called out in a loud whisper. "Help me to stop them, Hugh!" he said, touching a boy who sat near him, and who had not joined in the disturbance.

15. "Who are you?" said one of the boys. "A sneak!" said another. "You want to wake the old man and have us flogged, don't you?" "Mind your own business!" Then a big paper wad hit Paul full in the face.

16. "I don't care," said Paul; "you shall not take it!"—and he jumped on the table, seized the cake, and shut the lid of the desk. At that moment the teacher awoke. Every boy was in his place in an instant, except Paul, who stood on the table, with the cake in his hand.

17. "What are you about there, sir? Why are you standing on the table,—and what is in your hand?" cried the teacher. And he seized Paul roughly, shook him, and sent him reeling from the table to the floor.

"I am not to blame, sir," said Paul.

18. "If you say that, you say what is not true!" said the teacher; "and this all comes from your getting no whippings at home!"

Paul colored scarlet. He could much better bear to be charged with falsehood than to be told that his dear mother

was in the wrong. He looked around upon his school-mates, but no one said a word for him.

19. "You shall have your first flogging to-day, sir!" said the teacher, seizing him.

Paul turned pale and trembled. But he looked up into the face of the teacher, and only said, "I don't deserve it."

"He does not deserve it," cried Hugh, and one or two other voices repeated the words.

20. "Whoever dares to take his part shall have a flogging too," said the teacher; and not a word more was said. The whole school was hushed with fear. But, strange to say, the uplifted rod did not fall upon the boy. Something seemed to stay the teacher's hand. Perhaps the boy's manner puzzled him; perhaps, just then, he thought of the widow's feelings.

21. "I shall not flog you," he said, laying down the rod. "It would do no good. You pretend to be one of the good boys, and now you set such an example! Go home to your mother, and tell her to keep you all to herself, and not send you back here any more. I expel you from the school!"

22. Paul turned away, and went out. His heart was bursting with grief, and tears started down his cheeks; but he dashed them away. The rest of the boys, who were dismissed as soon as Paul had left the room, came out and gathered around him.

23. "We couldn't help it, you know," said one of them. "Never mind," said another. "It's no great hardship not to come here again."

"Go away!" cried Paul; "don't touch me, you cowards!" and, pushing them from him, he broke away, and rushed off to the fields, that were all white with snow.

24. How lonely and wretched he felt! To think that they should all be so mean, and Hugh among them, who had always been his friend! And then he thought of his mother, and of her plans and hopes for him to be a good

scholar, and how hard she had worked for it. And now it had come to this! Turned out of school! He threw himself on his face in the snow, and cried bitterly for a long time.

25. At last he arose, and resolved to go home and tell his mother all about it. He knew *she* would believe him. He walked slowly back, a sob often bursting from his heart as he went; but when he reached the door he heard the teacher's voice within, and could plainly hear what he said.

26. "Ah, yes!" said the old man; "of course he will deceive you. He will make you believe anything. But take my word for it, Mrs. Anderson, every boy needs a flogging at times. Give Paul a good sound flogging to-night, or he will grow up a liar and a thief."

27. "He will make her believe it!" Paul said to himself; and, unable to bear the thought, he hurried back again to the snowy fields, feeling perfectly wretched. He wandered about, constantly saying to himself, "He will make mother believe it! He will make mother believe it!" till his brain was dizzy; and at last he sat down near a pond covered with ice, and began to feel sleepy from the cold.

28. He was roused by a voice that made him start; and then he felt himself raised and clasped tenderly in arms that he knew well. It was his mother that had come to him; and he heard her say, "Come home, my poor dear boy! come along with mother!"

29. Poor Paul! How those kind words comforted him! He took her hand and walked by her side, stiff and shivering; but he felt that he was going home, and that his mother did not believe that story. It was almost dark. As they walked on, a boy kept near them for some time, and at last touched Paul's arm. It was Hugh.

30. "Get along, coward!" cried Paul.

"Hush, Paul!" said his mother. "Whatever he has done, you must not speak so."

"I want to make it up," said Hugh, wiping his eyes with his sleeve; "and if you will have a little patience, I shall try to put it right. I will tell the teacher all about it."

31. Paul held out his hand to Hugh, but did not answer, except to say good-night; for his teeth chattered with the cold, and his mother led him on, anxious to get him home. When he was well warmed, and had eaten the warm supper which his mother had prepared for him, he told her all that had happened, and she did not doubt him. She told him he was a good boy, and had done his duty; and then she laid him tenderly in his little bed, heard him say his evening prayers, and watched him till he fell asleep, quite comforted and happy.

32. Next morning, as they sat at breakfast, a knock was heard at the door, and the teacher walked in. He looked more humble than usual, and stammered a little when he began to speak; but, suddenly holding out his hand, he said, "Shake hands and forgive me, Paul. I did you great wrong yesterday."

Paul's face brightened, and he gave his hand to the old man in a moment.

33. "Last night, about eight o'clock," continued the teacher, "nearly all the boys in the school came in a body to me, headed by Hugh Simpson; and he spoke for them, and told me how it all was, and how well you behaved. They said they would have spoken at once, only for fear of a flogging. I frankly confess, Mrs. Anderson, it has partly changed my opinion about the good of the rod: but I do not say I am quite convinced. However, come to school again, my good boy, and forgive and forget."

34. Paul went to school again gladly; and all went smoothly with him. It was certain, too, that whatever the teacher said about not being convinced, he used the rod but seldom, and found that things went on better, instead of worse.

35. I had listened all the time, with great interest, to Mr. Raymond's story. "I learned these things," he said, "partly from the widow, who still lives in the little cottage which Paul has since fitted up so nicely, and partly from the teacher himself."

"And what has become of little Paul?" I asked.

36. "After a while," said Mr. Raymond, "Paul went to the Academy; for some of our good people took an interest in him; and, somehow, he had all the books he needed for his studies; and *somebody* sent his mother a load of wood and a bag of flour now and then."

37. "Yes, yes!" I said to myself; "and, very likely, the minister managed all that."

Suddenly Mr. Raymond, turning to me, said, "You noticed the young man who is a clerk in the Bank, did you not?"

"Yes," I replied; "but what has he to do with your story?"

"Very much to do with it," said the minister. "*That* was Paul Anderson."

38. Then, as we rode slowly along, we were all silent for a while,—absorbed in thought. I was thinking about the old teacher, and wondering if he was ever fully convinced that *love* can be made the best law of the school, when Mr. Raymond interrupted the current of my thoughts by remarking, "There is an interesting sequel to this story."

"Ah! is there?" I asked.

39. "Yes, and a pleasant one too," he replied. "The old teacher remained there three years after Paul returned to the school; and it is pretty certain that he learned to govern without the use of the rod; for he was greatly changed in his ways; so much so that his kindness was now as marked as his sternness had been before. The children became changed too; and they loved the old man dearly. After he was gone, these verses were found in the

teacher's desk, written, as you see, in a very plain copy-hand."

And the minister took out a little packet, which he undid, and handed to me; and there, from a somewhat worn paper, but very plainly written, I read the following:—

III.—*I Shall Miss the Children.*

1. When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed,
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!
2. Oh, these idols of hearts and of households!
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven!
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.
3. The twig is so easily bended,
I have *banished* the use of the rod;
I have taught *them* the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught *me* the goodness of God.

Verse 1.—On what fancied resemblance is based the figure "*halos of heaven*"? — "*Smiles shedding sunshine*"? — V. 2. The words "*idols*" and "*angels*," as here used? — "*His sunlight sleeps*," etc.? — "*His glory gleams*"? — V. 3. "*Heart a dungeon of darkness*"?

My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

4. I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights," and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

5. I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night, and be kissed!

Charles M. Dickinson.

CHAPTER V.—AROUND THE WORLD, No. 4.

IN RUSSIA.

I.—Introductory.

1. It was three weeks after we had received Freddy's long letter, "reaching," as he said, "from London to St. Petersburg," that we were surprised to receive another letter from him, instead of one from Henry Allen; but

we learned from an enclosed note by Henry, that he had engaged to aid Dr. Edson in writing a series of articles for a New York Journal, on the Industrial Resources of the nations which the voyagers should visit; and, therefore, that he would not be able to write the letters home to Lake-View, as he had anticipated.

2. But "Frederic Jones, Esq.," he told us, would write often to his Lake-View friends; and he had no doubt that his letters would be highly satisfactory; for Mr. Jones, he said, noticed everything that came in his way,—he readily formed the acquaintance of strangers, was fond of writing, and was, moreover, a great favorite with Prof. Howard, who would be a great aid to him in his correspondence. So it is *Freddy's* letter, read at our first "Saturday Evening's Readings" after its reception, that we have here to offer.

II.—*St. Petersburg.*

1. I was surprised to find that the city of St. Petersburg is built on ground so low and marshy that the streets are often inundated. And yet it is a city of palaces, of which there are five that are perfectly immense, and fitted up in the most splendid style. They are fully equal to those of London, and grander than those of Amsterdam and Stockholm. You see I am beginning to be a judge of these matters.

I have just read that last paragraph to Prof. Howard. He says, laughingly, "I see, Mr. Jones, that the educational effects of travel are beginning to tell upon you."

2. There is one Russian palace, called the Winter Palace, which is said to contain more than six thousand inhabitants when the emperor occupies it. Its vast halls are filled with the richest statuary, gems, and pictures, and magnificent tables and vases. Prof. Howard said to us, that when he looked upon all this magnificence he could not help asking, "Who paid for it all?"—and when Dr. Edson said to him,

"Kings and emperors do not like to have such questions asked," he replied, "And still less do they like to answer them."

3. The Russians delight to tell a great many anecdotes and stories about their great emperor, the founder of St. Petersburg,—Peter the Great, who died about a hundred and fifty years ago. Prof. Howard read to us a great deal about him from the library on board of the *Dolphin*. The Russians give to their emperors the title of *czar*, which is the Russian term for king. Here is one of the short stories that are told about Peter the Great:—

III.—Which is the King?

1. One day, as the czar was returning from his favorite amusement of hunting, he happened to loiter behind the rest of the company, to enjoy the cool air, when he observed a lad standing on the top bar of a gate, looking earnestly about him. Upon this, Peter rode up briskly, and accosted him with—"Well, my boy, what are you looking for?"

2 "Please your honor," said the boy, "I am looking out for the king." "O," said the emperor, "if you will get up behind me, I will show him to you." The boy mounted, and, as they were riding along, the czar said, "You will know which is the emperor by seeing the rest take off their hats to him."

3. Soon after, Peter came up to the party, who, much surprised at seeing him so attended, immediately saluted him, when the czar, turning around his head, said, "Now do you see who is the king?"—"Why," replied the boy, archly, "it is one of us two; but I am sure I do not know which, for both of us have our hats on."

4. The king was so much pleased with the lad's wit that he took him into his service; and this same lad afterward rose to be a general in the Russian armies.

IV.—*Our Visit to Moscow.*

1. We did not at first intend to go so far into the interior as Moscow; but as Dr. Edson told us that Moscow is the most *Russian* of all the great cities of the empire, and the great centre of Russian manufactures, having water communication, by rivers and canals, with the Baltic, the Caspian, and the Black Sea, we decided to make it a hasty visit. As we went by rail the entire distance of three hundred and ninety miles, we were not long in making the journey.

2. A very curious city we found Moscow to be;—"one in which," as Prof. Howard says, "Europe and Asia meet, jostle, and intermingle, with all the peculiarities of each." Here we saw Chinese pagodas, Moslem temples, and Christian churches, with their thousands of domes, and fancy towers and minarets, all glistening in the sun; we saw Chinese tea-houses by the side of French coffee-houses; Turkish bazaars and Russian market-places; and all manner of costumes in the streets, while a perfect babel of tongues completed the confusion.

3. We found that Moscow contains several hundred manufacturing establishments using steam-power and the most improved machinery; and Henry Allen says that its cotton and woollen factories, many of which he has visited with the Doctor, really equal, in the extent and variety of their products, those of any city in our own country. The Doctor told us how, by railroad, by water, and even by sledges, the immense trade of Moscow is carried on. "Only think," said he, "of four thousand *sledges* leaving Moscow in a single winter, loaded with goods for Tiflis, a city in Asia, nearly a thousand miles distant!"

4. In tracing out the situation of Moscow on the map—and the Russians have excellent maps—I saw that Moscow is on the river Moskva, which enters the Oka;—that the latter enters the Volga; and that the Volga, the largest

river in Europe, enters the Caspian Sea by sixty or seventy mouths. Dr. Edson says that this great inland sea is eighty-three feet below the level of the ocean!

5. Of course we visited that ancient fortress, the Kremlin, which is surrounded by lofty walls with lofty towers at the angles, and is entered by massive gates. What here seemed to interest our party the most, were the long rows of cannon, nearly four hundred in all, which were taken from Napoleon's army in its disastrous retreat from Moscow, in the fall and winter of 1812, when the Russians burned their own city in order to drive out the French.

6. At the hotel at which we stopped, Prof. Howard gave us an account of the burning of the city, when Moscow was "an ocean of flame;" and he also described the retreat and sufferings of the French army. Then he read to us, with occasional comments of his own, the poet Southey's comical account of Napoleon's "*March to Moscow*," which begins thus:—

V.—*Napoleon's March to Moscow.*

1. The Emperor Nap he *would* set off

On a summer excursion to Moscow :

The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morableu*! Parbleu*!

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

2. Four hundred thousand men and more

Must go with him to Moscow :

There were Marshals by the dozen,
And Dukes by the score,

Princes a few, and Kings one or two;—

While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morableu! Parbleu!

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

* French exclamations:—*zooks! zounds!*

3. With his vast army Napoleon thought he could certainly march to Moscow. And he did reach the city; but he had to fight his way through the Russian army to do it. Then, when he had taken Moscow, the Russians set fire to the city, and thus drove him out of it.

4. He found the place *too warm* for him,
For they *set fire* to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!—
But to march *back* again from Moscow.

5. The Russians closed in upon the French in their retreat, and often routed them with great slaughter; and then a terribly cold winter set in, and the French were frozen to death by thousands. It was a horrible journey *from* Moscow; and Napoleon found that the cold was a more terrible enemy to fight than the Russian army, as the poet tells us:—

6. And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found, in that hour,
Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouched under his rod,
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,—
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

VI.—Our Polish Acquaintance.

1. During our visits to the bazaars we had frequently met an elderly Polish gentleman, a Mr. Del-mar', who

kindly told us the names, and explained to us the market values, of all the precious stones and jewels that were for sale in the shops, or on exhibition there. He spoke English passably well, but with a foreign accent.

2. Through his aid Dr. Edson was able to obtain a very fine and cheap collection of Polish, Austrian, and Russian minerals; and the gentleman very kindly presented me some beautiful specimens, which I intend to place in the Lake-View Museum. He was himself a collector of minerals and jewels, and, as he told us, had in early life been what is called a "jewel-hunter."

3. Upon our invitation, Mr. Del-mar' had called frequently at the hotel; and we had become so much interested in him that Prof. Howard at length persuaded him to give us some account of his early life, and, especially, of his experience in jewel-hunting. The following is his story, as it was afterward written out from notes taken by different members of our party:—

VII.—*The Story of the Jewel-Hunter.*

1. MY FIRST VISIT TO CRACOW.

1. I was fourteen years old when my father took me to the great fair of Cracow, whither he went to purchase tools for his business, which was that of a lapidary, and which he carried on at the village of Meklin.

2. The size of the town, the elegance of the buildings, the crowds that thronged the streets, and the novelty, variety, and beauty of the wares offered for sale, surprised and delighted me.

3. As we walked along one side of the great square, looking for the shop of the merchant from whom my father wished to make some purchases, we saw a great crowd collected before a door at some little distance, which, as we came nearer, proved to be the door of the shop of the merchant that my father was seeking.

4. As my father pushed forward into the crowd, anxious to attend to his business, "What now?" said a fellow in the throng. "Softly, if you please. Do you think nobody wants to see the opal but yourself?" "What opal is it that excites so much curiosity?" said my father, addressing the man who stood beside him.

5. "Have you not heard," replied the man, "of the wonderful opal that Schmidt, the jewel-hunter, found in the mountains, and that has just been bought by the king at the price of one hundred thousand flor'ins?"*

6. My father was now as anxious as anybody else to see the opal, and when we had succeeded in reaching the shop, the merchant, carrying the opal along with him, took us into a back room, that the business upon which we came might be transacted more quietly, while the crowd were told that the opal was not to be seen any more that day.

7. While my father and the merchant were transacting their business, I kept the precious stone in my hand, looking at it and admiring it, and thinking of its great value. As my mother had kept me so much at school, determined to educate me for the law, I was quite ignorant of the worth of jewels; but my imagination was filled with the wildest visions of unlimited wealth, for I knew that the stone I held in my hand had been bought by the king for one hundred thousand florins,—a sum that utterly baffled my utmost powers of conception.

8. At length the merchant and my father, having finished their business, turned their attention to the opal, discoursing of its value and beauty, and of the wonderful good fortune of the finder,—all of which made a deep impression upon me. Half a florin, I thought, was quite a sum; and yet this jewel-hunter had found a gem worth one hundred thousand!

* The Austrian *flor'in* is now about 48½ cents; formerly about 50 cents.

9. On our way home these thoughts were constantly in my mind, and every minute I was turning my head to look at the mountains, almost expecting to see the colors of the opal reflected from some sunlit cliff.

10. Soon after our return to our quiet little village, my father fell sick; and as he died after an illness of eight days, leaving his family but poorly provided for, I was obliged to give up all thoughts of the law, and devote myself to some trade.

2. EARLY VISIONS OF WEALTH.

1. My head was full of the opal, and I was anxious to be placed under the care of a lapidary; for in that direction lay my visions of wealth and renown. My mother indulged me in my wishes, and permitted me to enter the shop of a lapidary of my own town. Here I took up my abode in a garret, in which there was an abundance of precious stones to feast my eyes upon, and preserve the recollection of the opal, and the one hundred thousand florins.

2. I was anxious to learn my trade, and yet I worked but little at it. Dreams of wealth, and projects of acquiring it, floated through my brain. The window of my garret looked out upon the Carpathian Mountains in the distance, and instead of polishing stones, and learning my trade, I spent many an hour daily in standing at my window, thinking of Schmidt and his opal, and his hundred thousand florins; and often at my work I would say to myself that there was no reason why I, as well as Schmidt, might not find an opal.

3. During all this time I never told my mother of these fond day-dreams; I told her, indeed, that one day I should make the fortune of the family,—by which she understood that I intended to become an expert lapidary, and so acquire a fortune through the business of my trade.

4. Thus about three years passed away. At the end of

that time I had formed a project to go and visit an uncle of mine, who lived at Du'navitz, and who was a farmer: but I had other projects, far beyond the pleasure of a visit to my relatives; for I determined to make this journey the occasion of my first trial of fortune, and therefore provided myself, secretly, with a hammer, and such other tools as I thought might be useful.

5. My uncle received me with great kindness, as did also my aunt and cousins; and when I told them I had been three years in the shop of a lapidary, and that my master had sent me for a few days to practise my knowledge among the mountains (falsehoods, for which I pray to be forgiven), they provided me with a sack filled with eatables, and with tinder, a knife, and other little comforts; and with the good wishes of the family, and a promise to return in four days, I slung my sack over my shoulder, and marched away, to begin my career as a *jewel-hunter*.

3. MY CAREER AS A JEWEL-HUNTER.

1. On reaching the foot of the mountains, I felt as if all the riches they contained were one day to be mine. Above me towered the very peak I had seen so often from my garret-window. This was the very chain in which Schmidt had found the opal; and who could tell, if he had found a jewel worth one hundred thousand florins, that there might not be other jewels in the mountains worth ten times as much?

2. Ascending a narrow ravine, I soon fell to work, making the rocks re-echo with my blows; and I continued my exertions, without finding anything that in the least resembled a jewel, until I was obliged to stop from mere exhaustion. This was a little discouraging; but I consoled myself with the reflection that I had not penetrated far enough into the mountain. As night came on, it did not seem so pleasant to sleep on the mountain-side as in my garret; but I was a jewel-hunter, and such things

must be submitted to, and I lay down to rest, fully persuaded that next day my labors would turn to more account.

3. I awoke at least two hours before daybreak, and longed for the light, that I might resume my labors. Long before the highest peaks were tipped with the sunbeams I was making my way, over rocks and torrents, for a more distant ravine, still fully expecting to find, if not an opal as good as Schmidt's, yet something at least to verify my predictions of good fortune.

4. This day I filled my sack, not indeed with opals, but with stones and ores which I promised myself were a handsome reward for my labor. Schmidt, I said to myself, did not find his opal the first day he went among the mountains, and I must not be too hasty in my ambition.

5. The next morning I began to retrace my steps, filling my sack as I went along, and arriving at the close of the third, in place of the fourth day, at my uncle's house. With such feelings as I fancied might be those of a wealthy jewel-merchant, I displayed my riches. "This," said I, "is garnet; this is agate; this is topaz; this is *lā'pis laz'ū-li*; this is gold-ore; but I have found no opal yet."

6. "All in good time," said my uncle; "and how much is all this worth?" "Certainly not less," said I, "than three hundred flor'ins." I saw my uncle doubted the truth of my estimate. My aunt said something about the small profits of farming, when money was to be picked up in this way by children; and my cousins, who were all girls, and some years younger than myself, looked upon me as the most wonderful youth in Galicia.

7. Next day I took my leave, carrying my treasures with me, but knowing very well that more than one-half of them were worthless. So I stopped on the bank of a little stream, and, after a rigid examination of the contents of my sack, threw more than half into the water, assuring

myself that what I had reserved was worth a hundred and fifty florins at least.

8. Going direct to my master's house, I said to him, "I have brought something with me;" and, emptying the sack upon the ground, laid a handful of the stones upon the table upon which he was working. He took up one, and then another, without saying anything, for he was a man of few words, and, slightly glancing at them, threw them into the rubbish in the corner of the room.

9. Handful after handful was disposed of in this way. At length I laid upon the table a stone upon which I had made some marks, and upon which my hopes were chiefly grounded. He examined this more narrowly, but ended by throwing this away with the rest, and saying, "All rubbish, my boy; so get to your business." My hopes, then, were at an end; and the three hours between that and bedtime were the most unhappy hours of my life.

10. As I lay in bed, dwelling upon my blasted hopes, it occurred to me that my master might be mistaken, and that the jewel which I had marked might be judged of more favorably by some other lapidary. So, resolving to reclaim it from the rubbish, I crept softly down stairs to the shop, and lighted a small lamp there, when I observed on my master's table a stone which he had been working upon, and with the polished side toward me. It was a beautiful jacinth; I took it up: it was the very stone I was looking for, and there were my marks upon the back of it.

11. My plan was speedily formed. Taking the jewel with me, I stole back to my room, dressed myself, and long before daylight was far on the road to Cracow, leaving a line for my mother, and one for my master telling him that, having found him a thief, I had left his service,—and that my uncle could prove the jewel to be mine, from the marks which I had made upon it.

12. I found no difficulty in disposing of my jewel for a hundred florins, and the next day returned home with a

present for each member of the family, and with more than eighty florins in my pocket.

13. Thus my hopes were stimulated anew; and visions of wealth from jewel-hunting again filled my mind. I was soon equipped for another expedition to the mountains, for which I set out on my nineteenth birthday, bearing with me the blessings of a mother, and the good wishes of three sisters. I had promised to portion my sisters handsomely as soon as I found an opal worth but twenty thousand florins; and all three looked upon their portions as already secured.

14. On the first day of my entering the mountains I overtook two men, well advanced in years, whose tattered garments and squalid faces denoted the greatest poverty and wretchedness. I was surprised to find that they were gold-hunters, and that they had followed that business for almost a lifetime; and although they had not yet met with success, they still hoped to attain the object of their wishes. "Why," said I, "do you not rather follow the trade of jewel-hunting?"

15. They only smiled at me, and shook their heads when I told them my business; and I, in my turn, pitied the delusion that had kept them poor all their lives, instead of finding an opal, buying a castle, and keeping a carriage and servants, as Schmidt had done.

16. Almost every week, during a year, I spent more or less time among the mountains, seldom finding anything worth more than a few groschen;* yet never did my hopes diminish, or my toil become in the smallest degree irksome. At length one day, on striking a rock, there dropped into my hand a stone that had all the marks of a valuable opal; and when I proceeded to polish one side of it, the peculiarly rich and varied hues of the opal flashed upon my delighted eye.

* *Grosch'en*, or *grosh'en*, a German silver coin worth about two cents.

17. "Now then," said I to myself, "the day of my reward has arrived." The stone I had found was little inferior in size to that which I had held in my hand in the merchant's back shop at Cracow; and I felt assured it could not be worth less than fifty thousand florins.

18. Hastily I bent my steps homeward; and when I met my mother and sisters, my countenance soon told the extent and importance of my secret. The opal was withdrawn from its hiding-place with exulting looks, and presented to the wondering eyes of the family circle.

19. It was soon settled what was to be done with the fifty thousand florins, which I was to get for my opal the next week, at the great fair of Cracow. Each of my sisters should have two thousand florins, which would make them the richest heiresses in Meklin; I would give four thousand to my mother; and, "as to the remaining forty thousand," said I, "my little cousin Ronza, at Dunavitz, will make me a good wife, and I will purchase a castle somewhere in Galicia."

4. MY SECOND VISIT TO CRACOW.

1. These things being all determined upon, the early morning of the day of the great fair found me mounted on a good horse, and on the road to Cracow, with my opal in a leathern bag, which was suspended round my neck by a copper chain. As I passed a great many persons on the road, "Who besides me," said I to myself, "carries to the fair an opal worth fifty thousand florins?"

2. On arriving at the city, I put up my horse at an inn in the outskirts; but, before disposing of my opal, I wished to enjoy the triumph of possessing it. In walking through the great square, my attention was arrested by the exceeding richness and variety of the wares which were exhibited upon a long row of tables placed under an awning, behind which sat an Eastern merchant, smoking.

3. But, rich as were the wares displayed,—in silks, gold tissues, spices, perfumes, cameos, mosaics, etc.,—the con-

tents of one small table eclipsed all the rest. It was covered with all kinds of precious stones, ranged in rows, circles, and pyramids; diamonds, emeralds, rubies, topazes, sapphires, of all sizes and of the finest colors, glittered in the sunlight, and dazzled and delighted the eyes. But among them I saw no opal.

4. "Friend," said I to the merchant, "you reign here the emperor of the fair; every country in the world has laid its tribute before you, and yet," added I, "there seems one thing wanting." "What," said he, without taking his pipe out of his mouth, "would you desire to see added?"

5. "I see," replied I, "this beautiful pyramid, composed of precious stones,—two rows of topaz, two of ruby, two of sapphire, two of emerald, and one of diamond, with this fine pearl surmounting the whole; but, instead of the pearl, I would have an opal." "I could soon make that change," said the merchant, taking the pipe out of his mouth; "for there is not a kind of jewel, young man, that ever came out of the earth that I have not in my possession; and I will venture the worth of this pyramid that I can show a better stone, of every kind, than any other merchant in Cracow,—ay, in Poland, or in all Europe!"

6. I said to myself, "He has no opal, but he is too proud to own it;" and I at once replied, "I have not the value of the pyramid to stake; but I will venture the value of a jewel which I shall produce to you, that you will not match it."

7. "Name its value," said the merchant, "and I will take your word for it; select its worth among these jewels, and lay them on one side, and then place your own opposite to them, and whoever gains shall take up both stakes; you yourself shall decide whether or not I produce a jewel more valuable of its kind than yours."

8. This, I thought, was extremely fair—or rather more than fair. So I selected a diamond which I judged to be worth about fifty thousand florins, and laid it on one side.

By this time a large number of persons had collected around the tables; and I had thus obtained precisely what I desired,—an opportunity of displaying my riches, and enjoying the vanity of possessing so rare a gem,—to say



HARAN'ZABAD AND THE YOUNG JEWELLER.

nothing of the diamond that glittered on the table, and that I already considered my own.

9. I now pulled the chain over my head, and, opening the leather purse, drew forth my opal, and laid it upon the

table, opposite the diamond. "A fine opal indeed," said the merchant, laying down his pipe, and examining it, "and worth more than the diamond you selected, and precisely the thing for the top of my pyramid. My own, you see, is too large," added he, opening the lid of an ebony box, and laying upon the table the very opal Schmidt had sold to the king, the appearance of which I remembered so well.

10. Gracious heavens! what were my feelings at that moment!—the object of my toil, and hopes, and promises, gone from me in an instant, and by my own accursed folly and vanity. The merchant deliberately placed his pipe in his mouth, took up my opal, and crowned the pyramid with it. "Now," said he, "you will own the pyramid is faultless." He then returned his own opal to the box, and calmly began to arrange some of his wares.

11. I turned away in the deepest dejection; but the expression of sympathy from the bystanders wounded me even more than the loss of my wealth. I repaired to the shop of the merchant whom I knew, but without telling him of my loss. It soon came to his ears, however, for it was buzzed about everywhere that an ignorant youth had allowed himself to be juggled out of a valuable jewel by the great Bassora merchant, Haran'zabad; and I had the mortification of being pointed at as that ignorant youth.

12. "How could you be so mad," said the merchant, my friend, "as to stake an opal against Haranzabad's?—Had you come to me first, you would have learned, what everybody knows, that the king pledged this opal to that merchant for a loan, upon condition that he should not exhibit it, openly, at the fair."

13. I had now neither business nor inclination to detain me at the fair. I sold my horse, and in place of returning homeward with fifty thousand florins in my pocket, I had but two hundred, partly the price of my horse, and partly

the balance of a debt which the lapidary had owed to my father. My sisters' portions, my mother's provision, my cousin Ronza, and my expected castle, all came to my mind, only to reproach me for my vanity and folly.

5. CONCLUSION OF THE STORY.

1. But I was still a lapidary, and have since been, at times, a jewel-hunter. My hopes, however, have not been crowned with success; but yet I have lived happily. Never has my hammer laid open the lustre of another opal; I have never entered Cracow again with the exulting thought that I was about to possess myself of fifty thousand florins; but neither have I quitted it with the painful reflection that my own vanity and folly have lost me the fruit of a year's labor, and of many years' hope: I have had no portions to bestow upon my sisters, but they have married, and have been happy without them; no provision to settle upon my mother, but she has long been beyond the need of it; no castle to offer Ronza, but she has never appeared to wish for more than she possesses.

2. Old age steals fast upon me, and so would it if I had possessed riches; death has no greater terror for the poor than for the rich man; nor has it so much to disturb the serenity of his meditations. My children regret that I should leave them, and their regrets are sincere, because, when I am gone, they expect no fortune from my estate.

3. I hope to go down to my grave in a good old age, honored and respected for my worth, and leaving to my children a good education, an honorable business, and the inheritance of a good name; all which I know to be more conducive to true and lasting happiness, than either the expectation or the attainment of great worldly wealth and honors.

VIII.—*Our Return to St. Petersburg.*

1. We parted with our friend Mr. Delmar', after many expressions of regard and good wishes on both sides, and

then returned to St. Petersburg. Dr. Edson, Henry, and two or three others of our party had left, three days before the rest, to visit Vladimeer' and Ivano'vo, two great manufacturing towns north-east of Moscow. Dr. Edson tells us that Ivano'vo has recently grown to great importance, and that the English call it the *Russian Manchester*.

2. To-morrow we leave St. Petersburg for Rotterdam and the Rhine, and then for the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean; but whether we shall visit Paris on the way, or not, is still uncertain.

CHAPTER VI.—AFTER THE READING OF THE LETTER.

1. After the reading of Freddy's letter,—given in the preceding chapter,—there was much talk about the countries and places visited by the voyagers. Some allusion having been made to Freddy's previous letter, Mr. Raymond gave an account of the national museum at Stockholm, which he had visited. Mr. Agnew spoke of the great Swedish botanist Linnæ'us; and Aunt Clara gave some account of the writings of the famous Swedish novelist, Fredrika Brémer.

2. Uncle Philip had something to say about the almost unlimited natural resources of Russia,—her mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, and coal,—and the exceedingly varied and extensive manufactures that have grown up there during the past thirty years. "There are now," said he, "as we gather from the latest reports, more than ninety thousand separate large manufactories, of various kinds, in this extensive empire; and their products of woollen, cotton, silk, linen, and other goods and wares, are increasing with wonderful rapidity."

3. Eddie could repeat those portions of Southey's poem

which Freddy had omitted; and Minnie asked if the Russians have any celebrated poets of their own.

"O yes," said Mary Atkins, "they have certainly *one* great poet, and that is the poet who wrote that grand poem, or ode, to God. I do not know," said she, turning to the teacher, "that I can pronounce his Russian name."

4. "It is Der-zhă'vin," said the teacher; "and the ode to which you refer is certainly one of the noblest and most sublime poems ever written. It has been translated into English by that celebrated poet-translator, Sir John Bowring, and it has not only been translated into several other European languages, but also into Chinese and Japanese. It is said to have been hung up in the palace of the Emperor of China, printed in gold letters on white satin, and in the same manner in the Japanese temple of Yedo. I am sure you have it in the library, Eddy, in Bowring's *Specimens of the Russian Poets*."

5. Eddy went and brought the book, and, at the request of Uncle Philip, Mr. Raymond read aloud this famous ode, which is as follows:—

Derzha'vin's Ode to God.

1. O Thou eternal one! Whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
 Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
 Being whom we call God—and know no more!

2. In its sublime research, philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep—may count

Verse 1.—Why can we properly speak of "Time's *devastating flight*"?

The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

3. Thou, from primeval nothingness, didst call,
First, chaos, then, existence:—Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! glorious! great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!
4. Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.
5. A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:

Verse 2.—Why say that “Philosophy may *measure* the ocean-deep”? [*Ans.* Because Philosophy resembles, in its results, the art of *measuring*. It can estimate the depth of ocean without measuring it.]—V. 5. Why “a million *torches*”?—Why “*own* thy power”?—Why “*accomplish* thy command”?—Why “*eloquent*”?

They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?—
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

6. Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost :—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness,—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! O, what am I, then? Nought!
7. Nought! Yet the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached *my* bosom too;
Yes, in my spirit doth *Thy* Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! But I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!
8. Creator—yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me*! Thou Source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of *my* spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude

Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its Source—to Thee—its Author, there.

9. O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore!
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

10. Freddy's correspondence was becoming so interesting that, at the time announced for the reading of the next letter, a larger company than usual was present at the Hall. In addition to all the young people that had been accustomed to attend the Saturday evening readings, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, the teacher, and our friend Mr. Bardou. The several portions of the letter were read by different persons, as designated by Mrs. Wilmot.

11. The teacher read the narrative portions. "Bing'en on the Rhine" was assigned to Mary Atkins, who read it with that subdued, tender feeling which the piece required, and for which her voice was so well adapted. I doubt that the Professor himself read the piece any better, surrounded though he was by so many circumstances that were calculated to add to its interest. Lulu Wilmot read "Napoleon's Return;" and Ralph Duncan, who chanced to be home on a short visit, read the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and the "Burial of Sir John Moore."

CHAPTER VII.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 5.

FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO GIBRALTAR.

I.—*To Rotterdam, and up the Rhine.*

1. On our return voyage from St. Petersburg, which city we left on the 20th of September, we stopped at Dantzic, a seaport and fortified town of Prussia, situated on the west bank of the river Vistula, about three miles from its mouth. Here Dr. Edson, with Henry and five others of our party, left us, in order to visit some of the manufacturing towns of Prussia, designing to join us, by railway, at Dusseldorf, another Prussian town on the Rhine.

2. Continuing our voyage over our former route, we passed Amsterdam, and, steaming up one of the many mouths of the Rhine, came to anchor at Rotterdam, another large commercial city of Holland, fifteen miles from the sea. We remained here several days. We then chartered a smaller steamer than the *Dolphin*, and proceeded leisurely on our way up the river, always lying by at night, and landing when and where it suited our pleasure and convenience. Many were the historic incidents, and Dutch and German stories and legends, that were told by different members of our party during the evenings, on board of our steamer.

3. The first large city that we came to was Dusseldorf, which is beautifully situated among villas and gardens. It is now, as we are told, a great railway and steamboat centre; and much of the trade of the Rhine is carried on by its merchants; but it is most famous for its academy of paintings, with its fifteen thousand drawings by the old masters, and its twenty-four thousand engravings and casts.

4. Here Dr. Edson and the rest of our party joined us.

They had stopped two days at Berlin, the capital of Prussia; and had visited several manufacturing towns, the most interesting of which, Henry says, is Essen, only eighteen miles northeast of Dusseldorf.

5. This town has obtained a great reputation for its cast-steel cannon, and other guns, that are made in the vast iron-works of a man by the name of Krupp. His cast-steel guns are the most famous in the world; and his works, Henry says, produce more than sixty thousand tons of manufactured steel annually! Prof. Howard admits that we have nothing of the kind in our country to equal this.

6. Up the Rhine, twenty-one miles beyond Dusseldorf, we passed Cologne, which has given its name to the celebrated *Cologne water* first manufactured there, and now used the world over. Although the city has a splendid Gothic cathedral,—the largest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world,—many of the streets are very narrow and crooked. They were, formerly, exceedingly dirty, which led the poet Coleridge to say, in a well-known rhyme, that the Rhine itself needs washing, after bathing the walls of the city:—

“The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?”

7. A little beyond Cologne Prof. Howard pointed out to us, on our left, the celebrated Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, on the lofty summit of which, a thousand feet above the bed of the river, is a ruined castle, which the poet Byron refers to in the following lines:—

“The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters proudly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine.”



DRACHENFELS.

8. Ten miles farther on, on our right, as we went up the stream, we came to the city of Bonn, at which we stopped a whole day. It is an ancient, walled city, has seven gates, extensive botanical gardens, and one very fine public square, in which is a monument of the great German musician, Beethoven, who died here. It has also a cathedral with five towers, the centre one being very lofty. There is a grand university here, the chief source of the celebrity and prosperity of Bonn, as Prof. Howard says. We were told that this renowned university has now about ninety professors, and nearly nine hundred students.

9. We next stopped at the strongly fortified city of Coblenz, twenty-four miles beyond Bonn, and at the confluence of the lovely Moselle with the Rhine. We made only a short stay there; yet it was long enough for us to gather



BONN CATHEDRAL.

in a thousand beauties from the surrounding scenery,—especially as we had Prof. Howard with us to point them out.

10. The Professor says that the country around is a perfect paradise, with its happy peasants' cottages, its vine-clad hills, and its loftier summits strewn with noble old ruins of feudal times. Then he quoted from Byron—for there is no end to the poetry that he can repeat about these places. Here are a few lines that refer to this particular section of country:—

11. “ And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers

Through green leaves lift their walls of gray ;
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers."

12. Beyond Coblentz we found that the scenery becomes more wild, and more and more grand; for here the winding stream, pent between lofty and craggy mountains, resembles rather a succession of lakes than a river,—and here, as we were gathered on the deck of our steamer, enjoying the ever-shifting panorama, the Professor again quoted Byron, whose lines are more truly descriptive of the scene than any prose that I can send you:—

"The river nobly foams and flows,—
The charm of this enchanted ground;
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round."

13. As we passed through a deep and narrow gorge that opened upon a quiet little village standing on the point where the small river Nāh'ē enters the Rhine from the south, Prof. Howard, calling several of us together on the upper deck, and pointing to the village, said, "That is '*Bingen on the Rhine.*' Beyond the village, on that rocky hill, the ruins that you see are those of a convent; and over there, on this little green island, on our left, is the famous Bishop Hatto's '*Mouse Tower*;' while, in the river near here, as tradition says, were sunk the mythical treasures of King Nibelung, from whom is derived the name given to those famous epic poems sometimes called the German *Iliad*,"* which you may perhaps learn about hereafter."

* The Nibelungen Lied (*Ne-be-lung'n leed*), a collection of early German poetic legends, the whole of which nearly equals in length Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The poems abound in passages of great beauty.

14. Then he related to us the tradition about the rich and wicked Bishop Hatto;—how he kept his corn securely hoarded in his storehouses, while the poor people around, during a severe winter, were starving;—that one day he invited the poor to meet him at his great barn, and, when they had crowded into it until it could hold no more, he made fast the door, and set fire to the building, consuming all within, saying that it was a good thing to burn up the rats that ate the corn.

15. But the next day proved to be the last one for this wicked man; for the rats swarmed around his palace by millions; and when, for safety, he had fled across the river, to his castle, they pursued him there, where he soon fell a prey to these voracious animals, that had been sent to do judgment on him. The poet Southey has written a poem on these events. "So you see," said the Professor, "that this Bingen, which you are approaching, is a famous locality. In the evening I shall have more to tell you about it."

16. As it was nearly dusk when we reached Bing'en, we anchored there for the night. During the evening the Professor read to us the following touching story about a German soldier from this little village of Bingen, who, wounded and dying at Algiers, gave to a comrade his dying message to the loved ones at home:—

Bingen on the Rhine.

BY MRS. NORTON.

1.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers:

There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own,—my native land:
Take a message,—and a token,—to some distant friends of mine;
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

2.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd
around

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.
And mid the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars :
But some were young—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline ;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

3.

"Tell my mother that her *other* sons shall comfort her old age,—
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage :
For my *father* was a soldier,—and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild :
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to
shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine !

4.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gal-
lant tread ;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,—
For her *brother* was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and
mine),—
For the honor of old Bingen—*dear* Bingen on the Rhine !

5.

"There's another—not a sister ; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye ;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh, friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning ;

Tell her—the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison)—
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

6.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed, with friendly
talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:—
But we’ll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!”

7.

His voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yea,—calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to -
shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

8. While the Professor was reading this, in his sweet musical voice, and in his best manner, we all listened with the most earnest attention; and when he had finished I saw a tear start down many a cheek—all for the love of Bingen—“fair Bingen on the Rhine!”

9. I had often read these same verses; but now, whenever I think of the story, I shall also think of the little village nestled between the hills, far away on the Rhine. I shall never forget just how that village looked;—and as we steamed away farther up the river the next morning, I could almost imagine in which of those cottages on the

hill-side that soldier was born, and which one of those many "pleasant vineyards" he had tilled.

10. We went only as far as the fortified city of Mentz, about twenty miles beyond Bingen, and then slowly retraced our way down the river to Rotterdam, whence we started on our ocean voyage again.

11. We did decide to visit Paris, and we reached that city on the 18th of October. Paris, you know, is on the river Seine (sân), about a hundred and ten miles from the mouth of the river. But the Dolphin could not go there, because the river is navigable only for barges and small vessels; so we went by railroad from Havre (hav'er), the great seaport of France for the American trade.

II.—*Paris and the Parisians.*

1. Prof. Howard says that the French are exceedingly proud of their country, and that they think there is no other city equal to Paris. So he quotes from one of their writers, who says, "France is the centre of civilized nations; Paris is the centre of France; and the Italian Boulevard is the centre of Paris."

2. The boulevards—the name given to some of the grand, wide, shady streets of Paris—are really splendid! And so are the parks, which are full of noble trees and shrubbery, and mazy paths; and the gardens, which are full of flowering plants; while, at almost every step, some splendid arch, or column, or other monument, greets our view.

3. Then there are the palaces, which are very much like all other palaces that we have seen, except that some of them are perfectly *gorgeous* with ornamentation,—"*and that*," the Professor tells us, "*suits the French.*" At Versailles, ten miles south-west of the centre of Paris, we visited the famous Royal Palace, that was built by Louis XIV. Not only is the palace itself remarkable for its mag-

nificence and grandeur, with its vast galleries of statuary and paintings, but the grandest and most beautiful of parks and gardens surround it,—and here fountains playing on Sundays attract multitudes of visitors from the great city near by.

4. "The French people, from the highest to the lowest," remarked the Professor, "are exceedingly fond of ornamenting *everything*."

"And that same fondness for ornament," remarked Dr. Edson, "springs from their love of the beautiful, and cultivation of that love; and this is everywhere exhibited in the highly artistic forms and harmonious coloring given to French art,—a national trait of no small value, for it has placed French manufactures in advance of those of every other nation."

5. "This is the very subject," said he, turning to Henry and politely bowing to him, "that Mr. Allen and I have just been discussing, and I am very certain that, if our people do not pay more attention to the cultivation of artistic taste in the schools, the higher class of our manufactures will never be able to compete with French workmanship in the markets of the world. Although we are making some advances in decorative art, yet most of the patterns of our carpets and oil-cloths, and wall-paper, and glass-ware, and jewelry, are either wholly French or German, or are made up from various foreign designs. And who will buy an ugly carpet, if for the same price he can have a beautiful one?"

6. "But in our reapers and mowers, and a multitude of other articles of paramount utility, we are in *advance* of all other nations," said the Professor.

"And they are the very articles of which we send the fewest to foreign markets," replied the Doctor. "In many of the plain and cheap wares, and also in American watches, we are fast acquiring a high reputation abroad, and there is no reason why our advance should not be as rapid in

the higher arts of design." This closed the discussion on French art; but it gave some of our party a new insight into the character of the investigations which the Doctor and Henry are pursuing.

7. One day several of our party went with Dr. Edson and Prof. Howard to see the tomb of the Great Napoleon, which is in the Church of St. Louis, right under the dome. This church forms a part of the vast Hotel of the Invalids, which is a grand asylum and home for veteran soldiers, who are maintained there at the public expense.

8. You know that Napoleon's bones were brought here, from his island tomb in St. Helena, in the year 1840. The great coffin in which they now rest is cut out of a beautiful kind of purplish marble, called porphyry, and is carved into the most beautiful forms.

9. Prof. Howard told us a great deal about that grand but solemn event,—“Napoleon's Return,” as the French call it;—how the remains, brought in a vessel commanded by a French prince, were received at Paris,—and how the “whole French nation” assembled to deposit, in their last resting-place, the bones of France's greatest soldier and greatest monarch.

10. Prof. Howard also read to us some accounts of the ceremonies at the grand military display on that occasion; and, among other things, he read some poetry, from which I have copied the following:—

Napoleon's Return.

1. A bark has left the sea-girt isle,
A prince is at the helm;
She bears the exiled emperor
Back to his ancient realm.
No joyous shout bursts from her crew,
As o'er the waves they dance,
But silently, through foam and spray,
They seek the shores of France.

2. A *soldier* comes! Haste, comrades, haste!

To greet him on the strand:

'Tis long, since by his side ye fought

For Glory's chosen land.

A *leader* comes! let loud huzzas

Burst from the extended line,

And glancing arms and helmets raised

In martial splendor shine.

3. A *monarch* comes! From royal arms

Remove the envious rust;

A *monarch* comes! the triple crown

Is freed from gathering dust.

Guard him not to the halls of state;

His diadem is riven;

But bear him where yon hallowed spire

Is pointing up to heaven;

And with the requiem's plaintive swell,

With dirge and solemn prayer,

Enter the marble halls of death,

And throne your monarch there!

4. Then raise the imperial monument,

Fame's tribute to the brave;

The warrior's place of pilgrimage

Shall be Napoleon's grave.

France, envying long his silent tomb

Amid the lonely deep,

Has gained at last the treasured dust:

Sleep! mighty mortal, sleep!

Miss Wallace.

5. After the reading of this, Dr. Edson referred to the

Verse 4.—What is called “the warrior's place of pilgrimage,” and why is it so called?—What is the word “France” here used to signify?—On what resemblance is based the figure, “treasured dust”?

death of the Duke of Wellington, the great conqueror of Napoleon on the field of Waterloo in the year 1815. "It was twelve years after Napoleon's body was brought back to Paris," said he, "that Wellington died,—and the whole English nation mourned him as the greatest of generals, greatest of statesmen, and 'clearest of ambitious crime;' and the greatest English poet of his time wrote, to his memory, an ode of nearly three hundred lines, which our Emerson styled 'a more magnificent monument than any or all the histories that record the life of the great commander.'" Then the Doctor quoted the following lines from this noble ode:—

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

1. Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation!
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning their leader's fall;—
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

2. Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

3. Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,

As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow:
The last great Englishman is low!

4. Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the past.
No more in soldier-fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute!
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
5. Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,—
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
6. He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown ;
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him—
God accept him, Christ receive him.

Alfred Tennyson.

III.—*Onward to Gibraltar.*

1. We sailed from Havre, early on the 15th of November, for Gibraltar. After we had left the English Channel, for two days we were out of sight of land, as we were just outside of that broad extent of sea called the

Bay of Biscay. On the 18th, just after dark, we sighted a light-house on the Spanish coast, which the captain told us was called the Tower of Hercules; he also said that it was just at the entrance of the harbor of Corunna. This famous light-house is visible, in clear weather, from a distance of sixty miles.

2. As the wind from the west threatened a gale, and the sea was already running high, the captain thought it best to enter the safe harbor of Corunna, and there await the abatement of the storm. It was well that we did so; for a furious October gale, which lasted two days, soon set in; and many ships were wrecked on the Spanish coast.



VIEW OF CORUNNA.

3. We only left the steamer to make short excursions into the town, and the surrounding country. It was at this very harbor, as Prof. Howard tells us, that the great Spanish Armada took in stores, and then sailed direct on its famous expedition against England in the year 1588;

and it was on the heights near by that the French were defeated, January 16, 1809, by the English troops under Sir John Moore, who was mortally wounded in the action.

4. On board of the steamer we spent almost the whole of two evenings in hearing Prof. Howard describe the important events that had occurred here; but what interested us most were the accounts which he read of the death and burial of Sir John Moore.

5. This is what he read from the historian Alison:—"He was wrapped by his attendants in his military cloak, and laid in a grave hastily formed on the ramparts of Corunna. Not a word was spoken as the melancholy interment by torchlight took place: silently they laid him down in his grave, while the distant cannon of the battle fired the funeral honors to his memory."

6. Then the Professor alluded to that beautiful and well-known poem which describes the burial,—a poem, of which the poet Byron said, he would think it a greater honor to be the author of that, than of any other equal number of lines ever written! The Professor, handing me a book, requested me to read the poem, which I did, although I knew every word of it by heart.

Burial of Sir John Moore.

1. Not a drum was heard', not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
2. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods' with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lanterns dimly burning.
3. No useless coffin' enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4. Few and short were the prayers' we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe' and the stranger' would tread o'er his head,
And we' far away on the billow.
6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid' him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave' where a Briton has laid him.
7. But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant, random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone ;
But we left him alone with his glory.

Rev. Charles Wolfe.

9. Leaving Corunna on the 21st, we stood far out to sea, for the ocean was still rough, from the effects of the recent storm. Late in the evening of the second day we were off Cape Trafalgar, when Prof. Howard reminded us that we

Verse 1.—Why may we speak of a “farewell shot”?—V. 2. Why “struggling moonbeams”?—V. 5. Why “lonely pillow”?—V. 6. Why “cold ashes”?—Why is the dead body spoken of as *sleeping*?

were passing over the waters where, in October, 1805, the British Admiral Nelson gained a great naval victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, although Nelson himself fell, in the moment of victory. Early the next morning we were off the Straits of Gibraltar. As we approached the opening into the Mediterranean, our eyes, tired of the monotony of the changeless sea, were delighted with the view that met their gaze.

10. On our right were the hills of Africa, with their bases veiled in a blue haze, and their summits swathed in clouds: on our left were the granite-ribbed domes of old Spain; and, as we sailed on through the channel, the Rock of Gibraltar—a lonely and enormous mass of rock—seemed to rise out of the sea before us.

11. While we were gathering on deck, admiring the scene, a finer picture burst upon us, and enchained every eye. It was that of a stately ship passing out of the Mediterranean, with canvas piled on canvas till she was one towering mass of sail, white as the foam which she so gallantly tossed from her bow. She came speeding over the sea like a great bird.

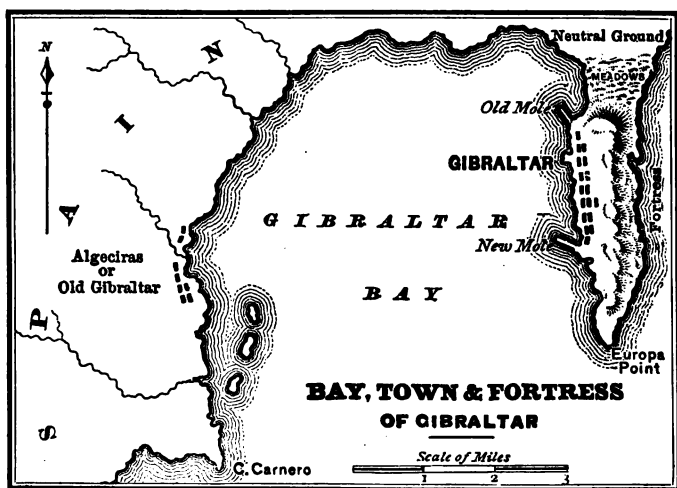
12. All eyes were now upon the beautiful stranger; and, while everybody gazed, she swept superbly by, and flung the stars and stripes to the breeze. Quicker than thought, hats and handkerchiefs flashed in the air, and a rousing cheer went up from our vessel. She was beautiful when we first saw her—she was *glorious* now! I am sure that many a one on our decks knew then, for the first time, how tame his country's flag is at home, compared with what it is when seen in a foreign land.*

13. Having passed entirely through the strait, we came to anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar, on the west side of the world-renowned fortress of that name. Before us, low down near

* "If I recollect aright," said Colonel Hardy when this was read, "Freddy has borrowed that pretty description of 'the beautiful stranger,' from *Mark Twain*."

the water's edge, lay the town of Gibraltar ; while, far above it, and rising almost perpendicular from the low land on the north, towered the rocky heights, which are so crowded and crowned with batteries that it is the strongest fortress in the world. Though this is a part of the great Spanish peninsula, yet the fortress belongs to Great Britain.

Here I close my fourth letter ;—not *mine* wholly, for Prof. Howard has aided me much in gathering and arranging the materials. I send you a map of the bay and the fortress of Gibraltar.



14. After the several portions of the foregoing letter had been discussed, as usual, Ida Jones remarked that she wished Freddy had written out, and sent home, some of those Dutch and German stories that were told during the evenings, on the Rhine, in the saloon of the steamer.

15. Upon this Mrs. Raymond said she would tell a *Dutch* story which she had heard in Holland some years ago,—one

that was a very good sample of the stories most current among the people; and that Mr. Raymond could tell a very good and very characteristic *German* story that contains a good moral, as almost all German stories do. The two stories were told, accordingly,—and they will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.—DUTCH AND GERMAN STORIES.

I.—*Jan Shalken's Three Wishes.*

1. At a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still shown the site of a hut, which was an object of much attention whilst it stood, on account of a singular legend that relates to its first inhabitant, a kind-hearted fellow, who depended on his boat for subsistence, and his own happy disposition for cheerfulness during every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes:—

2. One dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Shalken was sitting with his good-natured buxom wife Madge by the fire, he was awakened from a transient doze by a knocking at the door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man; but little could be distinguished of his face or figure, as he wore a large dark cloak, which he had contrived to pull over his head after the fashion of a cowl.

3. "I am a poor traveller," said the stranger, "and want a night's lodging. Will you grant it to me?"—"Ay, to be sure," replied Shalken; "but I am afraid you will find but sorry cheer. Had you come sooner, you might have fared better. Sit down, however, and eat of what is left."

4. The traveller took him at his word, and in a short time retired to his humble sleeping-place. In the morning, as he was about to depart, he advanced toward Shalken, and, giving him his hand, thus addressed him:—

5. "It is needless for you, my good friend, to know who I am; but of this be assured, that I can and will be grateful; for when the rich and the powerful turned me last night from their doors, you welcomed me as man *should* welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity on the desolate traveller in the storm. I grant you three wishes. Be they what they may, those wishes shall be gratified."

6. Now, Shalken certainly did not put much faith in these promises; yet he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them; and, accordingly, he began to consider what his wishes should be. Jan was a man who had few or no ambitious views, and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact, he was so well contented with his situation—with some slight changes that he might suggest—that he would like to remain in it as long as he could; and this gave rise to wish the first.

7. Turning to the unknown, he said, "Let my wife and myself live fifty years longer than nature had designed." "It shall be done," said the stranger. Whilst Shalken was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he bethought him that a pear-tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small damage of the tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. "For my second wish," said Jan, "grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given." This, also, was assented to.

8. Now Shalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling little body, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation that she had heard only ten or twelve times, to scrub the table, or set their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he determined, if possible, to put a stop to the nuisance.

9. With this object in view he approached close to the stranger, and in a low whisper told him his third and last wish: that whoever might sit in a particular chair in his

hut, should not be able to move out of it until it should please him so to order. This wish also was agreed to by the traveller, who, after many expressions of kind wishes, departed on his way.

10. Years passed on, and Jan's last two wishes had been fully gratified by often detaining thieves in his tree, and his wife on her chair. The time was approaching when the promise of long life would be falsified, or made good. It happened that the birthdays of the fisherman and his wife were the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day that made him seventy-nine years of age, and Madge seventy-three, when the moon, that was shining through the window of the hut, seemed suddenly to be extinguished, and the stars rushed down the dark clouds, and lay glaring on the surface of the ocean, over which was spread an unnatural calmness, although the skies appeared to be mastered by the winds, and were heaving onward, with their mighty waves of cloud. Birds dropped dead from the boughs, and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red.

11. To the now dim eyes of Jan and his wife, all things seemed to announce the speedy termination of their natural lives, and the near approach of Death; and in a few minutes afterward, sure enough, he came. He was, however, very different from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was certainly rather thin, and had very little color; but he was well dressed, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice that, by right, they should have belonged to him on that day, but a fifty years' respite was granted, and when that period had expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away,—and the moon, and the stars, and the waters resumed their natural appearance.

12. For the next fifty years everything passed on as quietly as before for the aged couple; but, as the time

drew near for the appointed arrival of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea of the anticipated visit. The day arrived, and Death came, preceded by the same horrors as on the former occasion. "Well, good folks," said he, "you now can have no objection to accompany me; for, assuredly, you have hitherto been highly privileged, and have lived long enough. I have no doubt you are glad to lay down the cares of life."

13. But the old dame wept, and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be separated after passing away from the earth on which they had dwelt so long and so happily together. Poor Shalken also looked very downcast, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by Jan's garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him.

14. He called to Death, and said, "Sir, allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions; I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with us: you are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, sir, get it for us."

15. Death, with great condescension, complied, and, ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Shalken and his wife. At length he determined upon descending, but, to his surprise and apparent consternation, discovered that he was immovable; nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had given them a promise of living another half century.

16. The old couple jogged on in the usual way for fifty years more, and at the very day Death came. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Shalken had put upon him offended his dignity, and hurt his pride not a little. "Come, Jan," said he, "you used me scurvily the other day (Death thinks but little of fifty years!), and I am now determined to lose no time—come, let us be moving."

17. Jan was sitting by his little table, busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled in his hand as he thus addressed him:—"I confess that my former conduct toward you merits blame; but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learnt to know that life is of little worth. Still, before I quit this world, I should like to do all the good I can, and was engaged, when you arrived, in making a will, that a poor lad, who has always been kind to us, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down: in a few minutes my task will be ended."

18. Death, thus appealed to, could refuse no longer, and seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as it had formerly been to descend from the pear-tree. His liberation was bought at the expense of an additional fifty years, at the end of which period, and exactly on their birthday, Jan Shalken and his wife, now blind and deaf, and feeble with extreme age, and no longer desiring life, but anxiously awaiting and hoping for the coming of Death, died quietly in their bed. And the moon did not withdraw its light; the stars fell not; and the ocean slept tranquilly before the little village in which Jan and his wife had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all its inhabitants.

Then, as Mrs. Raymond had promised, Mr. Raymond told, in the following words, the German story to which she had alluded:—

II.—*A Story of Ingratitude.*

1. A stranger, on first entering a certain German city, was surprised to see in the market-place a lofty bell-tower, with an open door-way, while a stone statue of a noble

horse appeared to be in the act of grasping the bell-rope with his teeth, and thus ringing the bell that swung in the turret above. On inquiring what all this meant, the stranger was told the following story:—

2. "A very long time ago, this bell-tower, now moss-covered with age, was erected, and in it was placed a bell, called '*The Doom-Bell of Ingratitude.*' At the time of its erection a decree was passed by the citizens that any person who should be ungratefully treated by another, might go at once to the tower and ring the bell, and, even if it should be in the night-time, the judges should at once assemble and then and there examine into the charge, and, unheeding title, rank, or wealth, should pronounce a righteous verdict, from which there should be no appeal.

3. "Now it happened, a hundred years ago or more, that a wealthy citizen of the place was pleased and proud to keep a noble steed of rarest beauty. It also happened, once on a time, that, as this man was riding in a forest late at night, he was beset by six mounted robbers, who would have slain him for his money had not his noble steed outstripped his swiftest pursuers and borne his master to a place of safety. Or, as it has been told in rhyme,—

4. "The faithful beast, all white with foam,
Brought off, without a wound,
His grateful lord, who, once at home,
His horse's praise did sound.
A vow he made, and, swearing, sealed:
'Henceforth I'll give my gray
The best of oats the land can yield,
Until he turns to clay.'

5. "But the good beast, falling sick at last, grew lame, and stiff, and blind; and then his master, regardless of his vow, sought to sell him for whatever any one would pay; and when no one would buy, he turned his faithful steed

out into the street, on a cold winter's night, to perish of hunger.

6. "The poor animal stood shivering at his master's gate all the long night through; and, when morning brought him no relief, he wandered away through the streets in quest of food, glad when, fumbling, in his blindness, over the frozen ground, a wisp of straw chanced to fall in his way.

7. "During the following night the poor creature—mere skeleton as he was—at the hour of midnight stumbled into the bell-house, and, chancing to grope where the hemp rope hung, in his gnawing hunger he seized the rope with a sudden jerk, when at once the bell above sent forth its loud warning cry,—*'In-grat'i-tude! In-grat'i-tude!'* which resounded throughout the whole city.

8. "The judges hear the midnight cry—
Straight to the tower repair,
And lift their wondering hands on high
To see *such* plaintiff there!
They went not back with gibe and joke,
To curse the untimely clang:
Amazed, they cried, 'Twas God that spoke,
When the stern doom-bell rang!"

9. "At once the rich man was awakened by the officer of the law, and brought before the judges.

"He went defiant; but his mood
To meekness changed with speed,
When in the judges' midst he stood,
Confronted with his steed.

10. "He was reminded of the steed's faithful service to

Verse 8.—Why "midnight cry"?—Why is the expression, "*wondering hands*," used?—Why is the horse called a "plaintiff"?

him, and of his own base ingratitude ; and then the decree of the court was read to him :—

“ ‘That you, henceforth, your faithful steed
Home to your stable take,
And, like a Christian, nurse and feed
Till death,—for mercy’s sake !’

11. “The rich man was confounded, ashamed, and humiliated ; but the steed was taken home and faithfully cared for thereafter, as long as he lived, while, in the open door-way of the tower, the city fathers raised, in commemoration of the event, the marble statue that so much excited the curiosity of the stranger.”

12. “Such,” said Mr. Raymond, “is the story of the blind steed and his ungrateful master. I think it is a good story to be read at the next meeting of the ‘Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.’ I was assured, by the gentleman who told it to me, that the story is a true one, and that the statue of the horse, blind, like the figure of Justice, actually stands there, to this day, in that German town, as if ready to sound, again, the bell’s indignant cry of ‘*In-grat’i-tude ! In-grat’i-tude !*’ ”

CHAPTER IX.—OUR FRENCH ACQUAINTANCE.

1. We have occasionally spoken of Mr. Bardou, the “little old Frenchman” who lived with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond at the parsonage. He had spent most of his life in and near Paris, but, as he had outlived his wife and children and the generation with which he had grown up to manhood, he had come over to America to pass his few

remaining days with his only surviving relative and her husband in the retirement of Lake-View.

2. Mr. Bardou was not only a very old gentleman, but he was a gentleman of refined manners and scholarly attainments. Moreover, he was a graduate of the University of Paris; he had been much in public life, and although he lived with his niece's husband, a Protestant divine, and was in sympathy with Christians of every creed, we were told that he still adhered to the Roman Catholic faith, the religion of his youth.

3. At the invitation of Uncle Philip, who had long known and who highly respected him, he was to come up from the village to spend a few days at Wilmot Hall. The young people of our little coterie, it must be confessed, did not anticipate any great pleasure from the company of so aged a person, for, as old age always brings with it a train of infirmities, it seemed but natural that the sunshine of youth should be somewhat clouded by its presence. It might command respect,—yea, veneration,—but it seemed even to us older persons that the fading remnant of life could have little sympathy with the activities of the present, and little interest in the developments of human progress in which it could not share.

4. The old gentleman came. He indeed bore the invariable marks of old age: for his eyes were sunken, his cheeks had lost their fulness, and the few snowy locks that were left to him were long and thin; but his hearing was still perfect, and his small features still retained their delicate classic outlines. When he spoke,—and fortunately his English was good,—all seemed to forget his age, for his memory was excellent and he talked of the present; he was familiar with all the living questions of the day, and he entered freely into the hopes and anticipations of the future. He was less a relic of the past than a living link in the chain of humanity. Our young people were quite delighted with their visitor.

5. We were no less surprised at his bodily, than at his mental, activity, for his step was light and elastic; he loved a short walk; he took a fond, but not childish, interest in the amusements of the young; he ate with a good relish, though sparingly and temperately. We learned that he had never used tobacco, and, unlike most Frenchmen, he took no wine at his meals. Is it not here that we find, in his temperate life, the secret of that vigor of both body and mind which he still retains?

6. His greatest charm was the outspoken, but always polite, frankness and intelligence with which he conversed on such casual topics as chanced to come up, and with such freedom from assumed superiority, for one of his age and attainments, that he made every one, even the youngest in our company, feel at perfect ease in his presence.

7. He specially loved to descant upon the *pleasures of old age*, a topic so unusual, but which he treated so charmingly, that from his conversation I have gathered up many fragments, some of which, as opportunity presents, I have resolved to transfer to the following pages. Many of his "talks" were connected with events, trivial in themselves, which occurred at his humble residence in the environs of Paris. From these *talks*, as I wrote them down at the time in my diary, I here give a couple of extracts:—

No. I.—*The Young Soldier and Old Age.*

1. "One evening," said Mr. Bardou, "as I was returning from my usual walk, I heard some one pronounce my name, when, turning round, I saw a soldier seated on the grassy bank, who arose as I approached and touched his hat.

2. "He proved to be the old schoolmaster's son, who had left us five years before to join the army. He was now returning home, with a full discharge. I was about to give

him tidings of his mother and sisters, but I found that he already knew of their being well and happy.

3. "Then they are expecting you?" I said.

"Yes, since the morning; but I have come along slowly."

"In consequence of fatigue, no doubt?"

"The young soldier shook his head."

"No, indeed, sir; but, on approaching home, one recognizes everything. The eye is attracted at every turn by old familiar objects; it is so delightful to recall one's youth. For the last few miles, I may say, there is not a tree nor a house on my route that has not had something to tell me."

4. "I understand you," I said. "You felt inclined to greet these old friends of the roadside."

"Yes, sir; and then, recollect the great change that has taken place, besides: I am now returning *"to settle at home,"* as our colonel says, and am about to commence a new life. On that account, you see, it is well for me to pause a little. When we reach the last stage, it is time to reflect, and to look about us."

5. "Having said this, he bowed, and continued his journey, with the firm bearing and regular step of a soldier."

"I was struck by those last few words of his:—'When we reach the last stage, it is time to reflect, and to look about us.'"

6. "And have not I, I asked myself, reached that last stage? Have I not also received my discharge from the social regiment? Is not my goal a few steps beyond here—that supreme goal which separates the visible world from a world unknown? What else am I than a soldier who has laid aside his arms, and is completing his last day's march, just before arriving at the place of final repose?"

7. "But have I nothing more to do? I asked myself. Is old age to cut off, alike, my duties and my enjoyments? Is there nothing more to interest me on this side of the boundary that separates me from the unknown? Dwell-

ing upon this subject, I fell into the following train of reflections :

8. "Old Age! Old Age! Climax of all things here below—moment of supreme expectation—what shall prevent me from discovering the resources you still possess? The majority of men, indeed, hate or fear you; for they regard you as associated with the dismal train of selfishness, of inactivity, of sorrow, and of infirmities. In their eyes, to grow old is to put off life. Ah! let me teach them, on the contrary, that its true character is to perfect it; that old age is the crown of maturity, but a crown of flowers, or of thorns, depending upon whether it comes to us as a reward or as a punishment.

9. "Others have written the history of their prosperous years, and of their struggles in the prime of life; I, for my part, will record the impressions of my later days—I will record, at this period of decline and farewell, all that rejoices, consoles, or strengthens me. I will, in fact, set down, day by day, for my own improvement, and the improvement of those who come after me,—

"*First*,—The occupations of a still active mind, whose labors are now finished;—

"*Second*,—The pleasures of an old age unaccompanied by the possession of influence or wealth;—

"*Third*,—The consolations of a home where death has created a solitude.

10. "In short, like the soldier whom I had just met, I said to myself, I desire, henceforth, to complete my last stage, looking about me, and reflecting.

"As I had resolved, so I did; and the course which I had thus marked out for myself, with the recording of my reflections, has proved one of the most agreeable occupa-

Verse 8.—In addressing "Old Age," what figure of speech is used?—Why is Old Age said to be the "*climax* of all things here below"?—Why said to be the "*crown* of maturity"?

tions of my declining years ; and now, as I turn over the pages of the diary which I have kept so long, it is like looking into the face of a long familiar friend, whose sympathies always respond to my own."

11. After listening to these remarks of Mr. Bardou, I said, "That is the true spirit of Christian philosophy." Then, as I reflected upon the life-long temperate habits of our aged friend, and read their moral teachings in the lesson before me, I asked myself, "Are there many whose well-ordered lives have been such that the infirmities of age have *so few* reproaches to cast upon the indiscretions, errors, and follies of youth?" At another time Mr. Bardou continued his remarks in this wise:—

No. II.—*In which Mr. Bardou introduces his Friend Roger.*

1. "I must give you a little account," said Mr. Bardou, "of my friend Roger, and of the conversation I had with him upon this same subject of old age. When Roger, who was nearly as old as myself, called upon me one day, I chanced to turn the conversation upon the subject which, for some time, had been occupying so much of my thoughts. It happened in this way.

2. "Roger, who is a man of genius and education, and whose goodness of heart has not been deadened by the many trials of life through which he has passed, is still alive to everything that can interest or benefit mankind. Wherever the human mind makes an effort at advancement, Roger hastens there, encouraging and aiding according to his powers.

3. "He had been expatiating upon some recent discoveries in science, and had just described to me the golden rays of Progress which he perceived dawning from every point of the world's horizon, when I said to him,—

"Continue to cherish this ardor and these hopes : grow

young again yourself, in the eternally-recurring spring-time of the human race, for it is the surest means of escaping from the tedium of old age.'

4. "'The tedium!' exclaimed Roger. 'Do you venture so far, then, as to calumniate old age? Learn that I regard it as the happiest period of my life.'

5. "As I shook my head, 'Yes, the very happiest,' he repeated, striking the ground with his cane,—'the happiest, both from a physical and a moral point of view.'

6. "'You forget the infirmities which accompany it,' I remarked, wishing to draw him out by a seeming opposition to his views. 'And you, my dear Bardou,' he replied, 'do not think of the passions which it leaves behind. What more cruel infirmity than ambition, which keeps us day and night panting up that slippery path of success;—than love, which makes slaves of us;—than hatred, which turns us into tyrants;—than idleness, which whispers into one ear, "Rest and sleep," while necessity cries into the other, "Awake and be doing!"'

7. "'But the diminution of our powers?" I suggested.

"Is compensated by the lessening of our obligations.'

"So, then, you are satisfied to have lost your hair?"

"I have a wig which keeps me warmer.'

"To feel your sight growing weak?"

"With my spectacles, I can see as well as at fifteen.'

"And to have lost all your teeth?"

"Zounds! they caused me suffering enough; now I have false ones, which save me from the dentist's care.'

"I could not help laughing.

8. "'You think I am joking!" exclaimed Roger, impatiently, 'but I am not, upon my honor. Mankind are unjust toward old age; they expect from it the resources of another period of life, instead of using those which are really its own. It is thus that the human soul is filled with foolish regrets, and that in youth we sigh for childhood, in manhood for youth, and in old age for our departed vigor.

Old age is the final step ; therefore we have not the opportunity to regret that.'

9. "Continuing in this manner for some time, and regarding the past as merely a preparation for the present, he concluded as follows:—

"'Let others adore what they no longer possess: as for me, I prefer what I have. Old age has a charm in my eyes, because it has brought me the independence which is the reward of labor, together with the experience which teaches me how to enjoy it, the moderation which economizes our pleasures, and the leisure which enables us to appreciate them. Let the world chant in doleful strains its regret for the years of youth ; I, for my part, will not cease to laud the pleasures of old age.'"

10. More extracts from these philosophic talks may be expected, and some gleanings, which our friend has promised us from his diary ; but another letter from our "foreign correspondent" awaits us in the next chapter. The reading of it was assigned to Mr. Agnew, who asked Eddie Wilmot to read, from a volume in the library, the entire poem entitled "A Leap for Life," for Eddie had once committed it to memory.

CHAPTER X.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 6.

FROM GIBRALTAR TO ROME.

I.—*Gibraltar to Marseilles.*

1. We spent a couple of days in the town and harbor of Gibraltar. Rising above the town, to the height of fourteen hundred feet in some places, is an immense hill or mountain of solid rock, three miles long, on which, and *within* which, is the British fortress of Gibraltar.

2. I say *within* the rock, because there are, as the gentlemanly British officers showed us, numerous caverns and galleries, two or three miles in length, all cut in the solid rock, with numerous port-holes for cannon. These galleries are wide enough for carriages, and so arranged that the garrison can pass from one part of the hill to another, without exposure in case of attack. One of the officers who escorted us through told us that the fortress was defended by more than a thousand heavy cannon. I send you a view of the town and fortress as they appeared from our steamer. The northern extremity of the rock, as you will see, is almost perpendicular.



TOWN AND FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR, FROM THE BAY.

3. Prof. Howard gave us an account of the history of this fortress, and of the celebrated attack upon it in the year 1782, at the end of a long siege, when the French and Spanish forces, to the number of one hundred thousand men, were defeated, and their immense floating batteries burned. Mr. Agnew can find an account of this siege for you in some of the histories in the Wilmot Hall Library.

4. Having taken in a fresh supply of coal at Gibraltar, on the 28th of November we sailed for Marseilles, a large commercial city and seaport in the south of France; but on the way Prof. Howard had so much to say about the excellent harbor of Port Ma-hon', an important naval station, and the capital of the Spanish island of Minorca, that Captain Gray stopped there, at our request, as it was directly in the route to Marseilles.

5. The rock-ribbed harbor was, indeed, an excellent one; and many of the houses, which are of stone, and built on ledges of rock overhanging the sea, present a singular and, at the same time, a very neat and attractive appearance. Only a few of us went ashore, as the steamer remained in the harbor but a few hours.

6. After we had left here, and had assembled in the saloon to hear what the Professor had to say about the place, he told us, among other things, of a thrilling incident that occurred in this very port, many years ago, in which the captain of that good old American frigate, the *Constitution* (better known as "Old Ironsides"), and the captain's little son Hal, were the principal actors. Then he read "A Leap for Life," which describes the scene alluded to. It begins thus:—

7. Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
 In the harbor of Mahon:
A dead calm rested on the bay,—
 The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the Captain's son,
 A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
 And on the main truck stood.

8. But nearly every school-boy is familiar with the piece, and I need not repeat any more of it here. I had often read it; but now it will have great additional interest for

me, because I shall always recall, in connection with it, the very harbor—far away on a foreign shore—in which the incident occurred, with the deep and quiet waters where the vessel lay, and the rocky heights looking down upon the scene.

9. After the Professor had read the little poem that relates, in full, the incident referred to, he remarked that nearly every locality that we purpose visiting during our voyage, abounds in historic associations; and that one of the great advantages of travel will be lost, if we do not avail ourselves of the opportunities presented for becoming familiar with the interesting relations that exist between the geography and the history of the places visited.

10. "Even this little island of Minorca," said he, "has something interesting to tell us. It is one of the *Bā-le-ā'ric* Islands,—a name given to them by the ancients, from a Greek word that means *to throw*, in allusion to the great skill of the islanders as slingers, in which capacity they served in the armies of both Rome and Carthage. It is thus that geographical names are often significant of important events in history. It was a Roman general, Q. C. Metellus, that was surnamed *Balearicus*, because he conquered these famous slingers, and compelled them to submit to the authority of Rome."

11. Exceedingly varied, as he told us, have been the fortunes of Minorca. He then related to us how Vandals, Visigoths, and Moors held it by turns. Then England, France, and Spain contended for it during a long period; for it was an important seaport and fortress on the great highway of the Mediterranean; but England finally ceded it to Spain in 1802.

12. One sad event in English annals, connected with the history of this island, he related to us. When, in 1756, during a war between France and England, Admiral Byng failed to relieve the English garrison that was besieged there, he was brought to trial, and most unjustly con-

demned and executed for the failure. The historian Macaulay brands his punishment as "altogether unjust and absurd," and a disgrace to the English nation.

Such are the lessons in history that we are constantly receiving, during this our grand Pleasure Excursion.

II.—*Marseilles, Genoa, Florence, Rome.*

1. On reaching a group of islets off Marseilles, we lay to for a pilot, who soon came aboard, and conducted the steamer into the harbor, which is in the very centre of the city. The city, which is built all around the harbor, rises up from the water in the form of a great amphitheatre, as if it were arranged for a vast concourse of people to look down upon some theatrical scenes to be enacted in the arena below.

2. Just beyond the city, the surrounding hills are covered with olive gardens and vineyards, and with thousands of country houses. There is one curious harbor regulation here. No fire—not even a light—is allowed on board vessels in the inner harbor; and the cooking is all done on shore.

3. After remaining two days at Marseilles, we sailed for Gen'o-a, a famous fortified seaport of Northern Italy, and the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. As we approached the city from the sea, its appearance was beautiful and striking. The city rises gradually from the shore in the form of a crescent, and its white houses could be seen from a great distance; as we approached nearer and nearer, the imposing outlines of palaces, and distant villas and gardens, coming into view, kept us in a wonder of delight and amazement.

4. Our next stopping-place was at Leghorn; and we landed there for the sole purpose of visiting Florence,—on the famous river Arno,—fifty miles distant by railroad,—a

Tuscan city which Prof. Howard had already described to us in glowing terms, as being full of grand old palaces,—as containing the most splendid gallery of paintings ever collected in one place,—and as being famous for its grand cathedral, whose vast dome, the largest in the world, surpasses in size that of St. Peter's at Rome.

5. After we had stayed in Florence a whole week, we were not disposed to think Prof. Howard's description at all overdrawn, or that of the poet when he said,—

“O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills,
And famous Arno, fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, *all* treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine.”

S. T. Coleridge.

6. Sailing from Leghorn, we ran down the coast to Civita Vecchia (Chee've-ta Vek'ke-a) by daylight,—thirty-seven miles distant from Rome by railroad, and the port at which travellers going to Rome generally land. And now, with great joy I can say, We are in Rome! the most celebrated city of the world—long the capital of the Roman empire, and now the capital of the kingdom of Italy.

7. “I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking, at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,—
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind—a thousand images—
And I spring up as girt to run a race.”

Rogers.

8. This is the beginning, only, of a poem which Prof. Howard has just read to us, on this, the evening of our

Verse 5.—Why the expression “*fed with all their rills*”?—Why “*brightest star*”?—Why “*star-bright Italy*”?—Why “*golden corn*”?

arrival.—I close my letter here, before going forth “to spy out the land.”

CHAPTER XI.—SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

1. One day, as Eddie Wilmot and his sister Lulu were turning over the many bundles of papers found in the old oaken chest, Eddie held up a package tied with a faded red ribbon, and labelled, in a writing scarcely legible, “The Old Men’s Stories.”

2. They carried the package to their mother, and, on opening it, they found within six numbered papers, dated back in their grandfather’s time, and from their grandfather’s residence seventy years ago in the city. But, although the papers were all in the same handwriting, Eddie and Lulu saw nothing at first to indicate who wrote them, unless the mystery was to be solved by an “Explanatory Paper” that was found in the package.

3. After Mrs. Wilmot had read this and examined the entire package, she said the papers were suitable to be read at the Monthly Saturday Evening Readings. They were accordingly read from time to time, beginning with the “Explanatory Paper” and “The First Narrative,” which are as follows, and which were read by Mr. Agnew.

Explanatory Paper ; by a Sexagenarian.

23 Murray Street, New York, May 12, 1795.

1. Some dozen years ago, five of my intimate friends and myself formed an “Old Men’s Society,” that was to meet annually at my house on the evening of the last day of the year, and, after a frugal supper, spend a few hours in friendly chat, talking over old times, the news of the day, and telling stories.

2. At one of these meetings, while our number was still

unbroken, it was proposed that each one should tell the story of his life, or of such portions of it as he might think most interesting to the company. This was readily agreed to, although the condition was made that none of the circumstances related should ever be spoken of outside while a single survivor remained, the member proposing this condition referring, as he pointed to the door, to that good old Athenian rule, often posted over door-ways in Athens,—“Let nothing that is said here go out there.”

3. It was proposed that I, being the host, should begin the series, which I did in a plain and truthful narrative, the substance of which I have here written out in full. I have also written out the stories told by the others, for, as our society is now broken by death, and I am the only survivor, no harm can come from now breaking the seal of secrecy that we imposed upon ourselves; and I fancy that, if any of my descendants should chance to read these papers, they may derive from them lessons of some moral value.

I.—*The First Narrative.*

STORY OF A DAY'S REVERSES AND REVERSALS.

1. Passing over the scenes and incidents of my youth, which were confined to the city in which I still reside, I will narrate the history of only that small portion of my life which can be of any special interest to any one, and it will be seen that the time embraced is less than a single day. But the acts of a day, ay, of a single moment, may mould, for weal or for woe, the character of a life-time.

2. I will introduce my subject by saying that, at the point when my story begins, I was the happiest of men. I was in perfect health; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins; my apartments in Barclay Street were delightful; and what signified to me the

inclemency of the weather without on this cold November evening?

3. I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown,—which, by the bye, was far the handsomest piece of old brocade I had ever seen,—and, walking slowly backward and forward in my room, I said to myself, “There never was—there never can have been—so happy a fellow as I am.” Then, taking one or two turns more, I continued, almost aloud,—

4. “What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me; I adore Maria. To be sure, she’s detained at Tarrytown; but I hear from her every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Then, again, there’s John Fraser, my old school-mate. I don’t believe there’s anything in the world he would not do for me. I’m sure there’s no living thing that he loves so much as myself,—except, perhaps, his old Uncle Simon and his black mare.”

5. I had by this time returned to the fireplace, and, re-seating myself, began to address my noble, black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, lay sleeping on the rug before the fire. “And you, too, my old Neptune! Are you not the best and handsomest dog in the universe?”

6. Neptune, finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes upon me with an affirmative expression, to which I responded, “Ay, to be sure you are,—and a capital swimmer, too!”

7. Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the floor with his tail, first to the right hand, and then to the left. “And is he not a faithful fellow,—and does he not love his master?” I asked. Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and then, stretching himself at length, again sunk into repose.

8. “That dog’s a philosopher,” I said. “He never says a word more than is necessary.—Then, again, I am not

only blessed in love and friendship, and in my dog,—but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old lumbering house of my father's, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres, up in the northern part of the island, for two hundred thousand dollars, and to have the money paid down on the very day the bargain was concluded!

9. "By the bye, though, I had forgotten:—I may as well write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and have them pay it in at once to Middleton Bros., my bankers in Wall Street. Capital fellows the Middletons are, too: old friends of the family.—Honest people, and all that, Drax and Drayton are;—but, faith, no lawyer should be tempted too far. It's a foolish way, any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in anybody's hands; and I'll write about it at once."

10. As I said, so I did—ordering Messrs. Drax and Drayton to pay my two hundred thousand dollars, at once, to Middleton Bros. After ringing my bell, and requesting that my note might be forwarded immediately, I took my candle, and, accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to my room, and then to bed, just as the watchman was calling "past twelve o'clock," beneath my window.

11. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep were no less animated than those of my waking hours. I dreamed that it was my wedding morning; the marriage ceremony had been performed; as we returned from church, Neptune seemed to walk by my side; and my friend John Fraser seemed, in some unaccountable manner, to act as the father of the bride.

12. I dreamed that, on returning to my house, I found a quantity of money-bags, each marked two hundred thousand dollars, ranged in rows on a marble table, and these I was beginning to empty at the feet of the bride, with an appropriate compliment, when my dream was interrupted by the hasty entrance of my servant, who stood pale and

trembling by my bedside, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to Messrs. Drax and Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and he had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had absconded during the night, taking with him my two hundred thousand dollars, and two thousand dollars of his partner's money!

13. I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—The clock had not yet struck eight; but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Mr. Drax himself upon the subject. I dressed hastily, and, in less than an hour, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

14. "Oh, Mr. Ladowski!" he exclaimed, with a look of bewildered paleness, and wringing his hands,—“I beg pardon, Mr. Roger Ladowski, you've received intimation, then, of this most strange occurrence!—What will the world think?—What will they say?—The house of Drax and Drayton!—Such a long established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton I mean—to abscond!”

15. "Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my two hundred thousand dollars!"—

"Went away, sir,"—he continued, without seeming to notice my words,—“without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him!—A most extraordinary proceeding!”

"You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax!" I said. "Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money."

16. "Your money, Mr. Ladowski?—Here has the same party taken off with him two thousand dollars of the common property of the house, all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands;—drew a draft for the whole amount—and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction! Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this very morning—many things less

improbable occur—and might have had my draft refused acceptance!"

17. "Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me!—Sir—sir—I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!"

"A most unfortunate event," exclaimed Mr. Drax; "but, Mr. Ladowski, you gay young men of fashion cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business.—My situation—"

18. I could listen no longer; and, seeing that Mr. Drax was too much occupied with his own troubles to give any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

19. "I'll go to my friend John Fraser," I exclaimed. "He's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events: he'll suggest what steps are to be taken in this most painful emergency;" and in a few minutes I rapped at the door of his lodgings in Beekman Street.

20. They detained me an age in the street. I rapped and rapped again, and then I rang; and at the ringing of the bell a stupid-looking, yellow-haired maid-servant, in a dirty lace cap, issued from the basement kitchen to answer the summons, wiping her crimson arms with her check apron.

21. "Is Mr. Fraser at home?" I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

"Mr. Fraser at home? No, sir, he ain't."

"Where has he gone?"

"Where's he gone?" rejoined the girl, in a low drawling voice. "I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, not I."

22. "Is his servant Robert here?"

"Is his servant here? No, sir, the other gentleman's gone too."

"His servant gone with him?—Why, how did they go?"

"How did they go? Why, in a chaise-and-four, to be sure, they sent for him from Newman's."

23. "Heavens! how provoking!—Did they start early?"

"Start early? No, to be sure; they started very late; as soon as ever master came home from dining last evening, in Franklin Square."

"Franklin Square! Why should John Fraser be dining in Franklin Square! How very distressing!"

24. "Master came home two hours before Mr. Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly."

"Indeed! What can possibly have happened?"

25. "What has happened? Oh, Mr. Robert told us all about what had happened: says he, 'My master's great friend, Mr. Ladowski, is clean ruined; his lawyer has run off with all his money. Master is in a great fuss about it,' says Mr. Robert, 'and so I suppose,' says he, 'that master and I are going out of town for a while to keep clear of the muss.'"

26. "Merciful heavens!" said I,—“and can John Fraser be guilty of such cold-hearted treachery?"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my remark, "and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got everything comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of that, why, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle in their concerns."

27. That girl was a perfect philosopher, upon the principle of "look-out for number one;"—but I could hear no more. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments where, on the preceding evening, I had so proudly dwelt upon my present stock of happiness, and indulged in the fondest visions of the future. But while repeating to myself, "My fortune's gone! My friend has deserted me!" my naturally buoyant nature rose again, and I said, "But Maria! yes, Maria, thou still remainest to me! I will first soothe my

mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter. and then I shall be in a more fit condition to deliberate and act for myself." I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

28. Entering my room, I approached the table on which my cards and letters were constantly deposited—but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes; I rung, and asked for my letters:—none had arrived since my absence from home. "Had the postman gone by?"—"Yes, many an hour ago."—It was too true, then,—even Maria was perfidious in this hour of misfortune. This was the severest blow of all. I might have reasoned;—"Some accident," I might have said; but no; I could neither reason nor reflect. I clinched my teeth; I stamped upon the floor; I tossed my arms wildly about. My dog, amazed at the violence of my conduct, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonishment.

29. I saw, or thought I saw, an expression of tenderness and pity in his looks;—and, in an agony of tears—do not laugh at me—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, everything on earth has forsaken me but you;—my fortune—my friend—my love with my fortune;—but you, you alone, my good, old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!"

30. I started up—paced my room backward and forward with wide and hurried strides, when, fevered by the rapid succession of painful events, I seized my hat, and prepared to seek, out of doors, that distraction for my grief which could not be found in the quiet of my apartments. My hand was on the lock of my door, when my eye accidentally glanced toward my pistols. I perceived that, to approach the place where they lay, was like tempting the fiend to tempt me; but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—to strike remorse to the hearts of Maria and John;—

and I took the pistols, muttering, as I concealed them in my bosom, "Perhaps I may want them."

31. In this frame of mind I rushed along without motive or plan, through back and retired streets, till I found myself on the banks of the Hudson, near the place where my boat was kept. "On the water," I said to myself, "I shall be away from observing eyes, and alone with my sorrow." As I approached the little wharf,—“Bad time for boating, Mr. Ladowski,” said Piner, who had charge of the place. “It’s mortal cold, and it’s rain coming on there from the windward.”

32. Heedless of his kind warnings, I impatiently seized the oars from his hands, and was soon rowing rapidly up the river, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, I gave full vent to my feelings, in exclamations of indignant passion. “Fool!—Idiot that I was to trust them!—And then, Maria, you to desert me too!—As to Fraser,—all men are alike,—selfish by nature, habit, and education. They are trained to baseness; and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion.” Thus I gave expression to my newly acquired philosophy of human nature. “But,” I said to myself, “I’ll be revenged!”

33. At these words, some violence of gesture interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly lying at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. “Right—right!” I exclaimed; “my very dog turns against me! He withdraws the attachment which he accorded for the food I gave him, now that I can supply him no more.” I imputed to my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, upon the wild suggestion of the moment, to take speedy vengeance on his ingratitude.

34. Drawing forth a pistol from my breast, I ordered the

dog to take to the water, determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated. He was scarcely aroused: perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humor to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I endeavored, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed,—my balance was lost,—and, in a moment of time, I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for life with the dark, deep, cold waters of the Hudson.

35. I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrors—sudden, certain death—was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune—whom, in my senseless passion, I had thought to kill but a moment before—poor Neptune required no appeal from me—no urging. He no sooner saw the danger of his master, than he sprang forward to my rescue, and, holding my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

36. I was able to clamber in, and my dog followed me. Once reseated there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing strange had happened, I was overwhelmed with the bitterest feelings of shame and remorse. Self-condemned, I sat there, like a guilty wretch, in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master.

37. My cold bath and wet garments—but still more my self-reproach—had done much to cool my passion, and I rowed slowly toward land. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in my own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cruel desertion of me in my distresses, was exchanged for

a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching the landing-place, I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings.

38. On arriving at my apartments, the first object that presented itself to my eye was a note from Maria. I knew the writing at a glance, and the peculiar shape of the billet. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back toward my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some moments in my trembling hand, when at length, with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I broke the seal, and read—

39. What did I read? Why, that she did not write the day before, because her aunt had suddenly determined to come to town that very day—and that they were already at Thomas's Hotel in Bond Street! "Come to us directly," she said; "or if this wicked theft of Drayton's—which, by the bye, will compel us to have a smaller, a quieter, and, therefore, a *happier*, home, than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven,"—etc., etc.

40. And she was really true!—and only my wicked suspicions were in fault! Oh, how much was I to blame! how severely did my folly deserve punishment! It was now four o'clock in the afternoon. My toilet was hastily made, and, in five minutes after the first reading of Maria's note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My servant was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, when the noise of rapidly approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the rapper was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening,

pale with watching, and fatigue, and excitement, and dusty with travel, burst like a sudden apparition upon my sight.

41. Rushing toward me, seizing my hand, and shaking it with the energy of almost convulsive joy, he exclaimed, "Well, Ladowski, I was in time! I thought I should be! The fellows drove capitally—grand good horses, too, or we should never have beaten him."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Beaten whom?"

42. "The rascal Drayton, to be sure," said he. "Did not they tell you that I had got scent of his starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?"

"No, indeed, John, they never told me *that*."

43. "Well, never mind, I overtook him within ten miles of Trenton, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life. In an hour more he would have been away, down the river, for Philadelphia, and then out of the country."

"And—and—the money?"

44. "Oh, I've lodged that at your bankers', the Middletons'. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to Wall Street and deposited your two hundred thousand dollars in a place of security before I came here to tell you it was safe."

45. If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before, this explanation of John Fraser's absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, "By and by, John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for all your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Bond Street."

46. Without giving him time to ask any questions, I continued in this wise:—"Never again shall I allow a suspicion injurious to those I love to enter my mind. The world's a good world—the women are true—the friends are faithful—and the dogs are all faithfully attached to

their masters;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it, that unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake.”

47. “I cannot for the life of me understand what you are driving at,” at length exclaimed my friend.

“You will presently,” I replied; and, in the course of half an hour—seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet—I had related the painful story of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself pitied and forgiven. The possession of unmingled happiness put an end to the series of my Day’s Reverses.

48. And now, to conclude. In order that this truthful story of a single day’s follies, in the life of a hasty man, may impress its useful lessons the more strongly upon any of my descendants who may chance to read this narrative, I will here give the full name of my friend, which is—John Fraser Hardy.

49. “Why, that must have been my papa’s father!” exclaimed Nellie,—“my *grandfather*! I know that was his name.”

“But who was Mr. Ladowski?” asked Lulu.

“The story will tell you,” said her mother. “Let us hear the rest of it.”

Mr. Agnew then proceeded with the narrative, as follows:—

50. “My name is Roger L. Wilmot,—the L. standing for Ladowski, the name by which I was then generally known, and being the name of the Polish family into which my father married before he came to America.”

“Uncle Philip told us about that when we found the uniform up in the garret,” said Eddie.

51. “And it was *our* grandfather that wrote the story!” exclaimed Lulu.

"Yes," said her mother; "and the Maria that he speaks of was your grandmother."

"And so it appears that *Nellie's* grandfather was the means of restoring the large fortune that was stolen from my grandfather!" said Frank.

52. "And John Fraser Hardy's son, and Roger L. Wilmot's son, married my two sisters—descendants of one of those same Middletons who were your grandfather's bankers," said Uncle Philip.

"I think relationships are very puzzling," said Nellie.

53. "Fortunately," remarked Mr. Raymond, "this true story of 'A Day's Reverses' ended happily; but how near it came to ending otherwise! It is a good lesson for all of us; and it should teach us not to be too hasty in judging from mere circumstances,—and, especially, in judging of our long-tried friends."

54. The reading of this, the first one of the "Old Men's Stories," had occupied so much time, that Mrs. Wilmot thought it best not to take up any of the others until some subsequent evening. It happened that, before the next evening of their meeting, another letter from Freddy Jones had been received, from across the wide water. That letter will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 7.

FROM ROME TO VENICE.

We were all anxious to see what Freddy would have to write about Rome and its surroundings; so, on the evening appointed for the reading of his letter, we had quite a large audience at the Hall. Nearly all of Mr. Agnew's pupils were there, by invitation from Mrs. Wilmot; for they had become greatly interested in these letters from foreign

lands, which, from time to time, Mr. Agnew had read to them. He had also marked out, on the large outline maps of the school-room, the route which the voyagers had taken, and had made this the basis of a very valuable geographical study for the whole school. It was not a study of names and places merely; but it embraced, in addition, whatever of interest could be connected with them.

I.—*Rome as it was, and as it is.*

1. We have been in Rome nearly three months, including the time given to excursions into the surrounding country; and yet Prof. Howard tells us that we might remain here six months longer, and find something new to see, to hear about, and to read about, every day. Dr. Edson and I have made a collection of marbles, and other stones, from the ruined temples, palaces, arches, and columns, of a by-gone greatness; and I have some of them set apart for our Lake-View Museum.

2. It is no wonder that the poet Byron calls Rome, in view of her past history, "lone mother of dead empires!" But the mother city—as she once was—is *dead*, also, and *buried*, too; for the very pavements on which once stood Rome's proudest temples, the monuments of her glory, are buried beneath the ruins of these same structures, often to the depth of thirty feet!

3. To-day we may come here, where this once proud mistress of the world bore sway,

"and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod our way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples;"

Verse 2.—Why is Rome called "*mother of dead empires*"?—Why is Rome said to be "*dead and buried*"?—V. 3. Why "*proud mistress*"?—Why are the expressions, "*see the cypress, hear the owl,*" used, when, perhaps, neither cypress nor owl is to be found in Rome?

and we cannot help being reminded, as Prof. Howard tells us, that

“A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay.”—*Byron*.

4. When I asked Prof. Howard what I should say about Rome, he replied, “Do not attempt to describe it. There is too much of it for description. Just mention a few things about it, and put in a few of the best poetic selections, which I will get for you, and then pass these grand old ruins by, as beyond the powers of description.” While I am glad to be relieved of the difficult task, there is still a feeling of regret that I cannot do justice to the relics of ancient grandeur, sublimity, and beauty still enthroned here.

5. Of course we visited that modern wonder,—St. Peter's



ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND THE VATICAN PALACE.

Church, which has grown up on the ruins of the pagan world, since the old Rome passed away. It is the largest—the *grandest* church in the world,—was one hundred

and seventy-five years in building,—and cost, with its monuments and embellishments, more than sixty millions of dollars! We were told that the base of the cross on the top of the dome is four hundred and thirty feet above the pavement below,—and that, if our Capitol at Washington were piled on top of another building just like itself, the whole would not then equal St. Peter's in height,—and still less in length and breadth.

6. Prof. Howard says that St. Peter's Church is universally admitted to be the *noblest* work of architecture ever produced by man. Then he quoted what the poet Byron says of it:—

“Thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
 What could be,
Of earthly structures in God's honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.”

7. And when the Professor spoke of the massive columns, each more than eighty feet in diameter, and the lofty dome which they support, he said Pope's description of the Temple of Fame would well apply to this noble structure:—

“There massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretched my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swelled to such a height.”

8. Our artist has obtained a fine photographic view of the church, with the large oval area in front. This area is surrounded by a superb colonnade, and in the middle, between two fountains, is an Egyptian obelisk seventy-eight feet in height. You may perhaps form a better idea of this wonderful structure from the view which I send you.

9. Of course we visited the Colisé'um, and all the other grand ruins; and at our hotel we read Byron's description of the Colisé'um, and of the Dying Gladiator,—and many other fine poetic descriptions, most of which—and perhaps *all* of them—you can find in the Wilmot Hall Library.



ST. PETER'S.

CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

10. We stood on the very spot where once was the ancient Forum, where the people gathered in their great assemblies;—where consuls, dictators, and senators sat, and debated, and decided the fate of nations:—

“The *Forum*! where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes, burns with Cicero.”

Byron.

11. I must also quote what Prof. Howard has been reading to us from another poet, about this once grand old Roman Forum,—now covered with ruins. Alas! in these latter days of degenerate Rome, the place has been turned into a cattle-market! The lines I quote will help to give you, who have not seen the ruins, a better idea of what the place *now* is:—

12. "Here and there appears,
As if to show *Ruin's* handiwork, not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple. Here was once
The *Forum*, whence a mandate, eagle-winged,
Went to the ends of the earth. . . .
The very dust we tread stirs as with life,
And not the slightest breath that sends not up
Something of human grandeur. We are come—
Are *now*—where once the mightiest spirits met
In terrible conflict ;—this, while Rome was free,
The noblest theatre on this side heaven."—*Rogers.*

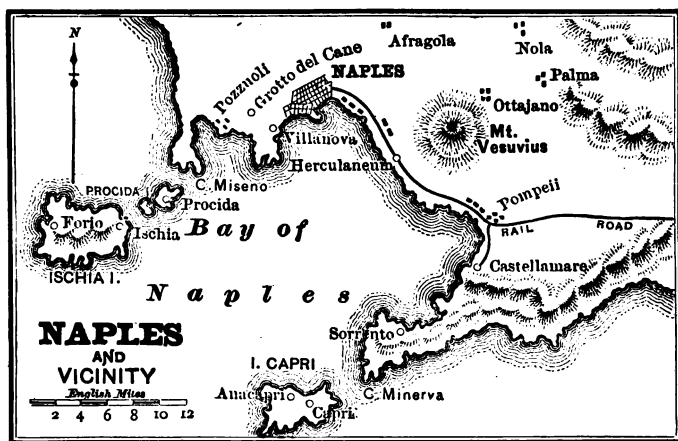
13. Most of the *ruins* of ancient Rome are on the left bank of the Tiber; but St. Peter's is on the right bank. A rear view of St. Peter's in the distance, together with the Castle of St. Angelo near by, may be had from another illustration that I send you.

14 We were at Rome during the Christmas festivities. At midnight on Christmas eve, the bells rung their merriest peals, and, as we looked out of our windows, we saw that the city was illuminated, and that the streets were alive with people. We witnessed the ceremonies at St. Peter's on Christmas morning, and were struck with the grandeur and sublimity of the music. Some days before, minstrels from the mountain districts came down to the city, and in their fantastic dresses marched through the streets, singing and playing their wild mountain music. These events led to an interesting account, by Prof. Howard, of

the Christmas festivities in England and Germany, and in European countries generally.

II.—*Naples and its Surroundings.*

1. Leaving Rome on the 5th of March, and returning to our steamer, we passed down the coast, a distance of about a hundred and twenty miles, to Naples, the largest city of Italy, and so famous for its loveliness when viewed from the waters of the bay, of which it forms the northern



boundary. Seated partly on the declivity of a hill, it spreads its buildings along the shore, and covers the shelving coasts and adjacent eminences with its villas and gardens, while its beautiful suburbs stretch far away, both to the east and to the west, in unrivalled beauty.

2. The charms of the bay, and its surroundings, have been celebrated both by ancient and by modern writers, and have formed the subject of numerous fine paintings, engravings of which may be found in almost every land. On the eastern shore of the bay, and seemingly very close to the city, rises

Mount Vesuvius, from whose summit smoke is always ascending, and whose eruptions not unfrequently lay waste the surrounding country; and yet the base and the very sides of the mountain are covered with vineyards.

3. Most of our party went out to have a sail on the bay. It was decidedly mild for a March day, the atmosphere was clear as crystal, and scarcely a breath of wind was stirring; so we drifted lazily about, but enjoying the surrounding scenery none the less. I chanced to be in a shallop with the Professor; and he said the loveliness of the day, and all the circumstances, reminded him of T. Buchanan Read's poem, "*Drifting*," which was written in fond remembrance of a delightful scene, like that which we looked upon. Here are two verses, which the Professor quoted from the poem:—



4. My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

5. Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

6. We of course visited the city of Naples, which has a population of nearly half a million. Here we saw splendor such as we had seldom seen elsewhere; and here we also saw the famed *lazzaroni* of Naples, a most beggarly class of beggars, who constitute the mob or populace of this great city. Says Prof. Howard, "What extremes meet here! The children of poverty and want, and the children of luxury,—shreds and tatters, and brilliant uniforms,—a go-cart drawn by a donkey not much larger than a dog, and a princely carriage,—beggars and princes, thieves and bishops, all jostle one another in the streets of Naples, in motley confusion."

7. The beauty and fertility of the surrounding country contrast strangely with the degraded character of a great part of the population. Prof. Howard read to us what the poet Goldsmith wrote about Italy long ago, and the Professor says that the description will apply very well to the Naples of to-day. Thus Goldsmith wrote:—

"In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew."

Verse 5.—What fancied resemblance was probably in the poet's mind when he spoke of "the gray smoke *standing* with outstretched hands"?

8. Passing around the base of Mount Vesuvius, we visited the ruins of Pompeii (pom-pā'yee), fifteen miles south-east from Naples. It is no longer a *buried* city, but it is a city of the *dead*, all the same, for its hundreds and hundreds of roofless houses, with broken pillars and doorless door-ways, have known no living tenant since that awful November night, eighteen centuries ago, when the burning ashes and molten lava of Vesuvius so suddenly overwhelmed it.

9. The day of horror preceding the final catastrophe, when the ashes thrown from the crater of the volcano filled the heavens and blotted out the sun at noonday, has been well described by the younger Pliny; but no one has described, from personal knowledge, the scenes that occurred there when the proud city was finally blotted from the earth, almost in a moment of time; for it is not probable that a single soul escaped to tell the horrible tale.

10. But the disinterred city speaks with a plainness and minuteness of detail that leave little to be supplied by the fancy. The following is a picture of it, as drawn by a well-known English writer, and as read to us by Prof. Howard just as we were sailing down the Bay of Naples, and while we were in the very shadow of the column of smoke which the mountain was then belching forth.

The Ruins of Pompeii.

11. Nearly seventeen centuries had rolled away when the city of Pompeii was disinterred from its silent tomb, all vivid with undimmed hues; its walls fresh as if painted yesterday; not a hue faded on the rich mosaic of its floors.

12. The marks left by the cups of its revellers still remained on the counters; the prisoners wore their fetters, the belles, their chains and bracelets; the miser held his hand on his hoarded gold; and the priests were lurking in

the hollow images of their gods, from which they uttered responses and deceived the worshippers.

13. In its forum were the half-finished columns as left by the workman's hand; in its gardens the sacrificial tripod; in its halls the chest of treasure; in its theatres the counter of admission; in its saloons the furniture and lamp; in its dining-halls the fragments of the last feast; in its chambers the perfumes and rouge of faded beauty; and everywhere were the skeletons of those who once moved the springs of that gorgeous machine of luxury and life.

Bulwer.

14. Within the buried city have been brought to light the ruins of an amphitheatre, where games were displayed and scenes enacted for the amusement of the people;—and probably there was fighting between gladiators and wild beasts, as in Rome at the time when Androcles was exposed to the rage of a famished lion. Here are some lines that Prof. Howard read to us, moralizing on the ruins of this Pompe'ian amphitheatre:—

The Ruined Amphitheatre.

1. The crowd are gone:—not one remains
Of all that mighty throng
Who gazed upon the victim's pains,
And heard the victim's song.
No sight, nor sound, for ear or eye,
Is left: but *ghosts* are gliding by,
Of ages past and gone.
The broken seats, the dusty floor,
The scene with ruin trampled o'er,—
All echo, "They are gone."

Verse 1.—Why are "*ghosts*" said to be "*gliding by*"?—Is it *true* that the "broken seats, floor," etc., echo, "*They are gone*"?—On what fancied resemblance is the figure based?

2. Yes, gone the mighty and the proud,
The lovely and the brave!
Time, TIME!—before thee *all* have bowed,
Nor 'scaped thy whelming wave:
Pompeii's vacant streets declare
How great, how *sure* thy victories are
Its cheerless scenes among:
The pathway traced—where are the feet
That moved along that empty street?—
To the grave's silence gone!
3. For low is laid the arm of might
In combat nerved and strong;
And hushed as is the hour of night,
The shouting of the throng.
The stately toga's graceful fold
Round many a noble form was rolled,
Now prostrate in the dust;
And sparkling eyes are closed forever,
To open on Life's pageant—never,
Till Time shall yield his trust.
4. The giant works of elder days,
The lofty forms that were—
Are vanished now; and we but gaze
On what the ruins are.
The humblest shed, the loftiest tower,
Confess alike the sovereign power
Of *TIME*—the mighty one.

III.—*From Naples to Venice.*

1. Leaving Naples in the morning, we steamed along southward in full view of the coast, and late in the afternoon, with the western horizon all aglow from the setting sun, and specked with distant ships, the full moon sailing

high overhead, and the dark blue of the sea under us, the whole giving a strange and almost unearthly sort of twilight, we sighted superb Stromboli, a small volcanic island off the northern coast of Sicily.

2. His torch was out; his fires were smouldering; a tall column of smoke that rose up and lost itself in the growing moonlight was all the sign he gave that he was a living Autocrat of the sea, and not the spectre of a dead one. Later on in the night we swept through the Straits of Messina; and although I looked out, from my cabin window, for those fabled monsters of old—Scylla on the one side and Charyb'dis on the other—which Prof. Howard had just been telling us about, I saw nothing of them, and heard nothing of the dread sea-dog's howl. The dangers of the passage must have greatly lessened since Virgil wrote the following:—

3. "Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides;
 Charybdis, roaring, on the left presides,
 And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides;
 Then spouts them from below: with fury driven,
 The waves mount up, and wash the face of heaven.
 But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
 The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
 Then dashes on the rocks."

4. Passing around the southern coast of Italy, we could see Mount Etna in the distance on our right, for it rises more than ten thousand feet above the sea, and from its crater a vast volume of smoke is constantly ascending. Twenty-three hundred years ago a Greek poet wrote thus about this famous volcanic mountain:—

- "By day a flood of smouldering smoke,
 With sullen gleam her torrents pour;
 But in the darkness, many a rock,
 And crimson flame, along the shore,
 Hurls to the deep with deafening roar." *Pindar.*

Verse 3.—Let the pupil point out, and explain as far as he can, the many figurative expressions in this verse.

5. When Prof. Howard read to us that description of Etna, I could not help wondering whether her fires would ever go out! He also told us some old fables and legends about this famous mountain. One was, that the monstrous giant, Encel'adus, was imprisoned there; and that his writhings caused the eruptions of the volcano. Another was, that the fabled god Vulcan, who was a blacksmith, had his forge there; the one-eyed Cyclops were his workmen; as they always kept the bellows blowing, the smoke from the crater never ceased; and they sometimes blew so hard as to throw out ashes, and stones, and melted lava.

6. In conclusion, the Professor told the story of Emped'ocles, the Grecian philosopher, who—wise as he was—was silly enough, as tradition relates, to throw himself into the crater of the blazing volcano, trusting that the people, unable to account for his mysterious disappearance, might think that he had gone to heaven. An American poet represents the philosopher thus meditating:—

“It may be, some one, starting in his sleep,
May hear the voice, ‘Empedocles!’ and see,
Or fancy that he sees, a light from heaven,
And say hereafter, ‘The gods called him hence,
His comrades, from this banquet to their feasts
Immortal, far removed from reach of fate,
Or any touch of wan and wasting age.’” *Wm. Gibson.*

7. I dreamed, that night, about the great giant that lay buried there; and I thought I could see him twisting, and turning himself, in his efforts to throw off the heavy burden from his breast. Then I dreamed that I saw Vulcan's workshop, and the one-eyed workmen standing around in the ruddy glare of the forge,—some of them blowing the bellows,—others heaping on the coal and stirring the fire,—and others still, with brawny arms and heavy strokes, shaping the ponderous iron on the anvil. When I awoke, I was in a tremor of excitement; and I

was glad that we were getting farther and farther away from the light of that burning mountain.

8. Since passing out of sight of Etna we have been making our way, for two days past, up the Adriatic;—and now, late in the afternoon of an April day, there is slowly coming into view, in the shadowy distance, a great city, that seems to rise out of the sea;—

“From out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter’s wand;”—

and as we come nearer, towers, and domes, and steeples grow into shape;—and all seem drowsing in a mist of sunset. And this is Venice! I am now at the end of my sixth letter.

9. After the reading of the letters of the “Around the World” series at Wilmot Hall, they were placed in the hands of Mr. Agnew, to be read before the school. There they formed the basis of many useful geography lessons, and their fine poetic and other selections were found serviceable for instruction in the elements of rhetoric and elocution.

10. Thus, the poetry pertaining to Rome and her ruins, and to St. Peter’s Church, was found to abound in figures of speech. Rome herself was called “the *mother* of dead empires;” her “*proud* temples” were indeed gone, but around the places where they once stood “*Ruin’s handiwork*” had piled her “*idle* columns;” and “*eagle-winged* mandates” were said to have gone forth from her ancient Forum. St. Peter’s was called an “*ark* of worship;” and beneath her “*pompous* dome,” “*Majesty, Power, Strength, and Beauty*” (*personified*) were said to stand forth in all their grandeur. These and numerous other like figures of speech were pointed out by the pupils, and commented on by them and their teacher.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

When the foregoing letter had been read at the Hall, the conversation, after dwelling for a time upon the places, scenes, and incidents mentioned, chanced to turn upon the Christmas festivities, at Rome and elsewhere, to which Freddy had alluded. A copy of Irving's *Sketch-Book* was lying on the table, and Colonel Hardy, taking it up, read from it several beautiful passages about Christmas observances in England. We think a few of these may be appropriately introduced here.

I.—*Holiday Customs in England.*

1. "Nothing in England exercises a more beautiful spell over my imagination," says this delightful author, "than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when as yet I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it; and they bring with them the flavor of those honest days of yore, in which, perhaps, with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more home-bred, social, and joyous, than at present. I regret to say that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion.

2. "Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church, about this season, are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its

announcement. They gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and goodwill to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear a full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony."

3. Then the Colonel read the following account, which the author of the *Sketch-Book* has given, of a pleasant incident that occurred on a Christmas morning,—the morning after his arrival at one of the old family mansions in England, where he had been invited to spend the Christmas holidays.

II.—*A Merry Christmas Morning.*

1. "When I awoke, the next morning, it seemed as if all the events of the preceding evening had been a dream, and nothing but the identity of the ancient chamber convinced me of their reality. While I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was—

‘Rejoice, our Saviour he was born
On Christmas day in the morning.’

2. "I rose softly, slipped on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of the house, and singing at every chamber door; but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a sly glance from under their eyebrows,



A FAIRY GROUP.

until, as if by one impulse, they scampered away, and, as they turned an angle of the gallery, I heard them laughing in triumph at their escape."

3. The beautiful illustration that accompanied this fine description called forth, from several of the company, com-

ments of the warmest admiration. The young people were delighted with it, and Nellie Hardy remarked that she wished the children in this country could go about singing Christmas carols; and that she should like to be in the city, and awake in the middle of the night before Christmas, and hear all the bells ringing. Then Mr. Agnew recited the following lines which he had found in an old volume of English poems:—

III.—*Christmas Eve.*

1. On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride;
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
2. All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the village, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
And Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

3. "That," said Mr. Raymond, "is a good poetic description of the observance of Christmas Eve in England, in olden times. It is kept somewhat differently there now, with less of rough and boisterous merriment than in former days. The English have still their evergreen trimmings, and Christmas-trees, and family reunions; and the bells still chime forth on the midnight that ushers in Christmas

day, and often, also, at daybreak on Christmas morn; but the singing of carols, once vividly recalling the songs of the shepherds at the birth of Christ, has, with many other old English customs, nearly passed away."

4. Mr. Bardou spoke, at some length, of the Christmas festivities in Germany, and throughout all central Europe, where Christmas Eve is called the *Children's Festival*. Presents are then distributed far more generally than in this country, and the little ones, once at least in the year, are as happy as kindness and Christian charity can make them. Then the following lines, by an American poet, were read by one of the company; but it was remarked that they apply better to European countries than to our own:—

IV.—*Christmas Bells.*

1. The bells—the *merry* Christmas bells,
They're ringing in the morn!
They ring when in the eastern sky
The golden light is born;
They ring, as sunshine tips the hills
And gilds the village spire—
When through the sky the sovereign sun
Rolls his full orb of fire.
2. The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring!
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,
A kindlier life, they bring.
The poor man on his couch of straw,
The rich, on downy bed,
Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet
Of angels overhead.

Verse 1.—On what resemblance is based the figure of speech "*merry bells*"?—The figure "*light is born*"?—"Gilds the spire"?—"Sovereign sun"?

3. The bells—the *silvery* Christmas bells,
 O'er many a mile they sound!
 And household tones are answering them
 In thousand homes around.
 Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,
 With youth's strong accents blend,
 And manhood's deep and earnest tones
 With woman's praise ascend.

4. The bells—the *solemn* Christmas bells,
 They're calling us to prayer;
 And hark! the voice of worshippers
 Floats on the morning air.
 Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,
 And glorious hymns to-day,
 TE DE'UMS loud—and GLORIAS:—
 Come, to the church—away!—*J. W. Brown.*

5. Some allusion having been made to that familiar Christmas hymn, beginning—

“While shepherds watched their flocks by night,”—

Mr. Agnew remarked that there was a beautiful account, by the poet Pierpont, of the announcement, to the shepherds of Judea, of the birth of the Saviour—of the holy anthem sung by the angels—and the appearance of the star that rested over Bethlehem. Lulu then stepped into the library, and quickly returned with a volume of Pierpont's Poems, which she handed to the teacher, who then read the following from the author's *Airs of Palestine*:—

V.—Glad Tidings to the Shepherds.

1. While thus the shepherds watched the hosts of night,
 O'er heaven's blue concave flashed a sudden light,

The unrolling glory spread its folds divine
O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine ;
And lo ! descending angels, hovering there,
Stretched their loose wings, and in the purple air
Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold ;
When that high anthem, clear, and strong, and bold,
On wavy paths of trembling ether ran :
"Glory to God ;—Benevolence to man ;—
Peace to the world :"—and in full concert came,
From silver tubes, and harps of golden frame,
The loud and sweet response, whose choral strains
Lingered and languished on Judea's plains.

2. Yon living lamps, charmed from their chambers blue
By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew :—
All?—all but one ; *that* hung and burned alone,
And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone.
Chaldea's sages saw that orb afar
Glow unextinguished ;—'twas Salvation's star.

3. At the conclusion of this piece Mr. Bardou remarked, "Your poet, Longfellow, calls the 'Chaldean sages,' thus referred to, '*Three Kings*,'—a title very fitly bestowed upon these 'Wise Men of the East,' who read in the heavens the signs of the Saviour's advent." Longfellow's Poems were then called for ; and, when the book was produced, Mr. Raymond read from it the poem that Mr. Bardou had spoken of:—

VI.—*The Three Kings.*

1. Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltazar ;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night, and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

2. The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.
3. Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.
4. And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.
5. "Of the child that is born," said Baltazar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news,
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."
6. And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste who cannot wait.
7. And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the wise men and questioned them;
And said, "Go down into Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

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8. So they rode away ; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn ;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The City of David, where Christ was born.
9. And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the
guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard ;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were
barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.
10. And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,—
The child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human, but divine.
11. His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.
12. They laid their offerings at his feet ;
The gold was their tribute to a king ;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.
13. And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone ;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

14. Then the kings rode out of the city gate,
With the clatter of hoofs, in proud array ;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

15. "One more paper, and a short one," said the teacher, addressing the young people who were present, "and we have done with our Christmas selections. Those of you who are studying Roman history know that at the period which marks the close of the *Roman Republic*, when Octavius Cæsar had become sole master of the Roman world, universal peace prevailed, and that the heathen temple of Janus, which was always opened in time of war and closed in peace, was then closed, for the third time since the founding of Rome.

16. "It was at this auspicious period that Jesus Christ, the promised Messiah, was born, and thus, literally, was his advent the herald of 'peace on earth, and good will toward men.' The occurrence of universal peace at this important epoch is thus alluded to by England's great epic poet:—

VII.—*Hymn of the Nativity.*

"No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around ;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by."
Milton.

CHAPTER XIV.—OUR FRENCH ACQUAINTANCE AGAIN.

I.—*A Frequent Visitor.*

1. Our philosophical Frenchman had become a frequent visitor at the Hall, and Uncle Philip was always pleased to send the carriage for him whenever the old gentleman was inclined to pay us a visit. One day, after bearing him an invitation to visit us, I asked him if it would be agreeable to him to bring his *diary* and read to us extracts from it.

2. "It will be adding pleasure to pleasure for me to do so," he replied, in his polite manner. "I shall be happy to find that these trifling records, made by an old man, are of any interest to my young friends at the Hall."

3. Father Bardou, as we had fallen into the habit of addressing him, was always gratified to have the young people present when he read from his diary, and it seemed to interest him much to listen to the remarks which his written meditations called forth. During the visit of which I have here spoken, he said he would begin his reading where his diary again referred to his friend Roger, whom he had already casually introduced to us.

II.—*The Diary.—The World a Theatre.**

1. "The day after Roger's visit, I seated myself at the window to observe the passers-by. This, to me, is one of the most charming amusements of old age. The crowd which glides before my eyes awakens in me endless memories, and inspires innumerable fancies and sympathies.

* On what resemblance is based the figure of speech—"The world a theatre"?—See the like figure from Shakspeare—"The world's a stage,"—etc.

2. "Sometimes I am struck by a resemblance, which brings back a whole poem of my youth; sometimes there are contrasts which fill me with profound and sombre thoughts; or again, it is an expression of the features, a word caught, a significant movement of the body, which suggests to my mind a rapid romance, the characters of which disappear almost instantaneously, leaving my imagination free to trace out the final results.

3. "Leaning over my balcony, I am like a spectator in the back seats at a pantomime, to whom the plot has not been revealed; my theatre is the world, my play is human life itself. There is not one of those passers-by who has not some hidden joy or sorrow, the reflection of which is dimly visible in his countenance,—some secret passion, which he strives to bury in the folds of his cloak.

4. "I proceed thus far in my reflections, when dark clouds, driven by the south wind, approach. It begins to rain; and the people are hurrying to their houses. This is the interlude in the play which I am following with so much interest. I shut down my window, and turn to my writing-desk. An atlas lies open upon it; I sit down, and begin to turn over the leaves.

5. "The amusement is here of a different kind. Just before, I was at the theatre; now I am on my travels. In order to perceive all that an atlas contains, it is necessary to have wandered through some beautiful country, with no other object in view than that of observing and feeling. The impressions thus gained are fixed, though without order, like the leaves of a book irregularly sewn together.

6. "Take up now a map on which are traced the outlines of the country you have visited, the situation of each town, the longitudes and distances; the chaos of impressions falls at once into order, and you begin to read from your memory without confusion, errors, or forgetfulness. And where others perceive only colored lines, to you

reappear the wonders which, formerly, so attracted your attention.

7. "Just here, for instance, where the marks appear confused, rise the Alps, crowned with their coronets of snow. That dark spot there melts into a lake, reflecting, as in a magic mirror, all the changes of the sky; farther on, these meandering lines transform themselves into mighty rivers, into mysterious forests, or long valleys, which disappear beneath the overhanging mountains; farther on again, you see those radiating lines, beyond which all is blank; there is the sea, with its waves and foaming billows, its boundless horizon, and its pulsations listened to by both worlds.

8. "There is scarcely a single point or a name in the whole map which does not recall to mind some terrible or some delightful impression. But the journeyman who engraved these confused and intermingled lines, did not for an instant suspect the fairy power that his work possessed.

9. "As for myself, I regarded these hieroglyphics for a long time, in my youthful days, with as much indifference as I did those on the Egyptian obelisks in the Museum: maps seemed to me much like the result of a spider crawling with inky feet over some manuscripts containing geographical names. Time alone has given a meaning to the riddle, and raised the veil that hid from me a thousand panoramas.

"To a school-boy, who has seen nothing of the world, an atlas is only a book for the class: to an old man, it is a magic lantern."

10. "I think I can somewhat appreciate this latter view of it," said Frank Wilmot, "when I look on a map of a country that I have visited. Then cities, villages, roads, lakes, rivers, and mountains, seem to start out from the map, and stand forth in all the *realities* that they represent."

11. "And children can best understand the meaning of

maps, when they begin with maps of localities that are quite familiar to them," said Uncle Philip.

12. "And that is why Mr. Agnew began to teach us geography from a map of Lake-View," said Lulu, turning and bowing to the teacher, who bowed in return.

III.—*The Pleasures of Music.*

Mr. Bardou's reading having been interrupted by a call, after a short interval he resumed as follows:—

1. "Just now three travelling musicians stopped before my windows. They were three Germans, who played portions of a symphony,* with marvellous accuracy and effect.

2. "I have always felt that music supplies a deficiency in language. It gives rise to certain sensations which speech would leave unawakened, and expresses peculiar shades of sentiment for which our dictionaries have no words. It is like the clouds of an autumnal sky, in which we discover, one after another, every image that corresponds to our fancy. Each one conceives his own poem during those transient melodies. The notes seem insensibly to take a visible form, and to glide before us like visions.

3. "Sometimes it is a fairy landscape that is evolved slowly out of the harmonious chords. We see the distant horizon spread itself out, the marble columns rise in order, and the crystal fountains sparkle in the sun: we hear the wind blow through the perfumed heather; the sun shines, the birds warble, and a thousand graceful forms glance forth from between the foliage. We are in the gardens of Armida,^b or the palaces of the Arabian Nights.^c

* *Symphony*, a harmony of sounds, in a musical composition, agreeable to the ear.

^b *Armi'da* (Ar-mē'da) is one of the most prominent female characters in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered;" and her gardens and pleasure-grounds were the most delightful that ever regaled the senses. See page 320.

^c *Arabian Nights*.—In the stories of the "Arabian Nights" the

4. "Then, on a sudden, the whole vanishes, a martial strain breaks upon the ear, and a Swiss scene opens before us. Behold now rugged mountains reaching to the clouds, vast lakes sleeping at their feet, then the Alpine horn prolonging its notes down into the ravine; night descends, and the wind murmurs mournfully through the pines. Three men advance from three different paths toward the 'Grütli.' They are the Swiss heroes of liberty; they meet; they swear to effect the deliverance of their country.

5. "The heroic vision vanishes in its turn; now sweeter strains of music fall upon the ear; joyous shouts reply; the village dance begins; we see the rhythmic steps, we hear the shouts of laughter ever on the increase, till, in a moment, the air becomes heavy, the sky grows black, and the thunder is heard in the distance. It comes nearer; it bursts, and scatters the affrighted dancers. Do you not recognize the pastoral symphony of Beethoven?"

6. "Charming and ever fresh dreams, which age cannot dissipate! for, if other joys depart, this, at least, remains to us undiminished. It is, in fact, in our declining years that the pleasures selected in youth become to us a never-

palaces to which the reader is introduced, are the most beautiful and gorgeous that the imagination can conceive. The charms of music are here represented as transporting us to such fairy scenes.

* *Grütli* (groot'lē), a famous locality in Switzerland—a small meadow in the canton of Uri, celebrated as the cradle of Swiss liberty, and as the spot where Stauffacher, Walter Fürst, and Arnold of Melchthal, met, according to tradition, on the night of November 7-8, 1307, with thirty followers, and formed a Swiss league against Austrian tyranny.

^b *Beethoven* (Beet-hō'ven), one of the greatest of musical composers, born at Bonn, in Prussia, December 17, 1770, died at Vienna March 26, 1827. He painted character as no other master had done in music, and, in the flight of his genius, surpassed all composers of his own or of any other time.

failing source either of enjoyment or of punishment. Whilst gross indulgences lose their zest, refined enjoyments acquire new strength, and are perfected by repetition.

7. "I have just had a little experience of the latter, while listening to the symphony performed under my window. Leaning back in my chair, with my eyes closed, I listened in tranquil rapture. The violin, the tenor, and the violoncello commenced at first a moderately quick movement, full of chords harmoniously grouped. It seemed to me like three friends starting together with equal steps on some morning's walk.

8. "Very soon the violin became more rapid, and its tones louder. It grew enthusiastic, no doubt, at the grandeur of the scene; it pointed out the sun lighting up the horizon as with fire—the mists rent asunder like a veil—and creation, surprised from its sleep, appearing before the eyes in all the grace of its immortal beauty.

9. "The tenor assented, from time to time, with an admiring exclamation; and the violoncello added a few words, with the gravity of old age. All three reached the summit of a hill. There the violoncello burst into a sacred anthem, sustained by the voices of his two companions.

10. "During this time the sun had risen and inundated the landscape with his golden beams. The hum of bees was heard around, and the brook bubbling through the glades. The three friends seated themselves for an interesting chat, while I remained, my forehead resting in my hand, my elbow on the table, and my mind still absorbed in the harmonies to which I had listened.

11. "I only recovered from my reverie on hearing the plate of the Germans jingling with the pence dropped into it by the street listeners. I willingly added my gift to theirs; and the three musicians appeared so delighted with the amount that they departed playing a Hungarian dance-tune, which thrilled every fibre in my frame.

12. "How well I knew that air! It was the one played that evening—when I saw, for the first time, her who was to be my life's happiness. It revived old recollections, sacred memories, departed joys, over which I love to linger,—not with mournful regrets as for lost treasures, but with a delicious enjoyment as of musical harmonies gently dying away on the senses, while all their sweetness remains.

13. "Such recollections are, indeed, an old man's joys; but they are such that their very sacredness forbids me to obtrude them upon others. So I close the window, and retire to my writing-desk in an inner apartment. Sitting there, in my old familiar seat, memory slowly remounts the stream of forty years, which has borne away on its bosom so many relics of myself. Visions of the past flit before me, like the zephyrs of spring across the frozen earth. I feel my heart revive and soften; I open my writing-desk, and, from a secret drawer, known only to myself, take out a little mother-of-pearl casket, which exhales an odor of roses.

14. "I feel as if I were breathing an atmosphere that had encircled my youth. But, courage! Let me not shrink from facing these souvenirs of happiness; let me walk without a shudder amidst these fairy palaces which time has trampled into ruins! But let us be careful to double-lock the door, so that none may interrupt us in our examination."

15. Then, in closing his diary, where tender remembrances seemed almost to overcome him, Mr. Bardou remarked that it is well that there are always, here, some breaks in the otherwise even tenor of the happiest lives,—some drawbacks to perfect happiness. "There is a joy," said he, "even in *incompleteness*, so that, though one may have a great share of worldly gratification, yet the eye of faith and hope has something better to look forward to, beyond."

16. Upon this Lulu stepped into the library, and, quickly returning, handed an open magazine to Mr. Agnew, who read aloud from it the following:—

IV.—*The Joy of Incompleteness.*

1.

If all our lives were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded ;
If all our path were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom enshrouded ;
If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding—
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness ?
Should we not long for storms and showers,
To break the constant gladness ?

2.

If none were sick, and none were sad,
What service could we render ?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender :
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation :
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

3.

And yet in heaven is no more night,
In heaven is no more sorrow !

Such unimagined new delight
Fresh grace from pain will borrow.
As the poor seed that under ground
Seeks its true life above it,
Not knowing what will there be found
When sunbeams kiss and love it,
So we in darkness upward grow,
And look and long for heaven,
But cannot picture it below,
Till more of light be given.

J. Bessemers.

CHAPTER XV.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 8.

FROM VENICE TO ATHENS.

I.—*Loiterings in Venice.*

1. When I closed my last letter, the spires of Venice were slowly rising into view over the tranquil waters of the Adriatic. Just after sunset we came to anchor in a good harbor, connected with which is the Grand Canal, lined with magnificent buildings. Half a dozen black boats, called gondolas, took our entire party from the steamer into the city.

2. Canals almost wholly take the place of streets in Venice; and, as it was evening when we landed, we had the pleasure of first seeing the city by moonlight—if it *could* be seen when rows of buildings hemmed us in on every side. As our gondoliers rowed swiftly along, right from the water's edge arose long lines of stately marble palaces, whose porticos and colonnades were adorned with statuary. Music came floating over the water, and gondolas were gliding hither and thither, suddenly disappearing under massive stone bridges connecting with side canals, or through gates and alleys leading to the mansions of the wealthy.



CHURCH OF ST. MARK, AND PALACE OF THE DOGES.

3. The description of Venice which Prof. Howard read to us in the evening, at our hotel, was strikingly true:—

“ There is a glorious city in the sea :
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces. .

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates! The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly—silently—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
With statues ranged along an azure sky;—
By many a pile, in more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant kings;
The fronts of some, though time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er."

Rogers.

4. During our stay of three weeks we visited St. Mark's Place, which contains the famous St. Mark's Church, and the Palace of the Doges,—and saw, above the central doorway of the church, the Bronze Horses that were brought from Constantinople, and the famous Winged Lion of St. Mark, also in bronze; we gazed at the paintings of the great masters, and crossed and re-crossed the bridge of the Rialto a hundred times. When, each day, we had finished our sight-seeing, and returned to our hotel, you cannot imagine what a wealth of description—both in prose and in poetry—the Professor had in store for us.

5. Most of our party also made an excursion by rail to Pad'ua, twenty miles north-west of Venice, and thence onward through Northern Italy as far as Milan', which we visited, mainly, for the purpose of seeing its splendid marble cathedral, the building of which, although begun nearly five hundred years ago, is not yet completed.

6. The rich tracery of the great altar window of Melrose Abbey, thirty-six feet in height, is beautiful in the extreme; the cathedral of Bonn is noble in its heaven-aspiring proportions; but that of Milan combines the grand, the gorgeous, and the beautiful, as you may well believe from the engraving that I send you.

7. One evening, after our return from Milan, when we



THE CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.

were all assembled in our parlor at the hotel, and were talking of the paintings we had seen in Italy, Professor Howard called our special attention not only to the grandeur and magnificence of the paintings of Raphael and Titian and

Paul Veronese, but also to the great *numbers* and size of them. "How could these great artists have painted so much, and at the same time so well as they are said to have done?" he asked.

8. "But," remarked the Professor, "although it is customary to praise *all* the works of these artists, yet there are some among them that are not great. There are some that have been excelled by many modern painters, even in our own land. The guide-books tell us that *such* and *such* paintings are grand and unequalled, and we think it must be true; so we do not use our own eyes in seeing, and our own brains in judging, and thus we fail to cultivate our tastes in the only reasonable and successful way.

9. "And then," he observed, "as to these grand old palaces in which the noble and wealthy reside,—and we must admit that they are *truly* grand,—we can see at a glance that they were built, not for comfort, but for pride and for show, for courts and for state occasions, and not for ordinary life. Their vast halls are cold, and dreary, and gloomy, and their pavements of marble and mosaic are not half so comfortable as a plain wooden floor covered with a carpet. Their spacious apartments, into which but little sunlight enters, are not lighted by gas, but by candles, and they have nothing of that abundant water-supply which is found in most American dwellings.

10. "*Our* homes, on the contrary," said he,—“and I mean by that not only our rich city houses, but thousands of plain *country* houses also,—are a hundred times more comfortable than these palaces of the great. And so,” he remarked, “we may well be contented with our republican ways and our modest republican homes, so full of sunshine and so *full of peace*, for these are the things that make a nation happy.”

11. As the Professor concluded these remarks, our entire party gave him one hearty round of applause; and then, at the Doctor's suggestion, we all united in singing that

dear old song of "Home! Sweet, Sweet Home!" which so carried our thoughts away from the scenes of magnificence and splendor that we had recently visited, that, if we had entertained any envy of the great and wealthy of these foreign climes, I am sure it soon gave way to the gentler and more ennobling thoughts that mingle with recollections of our own happy land. I went to sleep that night repeating to myself,—

"'Mid pleasures and palaces, where'er we roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;"

and in the morning I remembered that visions of dear Lake-View had pleasantly mingled with my dreams.

12. At length we bade adieu to Venice, and left the city—drowsy, sleepy, slumbering on in its decline—as we found it. As we passed down the Adriatic, the Professor gave us an account of the founding of this city of the sea.

13. He said that, a little more than fourteen hundred years ago, the wild Hunnic tribes of the north, under their king, "Attila the Terrible," swept down, with his hundred thousand horsemen, upon the fertile plains of Italy, and so complete was the desolation following in their path, that their haughty leader declared that the grass never grew again where his horse had trod.

14. Some of the inhabitants from the conquered and ruined cities fled for safety to the low islands in the Adriatic, off the mouth of the river Po, and there, concealing themselves and their rude huts among the tall reeds and grasses of the marshes, gave birth to Venice.

15. It was a terrible tribulation to the fugitives to be compelled to abandon the fertile plains of Lombardy, the lowing of fat cattle, and the bleating of white-fleeced flocks, for the monotonous lapping of the fretful waves, the shriek of the sea-bird, and the sea-harvesting of fish and sea-weed; yet, with bold hearts and unceasing toil,

they brought soil from the mainland and raised the level of their houses beyond the reach of advancing tides.

16. Thus, resolute in times of trial, loyal to the public good, and crafty in trade and commerce, they brought their little republic, by slow degrees, to the very height of opulence and power. Says a modern writer, "They who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean weeds for their rest, little thought that their children were to be princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride." (*Ruskin.*)

17. The Professor also entertained and instructed us in reading, from the well-furnished library of the steamer, stories of Italian life and manners. One of them, which I have his permission to copy, I enclose herewith. The Professor assured us that it is no fiction, but a story founded on fact.

II.—*The Rich Jeweller of Pad'ua.*

1. At the time when the cities of Italy had become rich by their trade with the East Indies, Pad'ua was one of the most flourishing of its towns; and its merchants, goldsmiths, jewellers, and dealers in silks and laces, were not surpassed by those of Venice itself.*

2. Among the goldsmiths and jewellers was one more eminent than the rest, and the most skilled workman in Pad'ua. His well-known residence was at the end of the noble bridge which spans the river;† and Pad'ua itself was scarcely better known in Italy, than Vin-cen'te the jeweller was known as its richest citizen.

3. "It never rains but it pours," says a Northern prov-

* *The Teacher.*—This was before the discovery of America and the passage to India around the Cape of Good Hope,—the former of which events occurred in 1492, and the latter in 1497.

† The river Bacchiglió'ne (Bak-kel-yo'na), which runs through the city.

erb: "riches beget riches," says an Italian one. Vincen'te had long felt the truth of the latter of these sayings: he was about to experience the truth of the former.

4. He was already rich enough to satisfy a dozen merchants, or a score of German princes; but fortune seemed yet loath to desert him. Every day some traveller was arriving at Pad'ua, by the exchange of whose money for the coins of the city, Vincen'te obtained good bargains, and added to his almost unbounded wealth.*

5. Those who died without relatives, left to him the charge of their estates; many made him their heir; public contracts were given to him; and he almost sunk under the weight of offices and honors that were showered upon him.

6. Who could be happier than Vincen'te? So he proudly asked himself, as he walked on the bridge of Pad'ua one beautiful summer's evening. A coach of one of the nobles passed at the time, but no one noticed it. Everybody saluted Vincen'te as he passed.

7. "Such," said he to himself, "have been the effects of my industry, and my capacity for business. Others, Vincen'te, have to thank their ancestors: you have to thank only yourself. It is all your own merit."

8. With these reflections, he assumed a nobler gait; he seemed to grow some inches taller; and he walked proudly, and almost in defiance of everything, and of every one, to his own house.

9. The same spirit of worldly vanity pervaded even his dreams. He dreamed that the ancient fable of Jupiter was repeated in his own house, and that the heavens opened, and there descended upon him a shower of ducats and pistoles.^b

* The coins of Pad'ua, well known as being of the standard purity of gold, had a better reputation for commercial uses than the money of most other cities or countries out of Italy.

^b The gold duc'at is equal to about two dollars of our money, and

10. In all these things there was not a word or thought of any one but himself, and his own glory. He did not attribute his plenty to the blessing of God, or realize any dependence upon his fellow-men. In the pride of his heart he said, "I am, and there is none beside me."^a

11. But, on a sudden, Vincen'te saw, to his astonishment, that the respect which had so long been paid to his wealth and reputation was on the decline, and without any apparent cause. Some, who had before nearly bowed to the earth on his approach, now looked him boldly in the face, or passed him without recognition. Two or three recalled their trusts, without a word of explanation; others, happening to call for their accounts when he was not at home, spoke in a bold tone, and dropped hints of the duty of guardians, and the laws of the country.

12. What could it all mean? If there could be any doubt that something unusual had happened, Vincen'te soon had sufficient proof; for, having offered himself for one of the leading offices of trust in the city, on a popular vote, it was given to another, less wealthy than himself by many thousands.

13. Vincen'te returned home, quite confounded by this unexpected defeat. In vain he examined himself and his situation for the cause. "Am I not as rich as ever?" said he. "Have I defrauded any one? No. Have I suffered any one to demand payment of me twice? No. What, then, can be the cause of all this?"

14. This was a question he could not answer; but the fact became daily and hourly more and more apparent; and he soon found himself as much avoided as he had, formerly, been courted, respected, and honored.

the silver duc'at to one dollar. The pis-töle' varies in value, in different countries, from *three* dollars to *five* dollars.

^a The language of proud Babylon. See Isaiah xlvii. 8. Babylon, in all her pride and glory, was finally humbled in the dust.

15. We, who are lookers-on, must go out among the people for the cause. A whisper was suddenly circulated—nobody knew its origin—that Vincen'te had not acquired his wealth by honest means. It was reported, and began to be generally believed, that he was a coiner of base money—a *counterfeiter*—guilty of one of the gravest offences known to the law.* He had the reputation of being the most skilful worker in gold and silver in all Pad'ua; "and surely," said the gossips, "he employs his skill to some purpose."

16. "Are you not speaking too fast?" said Jose'phi, one of his neighbors; "I have always," said he, "held Vincen'te to be an honest man."—"And so have I hitherto," said the other. "But do you see this ducat?"—"Yes," said Jose'phi, "and a very good one it seems to be." "So I thought," said the other, "till I tested it.^b I received it from Vincen'te; but it proves to be one-third copper."

17. This Jose'phi, a neighbor of Vincen'te, was a very

* In order to prevent the endless confusion that would arise from the circulation of coins of the same name and of different weights and different degrees of purity, most governments have prohibited the issue of coins by private parties, and have themselves furnished them for circulation. So, also, the crime of *debasing the coin*—that is, of making coin of less weight and purity than the standard adopted by the government—has always been punished with great severity,—the penalty often being death. In the United States private citizens may coin money, but it must not be made to *resemble* the public coins, or be issued as currency, for that would be counterfeiting.

As both gold and silver coins are harder, and wear better, by containing an alloy of some baser metal, the standard gold coins of the United States are only nine-tenths pure gold; while the other one-tenth is usually made up of copper and silver, in the proportion of nine parts of copper to one of silver. So, also, the standard of silver coin is nine-tenths pure silver,—the other tenth being copper.

^b A gold coin is easily tested by applying to it a little nitric acid, which does not affect the gold at all; but it very rapidly eats away copper,—the acid uniting with the copper and forming *verdigris*. The same acid corrodes silver, but more slowly. Hence, if the coin contains much copper, or silver, the acid will eat into it very rapidly.

honest and worthy man, and not one of those who exult in the downfall of another. Jose'phi had had many dealings with Vincen'te, and had always found him punctual, and just, to the smallest coin. "Is it possible," said he to himself, "that, after such a long course of honesty and good reputation, he has at last become a common cheat? I will not believe it."

18. However, this fact of the base coin puzzled him. "But my friend may be mistaken," said he; "he may not have received this dŭc'at from Vincen'te. I will make a trial of him myself, before I believe so terrible a thing against him."

19. Jose'phi went directly home, and, taking a hundred dŭc'ats from his store, carried them to Vincen'te, and said, "Here are a hundred dŭcats, which I wish to keep secret for a certain purpose, and which I wish you to take on deposit, if you will do me the favor."

20. Vincen'te, pleased with this confidence, which he had not been much accustomed to of late, willingly accepted the charge; and Jose'phi took his leave, with the full belief that the result would prove the reports about his friend to be false and malicious.*

21. In the course of a few days Jose'phi called suddenly on Vincen'te:—"My dear friend," said he, "I am very glad that I have found you at home; for a sudden demand has been made upon me, and I have pressing need for the dŭc'ats that I left with you."

22. "My good friend," said Vincen'te, "no apology is needed,—the money is yours;"—at the same time opening a private drawer. "You see here it is, just as I put it

* This shows, in a prominent light, the good disposition and kind heart of Jose'phi. He would not condemn Vincen'te without the very strongest evidence against him; and he earnestly *hoped* to prove his neighbor innocent. We should always have this feeling toward the accused.

away," said he. "And you may always have the same or any other service from me."

23. Jose'phi hastened home, counted, and examined the dūc'ats. The number was right,—the appearance good. He began to sound them singly, when one, by its flat, dull sound, aroused his suspicion.* He tested it, and found it base! It was part copper!

24. "Well," said he, "this may be an accident—yet I could almost swear that every dūc'at I gave him was good." He sounded another—his suspicions increased; then another—he was now determined to test them all. He did so; and, to his confusion, and grief, he found thirty bad ducats out of the hundred!

25. Hastening back to Vincen'te, he said, "These are not the dūc'ats, sir, I left with you: here are thirty bad dūc'ats out of the hundred." "Good or bad," said Vincen'te, with some warmth, "they are the same that you gave me: I put them in the drawer, and they were not moved until they were returned to you."

26. Jose'phi insisted they were *not* the same, and reproached Vincen'te. The latter commanded him to leave his house. "Can you suspect me of such a pitiful fraud?" said he. "Indeed, I never should," replied Jose'phi, "unless upon this positive evidence. But there is a fraud somewhere. I shall go to the magistrate." "Go where you will," said Vincen'te, "but leave my house without delay."

27. Jose'phi had him arrested at once, and brought before the judge; when Vincente swore, upon the Bible, that he had not touched, still less changed, the dūc'ats since they were left with him; and the judge allowed him to go on his oath.

* Both gold and silver coins, when of the standard value, have a very clear, ringing sound, when dropped upon a table, but a very dull sound if they contain a great proportion of alloy.

28. Jose'phi, with horror at the united fraud and perjury* of the man whom he had hitherto deemed so honorable and upright, left the court, and returned sad and sorrowful to his own house.

29. But although the judge had acquitted Vincen'te, not so public opinion. The police were directed to watch him; and some of them shortly contrived, in the disguise of foreign merchants, to make a deposit of good money with him, which they had marked, and which they called for soon after. When the coins were examined, many of them were found to be different from those left with Vincen'te, and, on being tested, were proved to be new coins, made mostly of copper.

30. Vincen'te was at once thrown into prison, and his house was searched, when immense quantities of false coin were found, and all the materials for making it. All Pad'ua was now in the greatest excitement, and justice was demanded against a man who had not even the temptation of poverty to commit crimes. "He has raised his head above all of us," said they, "and lived in luxury and splendor; he has even sat on the bench of magistrates, and administered the laws of Pad'ua: but let not his great wealth save him from the demands of justice."

31. The accused was now brought to trial; and, as he could allege nothing that weighed a grain against the mass of evidence produced against him, he was convicted, condemned to death, and ordered to be executed in the public square on the Friday following.

32. Who now so unhappy as Vincen'te, the rich jeweller? and what a change in his fortune and reputation a few days had produced! Removed from his splendid residence,

* *Per'jury*, or *false swearing*, which is taking a false oath when the oath is lawfully administered in a suit at law, is considered a great sin and crime, especially when the oath is taken upon the Bible. It is a crime severely punished by the laws. It is one of the sins *expressly* forbidden in the decalogue, or ten commandments.

which was now in the hands of the officers of the law, he occupied a narrow cell in the city prison, and there awaited the orders for his execution. All hope had deserted him, and he was cast down in the depths of despair. The once proud and haughty man now humbled himself before his Maker, and implored his pity; and it pleased the Infinite Goodness to hear his prayers, and send relief when he least expected it.

33. Already the hour for the death of Vincen'te had arrived, and the great bell of the city was tolling his funeral knell. The unhappy man, after having again solemnly protested his innocence, and committed his soul to his Maker, had knelt down to receive the fatal blow, when a tumult on the outskirts of the crowd arrested the arm of the executioner.*

~~34.~~ An officer was seen rushing forward, shouting with all his might, and waving a paper. Making his way to the scaffold, he presented an order to stop the execution. Vincen'te was led back to prison, supposing that, for some cause unknown to him, he had been granted a brief respite.

35. "What is all this?" exclaimed the crowd. "Have the friends of Vincen'te raised a large sum of money, and bought off his punishment from the judges? Are the rich citizens of Pad'ua able to commit crimes with impunity? Are the laws made for the poor and not for the rich?"

36. The people were soon informed of the true state of the case. Scarcely had Vincen'te been led out to execution, when the confessor of the prison demanded immediate access to the judge, and laid before him the written

* The common mode of executing criminals, among the Continental nations of Europe, is by decapitation—that is, beheading. It was practised by the Jews, Greeks, Romans, etc. The last case of the kind in England was in 1745;—since which time the mode there, as in this country, has been by hanging.

confession of a prisoner who had died but a few minutes before.

37. The dying prisoner had confessed that he was one of a secret band of coiners, who had carried on the trade of making false money to a very great extent, and that Vincen'te's confidential clerk, Jacobi, was the head of the gang; that all the false money was delivered to the clerk, who exchanged it for good money from his master's coffers; and that, on the arrest of Vincen'te, he had placed the tools for coining and the false money where they had been found by the officers.

38. The confession further gave the names of the gang, and their places of concealment. All were arrested; one of them became evidence against his comrades;—and thus the truth of the confession, and the innocence of Vincen'te, were fully established.

39. The president of justice, in order to make all possible amends, called a public meeting of the citizens of Pad'ua, at which Vincen'te was produced; then the president, descending from the tribunal, and taking Vincen'te by the hand, led him to a seat by his side, on the bench of justice.

40. The crier then proclaimed silence, when the president arose, and having read the confession made by the dying criminal, and the additional evidence against the other prisoners, he concluded the whole by declaring the innocence of Vincen'te, and restoring him to his credit, his fortune, and the good opinion of his fellow-citizens.

Comments on the Story.

1. When the reading of this excellent Italian story had been concluded by Mr. Agnew, Mr. Raymond remarked, "The saying of the wise man is as true now as it was in olden times,—that 'pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall;'^a—and it was one wiser than

^a Prov. xvi. 18.

Solomon who said, 'Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted.'"^a

2. "Moreover, the story just read," said Uncle Philip, "shows the uncertainty of the very strongest circumstantial evidence. We are sometimes told that one or two witnesses may testify falsely against a man, but that circumstances cannot lie; and that there may be a chain of circumstances pointing to guilt, more conclusive than any amount of direct testimony. But the foregoing story, in which all the events narrated are quite possible, should lead us to exercise the greatest caution against relying too much upon circumstances, when they tell against the life of a human being."

3. Then Mr. Bardou remarked, "I would say to the young people who are present, that when you grow up to be citizens, and are called to sit upon a jury when the life of a human being is at stake, it will be well for you to remember this case of circumstantial evidence; and, even if the circumstances against the prisoner are of the very strongest kind, ask yourselves, 'Is it not possible that they testify falsely against him?' In my own experience I have known a trial for murder, in which the circumstantial evidence was as strong as in this case, and the accused was convicted on it, and suffered the penalty of death; yet it was afterward found that he was wholly innocent."

Mr. Agnew then resumed the reading of Freddy's letter, as follows:—

III.—*The Voyage Interrupted.*

1. As we continued on our course down the Adriatic, a sudden storm, which threatened to become a hurricane—but which Prof. Howard declared was a touch of the sirocco—burst upon us from the south-east, and Captain

Gray thought it best to run for shelter into the deep and broad harbor of Porto Molo, which opens between two immense craggy rocks on the east coast of Ithaca, one of the Ionian Islands. Here several of our party went ashore at Vathy, the capital.

2. Most of us at first regretted that we were obliged to stop at this rocky and, comparatively, barren island; but Prof. Howard rendered our short stay here quite interesting, especially to the college graduates; for he told us that this is the very island so celebrated in antiquity as the kingdom of Ulysses; and that the great Grecian poet, Homer, in his poem the *Od'yssey*, very accurately describes the port, then called Phorcey, in which we had taken refuge. Then he quoted these lines from the *Odyssey*:—

3. “ A spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcey's^a power, whose name it bears;—
The craggy rocks, projecting to the main,
The roaring winds' tempestuous rage restrain:
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their hawsers ride.”

Pope's Trans.

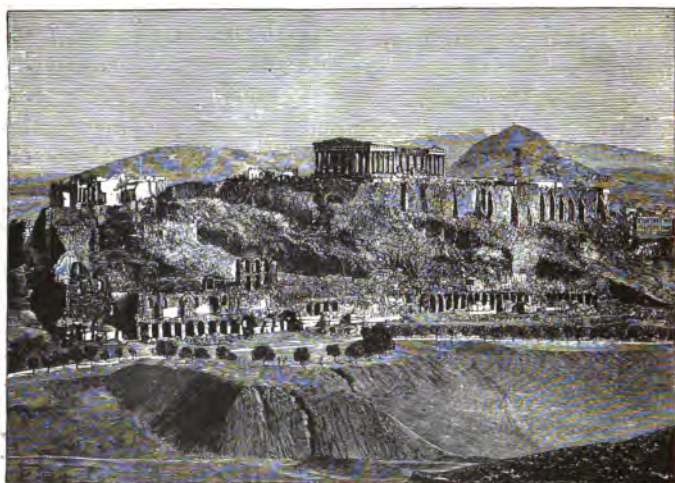
4. The natives pointed out to us some very ancient ruins, which they call the Castle of Ulysses; and the Professor told us that, some distance south of the port, there is a perennial spring, which the traditions of the island regard as the famous fountain of the nymph Arethu'sa. He also related to us the fable of Arethu'sa, as it has been exquisitely told in poetry by the English poet Shelley.

5. Having taken on board a Greek pilot at Vathy, we left the harbor, and, still keeping near the Grecian coast, passed the island of Zan'te,—so famed for the Zan'te cur-

^a *Phorcey* was also the name given, in Grecian mythology, to “the old man of the sea,” whose three daughters had only one eye and one tooth in common.

rants of commerce,—rounded Cape Matapan, the southern extremity of Greece, then turning northward, early in the morning of the last day of April, we entered the harbor of the Piræ'us, and came to anchor about four miles south-west of the city of Athens.

6. Away off, across the undulating plain of Attica, could be seen a little square-topped hill with something on it, which our glasses soon discovered to be the ruined edifices



RUINS OF THE ATHENIAN ACROPOLIS.

of the ancient city. Most prominent among these loomed the venerable Par'thenon; and so clear and so pure was the atmosphere, that, although we were five or six miles distant, every column of the noble structure could be seen through the telescope. Here I must close my letter, for we are preparing to start for the city.

CHAPTER XVI.—TWENTY MILES BELOW LAKE-VIEW.

I.—*Factory Management.*

1. Some twenty miles below Lake-View, on the Minsi River, was the thriving town of Anderson, which was noted for its extensive iron-works and potteries. Here a company had recently been formed for the purpose of erecting suitable buildings and manufacturing cotton and woollen goods. As the Lake-View factories had acquired a high reputation, not only for business prosperity, but also for the happy relations that had always existed between the owners and their employes, the Anderson directors wrote to Mr. Middleton (our Uncle Philip) for some account of the plan and principles of the establishment of which he was superintendent.

2. Uncle Philip wrote back, that he would send down some one to talk to them on the subject, if they would call a public meeting for the purpose. He would send a young man, he said, who, having begun as a boy in the Lake-View factories, had worked his way up through all the departments, and was fully competent to explain everything about the management of the business.

3. The result was, that a large meeting of the Anderson people, including many of those employed in the iron-works and potteries, listened, with great interest, for nearly an hour, to the young man sent by Uncle Philip, as he dwelt upon the relations of employers and employed, and explained how their interests might be, and *ought to be*, harmonized, as had been done in the Lake-View factories owing to the wise plan on which they were founded, and their liberal and enlightened management. The speaker was our young friend *Ralph Duncan*. Nine years before, he had entered the Lake-View factories as "bobbin-boy."

4. From the time that Ralph began to work in the factory, his attention had often been directed to the subjects of "labor," "wages," and "capital;" for these were topics of frequent discussion among the workmen, in whose welfare he was deeply interested; he had read much about "strikes" and "lock-outs" in the European workshops, and had filled a scrap-book with articles on these and kindred subjects, which he had cut from newspapers and magazines. Moreover, while in his room of an evening, he always kept a blank book by him, in which he wrote down the thoughts suggested by his extensive reading.

5. A little preparation, therefore, in arranging his thoughts, after he had received Uncle Philip's letter advising him of the engagement made for him, sufficiently familiarized Ralph with the topics on which he wished to speak. He had recently been visiting the Grand Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in which there was a vast collection of the products of the industries of all nations; and with much tact he introduced his subject with the following allusion to the scene presented there, and the reflections which it had called forth:—

6. "While mingling, from day to day, with the throngs of visitors who were examining, admiring, and commending the results of art and industry, as shown there in all their wonderful variety, the reflection was often forced upon me, that probably few, of all the busy multitudes of sight-seers, gave much thought to the condition and circumstances of the thousands and tens of thousands of toilers in mines, and factories, and workshops, whose lives are spent in forming and fashioning the products from which were selected the materials for this grand display."

7. It was natural, then, from this stand-point, to refer to the wretched condition of most European operatives, as growing out of the faulty system of labor so long in operation in the Old World. Then he referred to the improved factory system that had first sprung up in New England,

whence it had spread to other States, and given to our factory population, very generally, a character for thrift, intelligence, morality, and good order, unknown in the manufacturing towns of Europe.

8. Then came, as the chief subject of his remarks, an explanation of this improved factory system, in which he took, as the most approved model, the plan and management of the cotton and woollen factories of Lake-View.

9. "At the very outset of their enterprise," said he, "it was a question of careful consideration with the managers, how they might avoid the many serious evils that have grown up around the large European manufactories, and how they might best promote the general welfare of the employed, without detriment to the business interests of the Company."

10. Then he described the plan of their buildings,—the work-rooms, cheerful, comfortable, well lighted, and well ventilated, together with a large Lecture Hall, a "Home" for the sick, a well-filled Library, and Reading Rooms open to all the work-people and their families. There were also cheerful and attractive dwellings for such of the work-people as had families. These buildings the directors let at a rent equal to about one-eighth of the wages paid to the head of the family.

11. In addition to these, large buildings, with small, comfortably furnished rooms, each room designed for two persons, were erected for the use of the female operatives residing at a distance. For the rent of these rooms, with food, lights, and washing, the occupants paid about one-third of their average wages. Coal, flour, etc., were furnished, when desired by any of the operatives, at the cost price of large quantities; and wages were always paid in cash,—never in store orders.

12. But, as sickness, or disability from accidents, sometimes occurs among the operatives, provision was made for their relief,—not as a charity to them, but in such

manner as to secure the co-operation of all the employed, to foster their self-respect, and enlist their sympathies for one another. On entering the establishment all were required to become members of the "Middleton Relief Society" (organized by Uncle Philip). Those earning less than three dollars a week paid one cent weekly to a relief fund, and others from two to six cents, until there was a surplus of one thousand dollars in the treasury. Those who were sick received from one dollar to three dollars and seventy-five cents per week, *from their own funds*, as they considered them. The Company, also, made a regular contribution to this relief fund.

13. A very good arrangement was, that the management of this fund was entirely in the hands of the work-people themselves, except that its president must be the Company's general manager, and their confidential clerk the treasurer. For some time before he left the factory, Ralph himself had occupied this latter position. He could therefore speak from his own knowledge of the funds received and paid out. He said the books showed that, during the twenty years that the factories had been in operation, the operatives and the Company had, together, paid in over twenty-four thousand dollars to this relief fund, while the amount paid out for sickness, disability, etc., had been over twenty-two thousand dollars.

14. In summing up the benefits derived from this relief society arrangement, the speaker said, "The society has proved a bond of union among the work-people, promoted a sympathy for one another, secured their affection for the Company's managers, and their trust in the generosity of those who have always given special aid when needed, and, in numerous ways, have shown their interest in the welfare of those employed by them.

15. "Sick members are often sent to their homes in the kind care of a steward of the Company, when they are too feeble to go alone, or their friends are too poor to come

for them; and those who have died poor have had their funeral expenses paid, and have been respectably buried in the village cemetery, in the beautiful lot belonging to the society."

16. Many other features, also, in the management of the Lake-View factories had been described by Ralph, when he was asked, "Have the expenditures for this relief society, and the many other expenditures for the accommodation, comfort, and mental and moral improvement of the operatives, in addition to the good wages paid, been so far a profitable investment for the Company as to induce other companies to go and do likewise?"

17. To which Ralph replied that he had brought abundant statistics to prove that these expenditures had been highly profitable. He showed that, notwithstanding the high wages paid,—more than double the amount paid in similar establishments in Europe,—the stock shares of the Company were then twice their par value, and that the stockholders had received an average of seventeen per cent. on their investments ever since the organization of the Company.

18. He also stated that the general good management of the Company had induced many respectable people from the surrounding country to seek employment where such advantages could be obtained, and that about forty per cent. of the heads of families working in the factories now own their own homesteads. These they had built up in a little neighborhood of their own, which they had named *Middleton*, out of compliment to the superintendent of the factories, who had done so much to promote their welfare. Here quiet and order reigned, and not a dram-shop was tolerated.

19. He said that more than thirty thousand dollars of the savings of these people had been known to be deposited in savings-banks, and some in United States government bonds; that quite a number of the workmen own stock in

the Company; and that more than one of them has been a member of the village government of Lake-View.

20. In conclusion, he said, "The directors of the Lake-View factories feel assured that there is no feature in the business policy of the Company that pays better than the regulations adopted for the welfare of those in their employ. They say that a good class of laborers gives better results than could be expected from degraded and impoverished operatives, such as are seen in many of the manufacturing cities of Europe; and hence, other things being equal, the Lake-View Company can well afford to pay higher wages than are paid to an ignorant, vicious, half-starved, and discontented people."^a

21. "The young lawyer, Mr. Duncan," as the Anderson people called him, received a vote of thanks "for his interesting and very instructive address," and it is hardly necessary to add that the intelligent directors of the Anderson Company are planning their factories on the basis of the system that has proved so successful in Lake-View. Moreover, the directors were so highly pleased with the young lawyer that they invited him to settle in their town, promising him, if he should do so, to give him all the law business of the Company.

II.—*After the Address.*

1. I had gone to Anderson on purpose to hear my young

^a In all its essential features, the foregoing sketch is based wholly on facts derived from the history of the *Pacific Mills Company* of Lawrence, Mass. To this Company, which has a capital of two and a half millions engaged in the manufacture of ladies' dress goods, was awarded the second prize out of ten at the Paris Exhibition of 1869, "for having accomplished the most to secure a spirit of harmony between the employers and the employed, and for having most successfully advanced the material, moral, and intellectual well-being of its work-people."

friend, and had rode home with him to Lake-View after the address. While he was speaking I had taken notes, the substance of which I afterward wrote out, although not with sufficient fulness to do him complete justice. No part of his address was written; and I was surprised at the perfect self-possession which he exhibited, for so young a man,—his familiarity with the subject,—his agreeable manner,—and his fine command of language.

2. But Ralph had been a great reader, and a very diligent student, ever since I had known him. On our ride homeward he told me that he had never failed, since he went to the city, to speak, every Wednesday evening, in the debating society which he joined there;—that he always studied his subject thoroughly, and that he never allowed himself the use of notes while speaking.

3. He said, moreover, that he had been accustomed to plead causes for the poor, without charge, in the justices' courts. I saw that this practice of frequent speaking, connected with his careful previous preparation, was laying the foundation for great success in his profession. But I was somewhat surprised to hear him say that he had not yet wholly abandoned the idea of entering the ministry, the preparation for which he had begun with Mr. Raymond. Then, suddenly changing the subject, he said, "Do you know, Mr. Bookmore, that my friend, Phil Barto, whom I love so dearly, is in great danger?"

4. "I presume I know to what you refer," I replied, "for I have heard it whispered that Philip has been known, when in the city, to drink to excess. Is it true?"

5. "Too true; too true," Ralph replied. "Poor Phil! The evil habit has grown up with him almost from infancy; and at times he seems to be utterly powerless under its influence. Poor fellow! He is a good-hearted young man, and has splendid natural abilities. He wishes to go to the city, and read law, as I have done; but I am afraid of the influences that he might be brought under there."

6. "What about Tom Downing?" I asked. "I saw his name in the paper not long ago."

"Ah, there's a bad case," he replied. "Tom is in the city, and he is a shiftless, drunken fellow,—and I am afraid that he is something even worse than that. Twice he has been arrested for taking goods from the stores of his employers, and selling them. He had no money, and both times sent for me to defend him. The evidence was not sufficient to convict him in either case, and he escaped; but I was pretty well convinced, in my own mind, that, in both cases, he was guilty, although he stoutly denied it to me in private."

7. "What a contrast," said Ralph, "between Tom's course and that of Carl Hoffmann! Carl writes me that he is nearly through his medical course at Baltimore, and that he intends to take his mother, and settle in far-away San Francisco, where he has relatives. The druggist in Lake-View, who has known Carl from childhood, thinks everything of him."

8. "'Carl,' he says, 'is a good representative of the best features of the large German element in this country. He has a mind that acquires knowledge readily; he is true and faithful, always good-natured and obliging, strictly temperate, industrious and saving,—and why should he *not* succeed? He *must* succeed; for those are the qualities that *insure* success.'"

9. I was not at all surprised at Tom Downing's downward course, or at the good reports about Carl; but I was grieved to learn that Phil Barto—so promising, so good in other respects—should be addicted to that terrible habit, which is so relentless in its grasp upon its victim, when once within its toils.

10. Ralph remained in Lake-View the next day, Saturday, so that he might be present, in the evening, at the reading of Freddy Jones's seventh letter. Not only were most of Freddy's former school-mates present on that occa-

sion, but Mr. Agnew and Mr. Raymond also were there; and Mr. Raymond brought with him the old French gentleman, Mr. Bardou.

CHAPTER XVII.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 9.

FROM ATHENS TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

I.—*Grecian Historic Ruins.*

1. When I closed my last letter we had just dropped anchor in the Piræus, and were preparing to enter the city of Athens, once so renowned as—

“The eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence.”

The modern city, which is built on the plain, mostly west and north of the ancient Acrop'olis, has now a population of a little more than fifty thousand. It is not seen in the view that I have sent you.

2. We found good accommodations at an English hotel on Minerva Street—the broadest street in the city,—and here we had our headquarters for nearly six weeks, visiting, in the mean time, first, the celebrated ruins of the ancient city, and, after that, Thebes, Corinth, the plain of Marathon, the straits of Thermop'ylæ, and other places rendered famous in the history of ancient Greece.

3. The ruins of the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, together with the other ruins on the hill of the Acrop'olis,—which, Prof. Howard says, was at once the fortress, the sacred enclosure, the treasury, and the muse'um of the Athenian nation,—claimed our first attention. The Professor kept us interested in the descriptions of the ancient city—and of the Parthenon above all; reading, or repeating from memory, verses from Byron, and Mrs. Hemans, and many other writers.

4. The following lines he quoted, as we stood on the Acrop'olis, in front of the Parthenon, looking up at the massive structure, still grand in its ruins :

5. "Fair Parthenon ! yet still must Fancy weep
For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown.
Bright, as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee sleep
In all their beauty still—and thine is gone !
Empires have sunk since thou wert first revered,
And varying rites have sanctified thy shrine.

6. "Mourn, graceful ruin ! On thy sacred hill
Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared :
Yet art thou honored in each fragment still,
That wasting years and barbarous hands have spared ;
Each hallowed stone, from rapine's fury borne,
Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet unborn."

Hemans.

7. We also went up on Mars' Hill, a hill a little to the west of the Acrop'olis ; and Prof. Howard said that we probably climbed the very stone steps which the Apostle Paul ascended when he went up to the court of the Areop'agus ; and then he read the account that is given of Paul in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts, telling how Paul disputed with the Athenians, and how he preached them a sermon on that occasion.

8. We visited the site of ancient Thebes, once the leading city of Greece, thirty miles north-west of Athens ; but we found little there indicative of its former grandeur. It has been written of this ruined city,—

"Desolate are thy fields, O-gyg'i-a-n-a Thebes ;
No broken shaft nor ruined temple shows

Verse 5.—What figure of speech is used in the expression "Fair Parthenon !" ?—Why may Fancy be said to "*weep*" ?—On what resemblance is based the figure "the sunbeams *sleep*" ?

* So called from *Og'y-ges*, who is supposed to have been the first king of Thebes. He is also said to have been the only person saved from the deluge in which Greece was covered with water.

Thy former site; no mouldering stone remains
To tell thy splendor in the ages past."—*Haygarth*.

9. Corinth, forty-eight miles west of Athens, where St. Paul resided nearly two years, and to whose "church of God" he addressed two epistles, we found to be only a straggling village, with modern houses and gardens, and with only one Grecian ruin to show that it was once the proud rival of Athens in population, in wealth, in the extent of its commerce, and in the fine arts. Prof. Howard says we may well exclaim with the poet,—

10. "Where is thy grandeur, Corinth?—Shrunk from sight
Thy ancient treasures, and thy ramparts' height,
Thy godlike fanes and palaces! Oh, where
Thy mighty myriads, and majestic fair?
Relentless war has poured around thy wall,
And hardly spared the traces of thy fall!"—*Byron*.

11. We rode out, one day, to the plain of Marathon, twenty miles north-east of Athens; and in the centre of the plain we climbed the mound that was raised over the bodies of the Athenians who fell there in a famous battle with the Persian hosts more than two thousand years ago—a battle in which ten thousand Athenians defeated a hundred and twenty thousand Persians.

12. The Professor, right there, told us the story of that battle;—he told how Dari'us the king sent out his cohorts and his legions from their Asiatic homes, by thousands and tens of thousands, to conquer all Greece,—and how the little but brave band of Greeks met them:—

"And on, like a wave, came the rush of the brave—
'Ye sons of the Greeks, on, on!'
And the Mede stepped back from the eager attack
Of the Greek at Marathon."

13. He told how the Greeks triumphed, and how their poets and orators proclaimed—

"That in deathless glory the famous story
Should on the winds be blown,—
How the long-haired Mede was driven with speed
By the Greeks from Marathon."

14. "And what they proclaimed," said he, "has proved true—and *will* be true, so long as mankind honor bravery and virtue." Then he recited to us the following:—

"And Greece shall be a hallowed name,
While the sun shall climb the pole,
And Marathon fan strong freedom's flame
In many a pilgrim soul.
And o'er that mound where heroes sleep,
By the waste and reedy shore,
Full many a patriot eye shall weep,
Till time shall be no more.
And the bard shall brim with a holier hymn,
When he stands by that mound alone,
And feel no shrine on earth more divine
Than the dust of Marathon."

John Stuart Blackie.

15. As we stood there, "on that sacred mound," as the Professor called it, he remarked that the plain and the mound, and the surroundings of hill and dale, are there still, very much as they were when that celebrated battle was fought; while the grandest temples of that day, though built of the "enduring marble," are either in ruins, or have entirely faded away. Then he quoted the following lines, so applicable to all this famous historic land of Greece:—

"Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muses' tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:

Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone :
Age shakes Athena's tower,* but spares gray Marathon."

Byron.

16. As we were desirous of seeing more of the Grecian coasts and islands, we chartered a small steamer that we found in the harbor of Athens, and, passing around the southern point of Attica, we explored, northward, the channel that separates the long island of Eubœa from the mainland of Greece. Then Professor Howard suggested that we should land at that ancient pass of Thermop'ylæ, where, more than twenty-three hundred years ago, Leonidas and his brave three hundred Spartans gloriously fell in a desperate charge against the whole army of Xerxes, which was advancing, by that pass, for the invasion of Greece.

17. Landing there, we found a narrow passage between the mountains and the sea, and a mound which is supposed to mark the spot where the three hundred fell;—and farther on, where the pass is wider, were the ruins of a monument once erected to their memory.

18. Professor Howard told us that the Grecians offered a prize for the best epitaph to be inscribed on this monument, and that the choice fell upon that written by the poet Simon'ides, although it contained only two lines in the original Greek,—“an evidence,” said the Professor, “that the Greeks measured the worth of a poem, not by the number, but by the *merit*, of the words it contained.” “It must be remembered,” said he, “that the laws of Sparta commanded a Spartan to suffer death rather than flee from an enemy.”

19. He said there had been no less than three Latin and eighteen English versions of this famous epitaph of Simon'-

* *Athena* was a name of the goddess Minerva. Hence “Athena's tower” was Minerva's tower—the *Parthenon*.

ides ; and, amongst the English, he gave us the following, as the best of all :—

- 1st. "Go, stranger, and to Lacedæ'mon* tell,
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell."
- 2d. "Stranger, to Sparta say, that here we rest
In death, obedient to her high bequest."
- 3d. "Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here, obedient to her laws, we lie."

20. Professor Howard also repeated another tribute to their memory, supposed to have been written by this same Simon'ides, who penned the epitaph :—

"In dark Thermop'ylæ they lie :
Oh death of glory, there to die !
Their tomb an altar is ; their name
A mighty heritage of fame :
Their dirge is triumph : cankering rust,
And Time, that turneth all to dust,
That tomb shall never waste nor hide,—
The tomb of warriors true and tried.
The full-voiced praise of Greece around
Lies buried in that sacred mound,
Where Sparta's king, Leonidas,
In death eternal glory has."—*Bland's Simonides.*

21. The fame of this poet has proved to be far more enduring than the monument on which was inscribed the epitaph to his countrymen. In the following lines he has given expression to his views of the transitory nature of the works of man, as compared with those of nature :—

22. "Shall we compare
Works of men that fleeting are,
With the sweet perennial flow
Of swift rivers, or the glow

* *Lacedæ'mon*, or Sparta, was one of the most powerful cities of Greece.

Of the eternal sun, or light
Of the golden queen of night?
 Spring renews
 The floweret's hues,
With her sweet refreshing dews :
 Ocean wide
 Bids his tide
With returning current glide.
The sculptured tomb is but a toy
Man may create and man destroy.
Does Folly think there is, alas !
Eternity in stone or brass ?"—*Simonides.*

23. Professor Howard also quoted, for us, from many other writers—for he seemed to have the whole of the history and the poetry of Greece by heart, and to delight in making us acquainted with them. The following short extract from Byron, he said, shows, very truly, how much the Greeks cherished the memory and extolled the fame of the three hundred Spartan heroes, who nobly devoted themselves to certain death for the good of their country :—

24. They fell, devoted, but undying ;
The very *gale* their names seemed sighing ;
The *waters* murmured of their name ;
The *woods* were peopled with their fame ;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claimed kindred with their silent clay ;
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain :
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled mingling with their fame forever.

25. Upon our return to Athens Prof. Howard gave us a very pleasant talk upon the interest which attaches to the historic ground that we had passed over,—not only in Greece, but elsewhere, also, during our journeyings. He dwelt, especially, upon the ennobling impressions that one familiar with history receives in contemplating monuments

of the illustrious dead, the trophies of other times, the remains of Greece and Rome; and in visiting spots distinguished by illustrious deeds, such as those of Thermop'ylæ, Marathon, and Waterloo. In conclusion, he quoted the following noble sentiment from Dr. Johnson:—

26. "Far from me," says Dr. Johnson, "and from my friends, be such frigid Philosophy, as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona."^a

27. After our departure from Athens, on the 10th of June, we spent a few days among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. We landed at Hermop'olis, on the eastern shore of the island of Syra, now the principal commercial port of Greece and an important station for steamers. A few miles farther east we touched at the little rocky island of Delos, scarcely six miles in circumference, but once so celebrated for the splendid festivals that were held there by all Greece in honor of Apollo. We saw there, at the foot of Mount Cynthus, the ruins of the ancient town of Delos, amidst the wildest and most enchanting scenery; but now a few shepherds are the only inhabitants of the island.

28. Sailing north-eastward from Delos, for Constantinople,

Verse 24.—Point out and explain the figurative expressions in this verse.

^a Dr. Johnson wrote this after visiting the ruins of *Iona*, a small island of the Hebrides on the west coast of Scotland, and anciently the chief seat of the rites of Druidism. Here "St. Colomba," a native of Ireland, in the sixth century, founded a celebrated monastery. Numerous other Christian establishments grew up here, but all are now in ruins. Dr. Johnson says of the island, "It was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, where savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefit of knowledge and the blessings of religion."

we soon entered the narrow channel called the Dardanelles, or Hellespont. Just before entering the channel we coasted



THE RUINS OF DELOS.

along the plains of ancient Troy, now so desolate; and the Professor pointed out to us Mount Ida, rising up in the distance, on the south. Just as the sun was setting, we gathered in the saloon of the steamer, to listen to stories of the Trojan war, as told by Homer in his famous *Iliad*, and of other events that occurred in the surrounding country of Asia Minor, thousands of years ago.

29. Before morning we had passed through that great inland lake called the Sea of Marmora, and partly around Constantinople itself; and, just as the sun was ushering in a golden day, we anchored in the Golden Horn, a little north of the city. Here our steamer remained until we had visited all the wonders of the Turkish capital,—the Seraglio, or Palace of the Sultan, to which we obtained access through the kindness of the American consul,—the Mosque of St.

claim my prudence and regularity; but a little reflection cuts short my pride. If I were to look through them, how many would testify to my negligence or my caprice! How many expenses injudiciously incurred! How many barren purchases! How much dearly-bought experience!

5. "Of all the money represented by these bills, how little has really conduced to my advantage, or my gratification! How numerous the resources frittered away through want of reflection! I fancy I read on the back of many of these bills an accusing sentence traced by the hand which wrote in Belshazzar's banqueting-hall:— 'Vanity: Folly: Self-gratification.' I will not read a word more, and rapidly I shut up these ungracious monitors.

6. "*Second Drawer.* Here are physicians' prescriptions and the remedies supplied. Bills again, settled with the most exacting of all creditors! Those just thrust aside recalled the ransom paid to secure the necessities or the luxuries of life; these recall the ransom paid to our infirmities. They are at once a souvenir and a warning. Like the preacher, they seem to say to me, after a day of some frivolous entertainment, 'Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return.'

7. "*Third Drawer.* The disclosures of this drawer are not so serious, and its lessons are less severe. It contains only specimens of minerals, shells, and a few antiquarian remains. This is the nucleus of twenty natural history collections, repeatedly commenced, and repeatedly interrupted: a new proof of man's inconstancy and love of change. Madame de Staël* has said that, 'All things below are but beginnings.' My drawer could be brought forward as proof of this assertion, in case of need.

* *Madame de Staël* (Stäl), a brilliant French authoress, born in Paris, April 22, 1766, died there July 14, 1817. Her complete works, in seventeen volumes, show that she excelled in every branch of prose composition, while a love of humanity and constitutional liberty were leading traits in her character.

8. "*Fourth Drawer.* Historical and literary notes; manuscripts going no further than the titles; numerous illegible or incompletely expressed thoughts; hieroglyphics which will never find a Champollion!^a My life has been passed, like that of so many others, in mentally composing the preface of a book which will never be produced. Some minds resemble certain trees; in the spring they are covered with blossoms, not one of which ripens into fruit in the autumn.

9. "*Fifth Drawer.* Here are the letters of friends long lost to me. Some who perished by the way possess no longer a name but on their tombstones; others have changed their route, their faith, their hopes, and worship at new shrines. Alas! the former are but dead, whilst the latter are deserters!—But let me not dwell on these thoughts: I do not wish to read the evidences of forgotten promises and outraged confidences.

10. "*Sixth Drawer.* The casket is in this drawer—the casket which I am now at length to open. But stay! My heart beats more rapidly, my hand trembles! There!—the cover is raised! Behold them!—the treasures of my poor home, the diamonds of my domestic crown—all the sweet mementos of the past are gathered here! Each object that my eye rests upon recites a chapter.

11. "The faded wreath of laurel recalls the triumph of my son William when leaving his college loaded with prizes. That orange-flower, taken from the bouquet of my daughter Annie, brings back the day of tearful joy on which her mother and I intrusted her to the love of another protector.—I press you to my lips, pale flower and poor faded leaves, which are now to me the sole representatives of my son and my daughter!

12. "But how many souvenirs lie beside these! The wedding-ring, taken from their mother's finger before

^a *Champollion*, a celebrated French Egyptologist, and translator of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

wrapping her form in the winding-sheet; the coral necklace, the silver bracelet, which adorned her in the days of her youth and beauty! Oh! how, at their sight, all the past rushes back upon my memory!

13. "I seat myself, I take up, one after the other, with a trembling hand, these pledges of bright years gone by. I reopen our letters, grown yellow with time. Here they all are,—the paper crumpled from being long carried in the pocket or near the heart,—with their delicate writing, their crossed pages, and with their double and treble post-scripts.

14. "O happy age! what overflowings of the heart! what a well of hope! what perfect faith in every exaggeration! From the heights of our enthusiasm we extend our gaze over the four points of the horizon, looking for the wondrous raven that fed the anchorites." It is only when hunger and night are come that we lower our eyes and think of winning our daily bread from the earth, instead of expecting it from the heavens.

15. "While looking over other sacred mementos, and indulging in the painful, but not unpleasant, reflections to which they gave rise, a rap at the door, and a call to other duties, interrupted my meditations, and compelled me, reluctantly, to close the old desk, at which I had so long been sitting."

This concluded our friend's reflections upon the contents of the writing-desk. Turning over a few leaves of his diary, he resumed the reading, with the following incident:—

II.—*My Blind Acquaintance.*

1. "I had long had a speaking acquaintance with a blind man, who was in quite moderate circumstances, and who

* *An'chor-ite*, a hermit; a recluse; one who retires from society to avoid the temptations of the world, and devote himself to religious duties.

lived near me on the same street; and I had often stopped to exchange a few words with him, when passing his door. At length the blind man, surprised at no longer hearing the sound of my voice at the usual hour of my daily walk, and having learned that I was ill, came to see me; and so pleasant, kind, and cheerful was his manner, in striking contrast with his mournful condition of blindness, that I could not help expressing the pleasure I felt in seeing him so contented and happy.

2. “‘Then I shall surprise you still more,’ he replied, ‘when I tell you that my cheerfulness dates from the accident which deprived me of sight. Before that time my disposition was not at all what it should have been. My neighbors all looked upon me as a discontented and morose man; and very justly, too, they so regarded me.

3. “‘I had met with serious obstacles, and encountered many difficulties, in making my way in the world; for which, no doubt, I have to blame myself as much as others. Indeed, I became disgusted with the world; and, accusing mankind of being harsh and selfish, I treated them accordingly, and my disposition became soured and churlish. But since my loss of sight I have acquired far different ideas. My infirmity has reconciled me to my fellow-creatures.

4. “‘You can hardly imagine,’ he said, laying his hand feelingly on my arm, ‘how many proofs of interest, how many acts of kindness, are every day showered on me. It seems as if some benevolent power had posted friends and devoted attendants along my route, as in the fairy tales. When I am in the streets, every one kindly gives place to me, and does all he can to help me along; if I wish to cross a road when carriages are passing, I never fail to find an obliging hand laid upon mine to serve as a guide; if I happen to step with an appearance of hesitation or doubt, immediately some voice, which always appears soft and musical to me, inquires what I have need of, and the unseen questioner offers to become my conductor.

5. "Thus, seeing myself respected and beloved, I love and respect others in my turn; I am satisfied with the world, and with myself. Hence, I dare not complain of my blindness, whatever privations it may impose on me in other respects, since I owe to it what in reality constitutes worldly happiness;—good will toward man—a good disposition of heart, the greatest of earthly blessings.'"

6. When Father Bardou had ended his story of the blind man, Uncle Philip remarked, "That is beautiful."

A few more selections from Father Bardou's diary, which he read to us on the same occasion, will close the present chapter.

III.—*More Thoughts upon Growing Old.*

1. "To grow old without perceiving aught beyond this world, is to assist, hour by hour, at our own ruin; but for him who has laid up his riches elsewhere, to grow old is to grow near the day in which he shall be paid a hundred-fold for all his toils, and cares, and anxieties here.

2. "Youth is a forced apprenticeship, in which one's time, will, intelligence, and capabilities, are the property of one's master. There is something violent in the happiness of that period, which overpowers the feelings—a tendency to excess, which infuses a taste of bitterness in the very cup of pleasure itself.

3. "Slaves to the feverish activity of the blood, we do not stop at enjoyment, but overrun the mark. It is only when time has deadened this impetuosity, between ripe manhood and the decline of life, that we can be happy at our ease; for, while manhood imposes on us fresh duties at every instant, and middle life increases the burden of our responsibilities, old age alone is really free.

4. "It is then that the world, of which we were the slaves, signs, at length, the order of release from daily toil. Ours are, henceforth, the long nights of repose; the walks without any defined object; the uninterrupted chit-chats,

the whimsical readings, the hours spent at one's ease; no longer have we at our doors the six week-days crying out to us, like Bluebeard in the popular tale, 'Will you come down there from above?'

5. "It is old age that gives one leisure without remorse. A veteran in the battle of life, one has then the right to watch the daily activities of others without sharing them. His task is done: contemplating the result of his labors, he folds his arms; the last hours of evening belong to himself alone.

6. "And yet, before my body returns to the earth, why should I deny it any of the innocent enjoyments that can gratify it, and send echoes to the soul within? Has not the Almighty himself spread the creation before us, like a never-ending banquet? Has he not said to us, 'Sow the seed, and I will give thee the ear; cultivate the tree, the fruit shall ripen for thee; search the forest, and the rivers, —study the works of the great Creator,—and all that thy knowledge can compass of enjoyment shall be thine'?

7. "Enjoyment is the reward of acquisition. Let us then enjoy, without remorse, what we have won by our labor. O closing days of life! I will not rob you of what Providence has left you. I will not make you more morose than nature has intended; but will rather recall all the joys you still have at command, that they may walk with you in the light of your setting sun, and accompany you into the eventide with their gentle rays."

8. After Father Bardou had read thus far, he closed his diary, remarking that there is nothing that more forcibly impresses one with the exceeding rapidity of the flight of Time, than the reflections in which old age indulges, when it marshals before it a moving panorama of the scenes and incidents of the past. "In such reflections," said he, "I find great enjoyment; for they always lead me to turn my thoughts to the future, where a vista seems to open, leading

far—far onward, into an infinity without end, into which the yearning soul seems about to enter.

9. "Some of your English poets," he remarked, "have given us very faithful and striking sketches of Time's doings." Then he handed Lulu the following piece, which she read aloud at his request:—

IV.—*Time's Song.*

1.

O'er the level plain, where mountains greet me as I go,
O'er the desert waste, where fountains at my bidding flow,
On the boundless beam by day, on the cloud by night,
I am rushing hence away! Who will chain my flight?

2.

War his weary watch was keeping:—I have crushed his spear;
Grief within her bower was weeping:—I have dried her tear;
Pleasure caught a minute's hold:—then I hurried by,
Leaving all her banquet cold, and her goblet dry.

3.

Power had won a throne of glory:—where is now his fame?
Genius said, "I live in story:"—who hath heard his name?
Beneath a myrtle bough Love whispered, "Why so fast?"—
And the roses on his brow withered as I passed.

4.

I have heard the heifer lowing o'er the wild waves' bed,*
I have seen the billow flowing where the cattle fed;
Where began my wanderings?—Memory will not say!
Where will rest my weary wings?—Science turns away!

English Casquet.

* In some portions of the earth the land is slowly rising—a few inches in a century—so that, where once was the ocean, are now to be seen cultivated fields and meadows. In other places the land is as slowly sinking beneath the waters of the ocean. See Fourth Reader, pp. 328–9.

5. After this poetic selection by Mr. Bardou had been read, Mr. Agnew took occasion to call the attention of the young people to the many striking figurative expressions which it contained. "Thus, in '*TIME'S SONG*,'" he said, "Time, *personified*, is represented, in his *flight* over the earth,—where the mountains *greet* him and the fountains *do his bidding*,—as *singing the song* of his conquests.

6. "Then Time himself personifies War, by representing it as *keeping watch*,—Grief, as *weeping*,—Power, as *winning a throne*,—Genius, as *boasting*,—Love, as *whispering*, etc.; while Pleasure, Memory, and Science are also alluded to as intelligent beings, but unable to stay Time's flight, or to tell when his *wanderings* began, or where his *weary wings* will find rest."

CHAPTER XIX.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 10.

THE BLACK SEA,—AND THENCE TO DAMASCUS.

I.—Visit to the Crimea.

1. On leaving Constantinople in our steamer, on the 22d of June, we passed up through the beautiful Bos'porus, lined with magnificent palaces and imperial summer residences, most of them on the Asiatic side;—and then we bore away over the dark waters, more than three hundred miles, to the peninsula known as the Crimea, where is the Russian port of Sebast'opol, long the great naval station of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and now so famous for its long and terrible siege in the years 1854 and 1855, by the English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish fleets and armies.

2. Although the town had been partly rebuilt since that terrible ordeal, yet ruin! ruin! met us at every step. "For

eleven long months," said Prof. Howard, "the storms of war beat upon the helpless town, and left only fragments of houses, crumbled walls, torn and ragged hills, as if a mighty earthquake had spent all its terrible forces upon this one little spot. Not one solitary house escaped—not one remained habitable!"

3. Of course we visited the battle-fields—the Malakoff tower, just in the edge of the town, the Redan close by, Inkerman a mile away, and Balakla'va, an hour's ride. Then the French trenches were to be followed out, from their starting-point, by zigzag courses, until they were carried close under the Malakoff. Oh, the slaughter that occurred there!—for the stronghold was taken and retaken several times.

4. But those fearful fields, where such tempests of death once raged, are peaceful now. Scarcely a sound is heard there; hardly a living thing moves about them; they are lonely and silent; their desolation is complete. We gathered relics from the ruins, and from the battle-fields; and a box full of them will go to swell my collection for the Lake-View Muse'um.

5. As we were going over the field, under the lead of the Professor, who had visited the place the year after the siege,—“Here,” said he, “is where the English Light Brigade started in that terrible charge upon the Russian batteries, which were placed over there on that rising ground. Here, on the right, were Russian batteries,—and there, on the left, were Russian batteries,—and from all of them the cannons ‘volleyed and thundered’—as ‘into that valley of death rode the six hundred!’”

6. Then the Professor, standing there, repeated to us Tennyson's grand description of the famous “Charge of the Light Brigade,” which Henry Allen used to speak at our public examinations. Then I said that I knew another account of the same charge, by another writer, an *American*, for I had spoken it in school.

7. "Let us have it!" "Let us have it *now!*" exclaimed several voices. So, right there, with the ruins that the havoc of war had made all around me, I spoke it. It seemed to me that I could see those gallant horsemen, as they dashed forward right into the jaws of death; and then I could see them straggling back—"but not the six hundred." You know it was Captain Nolan that carried the dispatches to the squadrons, ordering the attack, and that he then led the charge on his noble steed; but he was shot dead from his horse during the advance—the very first one to fall. The very spot upon which he fell was pointed out to us.

II.—*The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

1. Dashing onward, Captain Nolan
 Spurring furiously is seen—
 And although the road meanders,
 His no heavy steed of Flanders,
 But one fit for the commanders
 Of her Majesty the Queen.
2. Halting where the noble squadrons
 Stood impatient of delay,
 Out he drew his brief despatches,
 Which their leader quickly snatches,
 At a glance their meaning catches—
 They are ordered to the fray.
3. Brightly gleam six hundred sabres,
 And the brazen trumpets ring:
 Steeds are gathered—spurs are driven—
 And the heavens wildly riven
 With a mad shout upward given,
 Scaring vultures on the wing.

4. Onward! on! the chargers trample,
 Quicker falls each iron heel,
 And the headlong pace grows faster;
 Noble steed and noble master!
 Rushing on to red disaster,
 Where the heavy cannons peal!
5. In the van rides Captain Nolan,
 Wide his flying tresses wave,
 And his heavy broadsword flashes
 As upon the foe he dashes—
 Ah! his face turns pale as ashes,
 He has ridden to his grave.
6. Down he fell, prone from his saddle,
 Without motion, without breath,
 Never more at trumpet to waken—
 He, the very first one taken
 From that bough so sorely shaken
 In that vintage-time of death.
7. In a moment—in a twinkling,
 He was gathered to his rest,
 In the time for which he'd waited;—
 With his gallant heart elated,
 Down went Nolan—decorated—
 With a death-wound in his breast.
8. Onward still the squadrons thunder,
 Knightly hearts were theirs, and brave!
 Men and horses without number
 All the furrowed ground encumber,
 Falling fast to their last slumber—
 Bloody slumber—bloody grave!
9. Here a noble charger stiffens,
 There his rider grasps the hilt

Of his sabre, lying bloody
By his side, upon the muddy
Trampled ground, which, darkly ruddy,
Shows the blood that he has spilt.

10. And the sleepers—ah! the sleepers
Made a Westminster^a that day,
'Mid the seething battle's lava;
And each man who fell shall have a
Proud inscription—"Balaklava,"
Which shall never fade away.

11. Of that charge at Balaklava—
In its chivalry sublime—
Vivid, grand, historic pages
Shall descend to future ages:
Poets, painters, hoary sages,
Shall record it for all time.

James Barron Hope.

III.—*To Odessa, and thence to Beyrout.*

1. Leaving Sebas'topol, we steamed about two hundred miles farther up the Black Sea, to the Russian port of Odessa, where we took in coal. It is an American-looking city, of about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; and Dr. Edson tells us that it is the great grain-exporting port of the Black Sea. He says that thirty million dollars' worth of wheat were sent from Odessa the previous year, and that there are in the city six hundred great granaries for storing wheat.

2. Less than a hundred years ago there was no town here; but the Russian Queen, Catherine Second, selected

^a One of the greatest honors that can be paid to England's illustrious dead is to have a monument erected to their memory in Westminster Abbey, London. See Fourth Reader, p. 321.

the site, and the place has grown up, so Dr. Edson says, with the rapidity of one of our Western cities. We saw here a noble bronze statue of one of the early governors of the place, who spent his own money in building up the city.

3. But when this good man had spent all his vast wealth, the people for whom he had done so much let him go away in his old age, poor and unattended; and when, a year or two later, he died at Sebas'topol, in poverty and neglect, they were suddenly ashamed of their treatment of him; and so, to make what amends they could, they erected this noble monument to his memory.

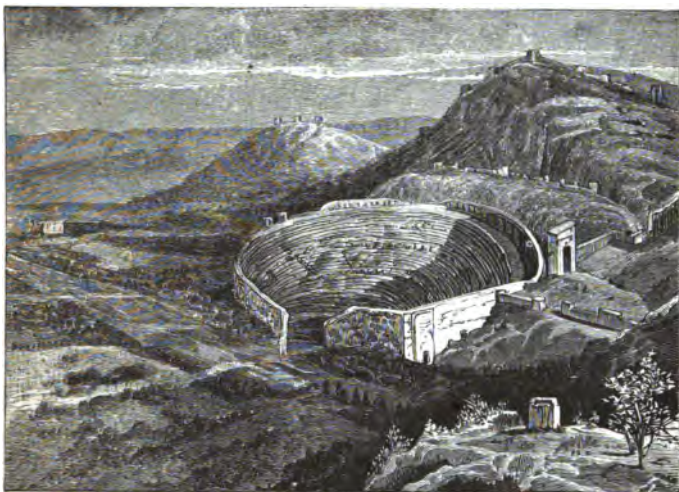
4. Prof. Howard remarked that it reminded him of what the mother of Robert Burns, the poet, said, when the people erected a stately monument to the memory of her son, whom they had left to starve when he was living:—"Ah, Robbie, ye asked them for bread, and they hae gi'en ye a stone."

5. From Odessa we retraced our course back to Constantinople,—through the Bos'porus—the Sea of Marmora—the Dardanelles—and then coasted along southward, and, at the bottom of a deep gulf, after passing through crowds of shipping, we dropped anchor in the magnificent harbor of Smyrna, on the coast of Asiatic Turkey. We saw the city of one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants spread out before us, rising up from the water like a vast amphitheatre, with a noble old, but decayed, castle on an eminence in the background, overlooking the city, but no longer commanding or protecting it.

6. On landing here, we saw for the first time a genuine caravan, then entering the city. It had come all the way from Persia, bearing the costly fabrics, and gems, and spices of the East! The camels were not like the scrawny specimens that we see in menageries: they were really noble-looking animals; and, as they strode along the streets in single file, with the heavy loads on their backs, and a

fancy-looking negro in Turkish costume, or an Arab, preceding them on a little donkey, the whole scene called to mind the stories I had read in the Arabian Nights, when caliphs, and princes, and genii, and giants, filled my imagination by day, and my dreams by night.

7. About forty miles south of Smyrna we visited the ruins of the ancient city of Ephesus, the site of which is



ANCIENT THEATRE OF EPHEBUS.

now occupied by a few miserable Turkish villages. The Professor had prepared us for the visit by reading to us, from the nineteenth chapter of the Acts, an account of the effect of the Apostle Paul's preaching here, for here Paul founded a church, and here he resided two years. Here also once stood the magnificent temple dedicated to the worship of the heathen goddess Diana, "whom all Asia and the world worshipped," we are told: and when Paul's preaching against the claims of the goddess was announced to the people, together with his declaration that the magnificence of her temple should come to naught, they raised

a mighty clamor, and shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

8. But what Paul had declared came to pass. The temple had been burned to the ground, during the night on which Alexander the Great was born. The deed was committed by a certain Eros'tratus, who declared that his only object was to immortalize his name. But it was rebuilt with greater magnificence than before, and was the most notable object at Ephesus when Paul was there. Now, however, even the spot on which the temple stood is unknown; but the ruins of the great theatre into which Paul's companions were dragged by the mob of the silver-smiths, are still seen there.

9. Sailing out from the harbor of Smyrna, we passed the island of Scio, through the strait of that name, and then past "Samos' rocky isle." Then we sailed past the island and city of Rhodes,—past the very harbor whose entrance is said to have been once spanned by the famous brazen Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the world, as it was pictured in one of my youthful story-books.

10. As Rhodes was described more than two thousand years ago, it was a very fertile and populous island:—

"A region that abounds with fertile seed
Of plants, and herbs, and foodful grain:
Each verdant hill unnumbered flocks does feed;
Unnumbered men possess each flowery plain."

Pindar.

11. And there were famous artists among the Rhodians, as the noble paintings and statuary attributed to them show, and as the same writer declares:—

"Thence in all arts the sons of Rhodes excel;
Though best their forming hands the chisel guide:
This, in each street, the breathing marbles tell,
The stranger's wonder, and the city's pride."—*Pindar.*

12. We had the mountain-ranges of Cyprus in sight a whole day. We should have been glad to visit this island, whose antiquities have excited so much interest in our country, but Captain Gray steered directly for Beyrout, the chief seaport of Syria,—the centre of the American Protestant missions in that Moslem country, and the port nearest to Damascus.

13. We were approaching Beyrout in the night, which proved to be very dark; but we did not expect to reach the harbor until about morning. As we had been told that the city, which is just at the foot of Mount Lebanon, presents a beautiful appearance from the sea, several of our party arose early, and went on deck before a glimmer of the dawn could be seen. We knew that we were moving along near the coast, which was eastward of us, and to our left.

14. Now and then a star would be dimly visible; then, as we gazed earnestly shoreward, a faint white light seemed to spread along the horizon, and as it rose higher and assumed a rosy hue, we knew it was the harbinger of coming day. A solitary sea-gull attracted our attention as it flew slowly past us in the dawning, toward the land. A little later, a meteor-flash, like a blade of gold, spread along the eastern sky, the day shone forth in all its glory, and the city lay before us like a brilliant gem sparkling in the sunlight. But Prof. Howard has furnished me with a better description of the scene and its incidents than I can pen:—

The Dawning.

15. "The night was dark, though sometimes a faint star,
A little while, a little space made bright.
The night was long, and like an iron bar
Lay heavy on the land; till o'er the sea,
Slowly, within the east, there grew a light
Which half was starlight, and half seemed to be
The herald of a greater. The pale white
Turned slowly to pale rose, and up the height

Of heaven slowly climbed. The gray sea grew
Rose-colored, like the sky. A white gull flew
Straight toward the utmost boundary of the east,
Where slowly the rose gathered and increased.
It was as on the opening of a door
By one that in his hand a lamp doth hold,
Whose flame is hidden by the garment's fold.

16. "More bright the east became; the ocean turned
Dark and more dark against the brightening sky—
Sharper against the sky the dark sea-line.
The hollows of the breakers on the shore
Were green like leaves whereon no sun doth shine,
Though white the outer branches of the tree.
From rose to red the level heaven burned;
Then sudden, as if a sword fell from on high,
A blade of gold flashed on the horizon's rim."

Gilder.

IV.—*From Beyrout to Damascus.*

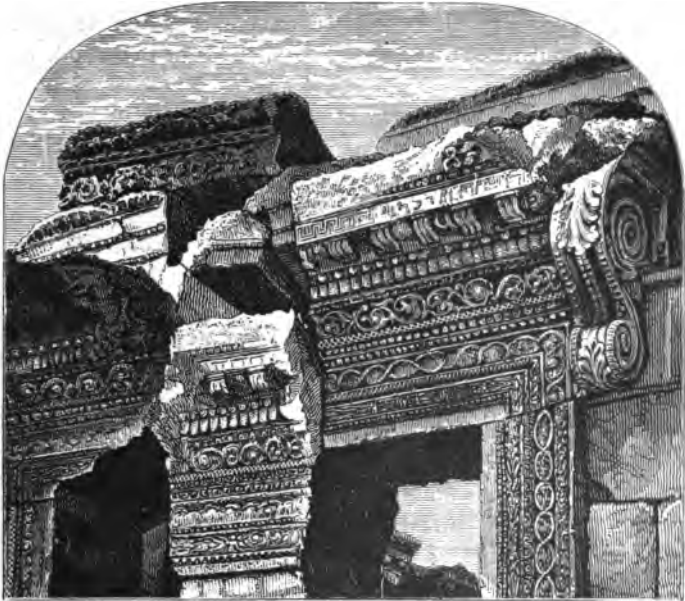
1. We tarried only two days at Bey'rout, which is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants; and then, with a caravan of mules hired for the purpose, and a Turkish escort, our whole party started for Baalbec', forty miles north-east of Bey'rout, leaving directions for our steamer to meet us, some three months later, at Jaffa, a hundred and thirty miles down the coast, and the only port in Palestine.

2. While we were passing over the mountains of Lebanon, we gathered a variety of plants in bloom, that were new to us, and at Prof. Howard's suggestion I have pressed and preserved several of them between the leaves of a book with strong clasps, which the Professor has loaned me for the purpose. Thus I have begun a herbarium of foreign plants, to which I hope to make many additions during the remainder of our voyage.

3. At Baalbec we found a city of wonderful ruins in the

midst of a desert;—and it is so old that none can tell its history. For thousands of years this city of the buried past has been the wonder and admiration of travellers; but who built it, or *when* it was built, will probably never be known.

4. Here are the ruins of what is called the Temple of the Sun, which was three hundred feet long, and one hundred



FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT BAALBEC.

and sixty feet wide, enclosed by fifty-four splendid marble columns, each eighty feet in height. Only six of the columns are standing now. Near by are the ruins of the gorgeous Temple of Jupiter, and of still another temple, one thousand feet long and four hundred feet wide. How many more ruined temples and palaces there are here I know not; but I know that there is a miserable, sickly

Turkish village in the plain below, and that its squalid, ragged, and dirty, but proud, people know less of the lost city than we do.

5. I send you a sketch of a portion of the mouldings that are still in their place, though somewhat broken, over the portal of the Temple of the Sun, that you may see how elaborate and beautiful is the carving in stone that was done here long before even Europe had a history. "Asia was old in art," says Prof. Howard, "even before Rome existed, and when our ancestors roamed as savages in the woods of Britain."

6. After tarrying a whole day amid these wonderful ruins, we started early the next morning, the 24th of July, and, after a hard day's journey of thirty-six miles, just as the glare of a burning day mellowed into twilight, from a mountain height we looked down upon an exceedingly fertile valley, filled with beautiful gardens and orchards, and beheld, quietly reposing there, the Moslem's earthly paradise—"Damascus the Great"—"Damascus the Holy"! The view of the city, as we first saw it, with its thousand minarets reflecting the rays of the setting sun, has been likened, by an English traveller, to "a fleet sailing through a sea of verdure."

7. Yet Damascus maintains strictly its Oriental character. In the interior of the city many of the streets are narrow, crooked, gloomy, and dirty, and the houses low; and in one quarter they are built of mud; yet these same wretched-looking houses are often strikingly rich, and even gorgeous, within. There are no street-lamps; no wheeled vehicles of any kind are used; nor are there glass windows in any of the dwellings.

8. Damascus is, simply, an *o*'asis in the desert. "For four thousand years," as Prof. Howard says, "its waters have not gone dry, nor has its fertility failed. That is why the city has existed so long, though it has often been wasted by the ravages of war. Abram spoke of Damascus

before he was called Abraham; and since that day Tyre, and Troy, and Sidon, and Nineveh, and Babylon, with all their glory, have passed away; empires have risen, prospered, and crumbled to ruin, but Damascus remains. Though Rome claims the name, Damascus is, by right, "The Eternal City."

9. Damascus is a great commercial city, as Dr. Edson informed us; and her commerce is carried on by means of caravans, of which the largest goes with the annual pilgrimage to Mecca; three, yearly, to Bagdad; and others go to Aleppo two or three times a month. I saw here, in one of the bazaars, Damascus blades for sale, just like the one we found in that old chest in the garret of Wilmot Hall!

10. There is a Christian quarter, as well as a Jewish and a Moham'medan quarter, in Damascus, as in most other Turkish cities; and the Christians are hated in Damascus as they are throughout all Turkey. No longer ago than 1860 a massacre of the Christians took place here; and for many years no Christian could walk the streets of the city without being insulted, called a "Christian dog," and, perhaps, beaten. There is a change now, and we had no trouble. Perhaps it was because a Turkish officer was sent with us from Bey'rout.'

11. In a mosque at Damascus some of us witnessed, for the first time, the various positions assumed by the devout Moslem in going through his regular form of prayer; and I herewith send you a sketch of the same, as drawn by our artist. On entering the mosque the worshipper puts off his shoes, washes his hands and feet, spreads a rug, a mat, or his outer garment on the ground, to stand or kneel upon, and then begins the ceremony.

12. First, as in No. 1, he lifts his hands, and utters the words "*Allah hu Akbar!*" (God is great). Then he brings his hands down, as in No. 2, and recites some passages from the Koran. In No. 3 he recites some forms of praise; in

No. 4 he again exclaims, "God is great!"—then, dropping on his knees, and touching the ground three times with his



THE MOSLEM AT PRAYER.

forehead, as in No. 5, he repeats short petitions and praises, and closes the course in the position No. 6. The followers of Mo-ham'med, or Mā'hom-et, call their religion Islam, and themselves Moslems.

13. As we were to remain in Damascus six days, I have had abundant time, here, to finish this, my ninth letter, by the aid of Prof. Howard, and with some help from Dr. Edson also, who is always willing to answer my questions, and to give me all the information he can. A good road has recently been built from Bey'rout to Damascus, and a French diligence passes over the route daily, in good weather, a distance of about fifty miles. So I can send my letter direct to the steamer, whence it will be forwarded home. To-morrow we leave Damascus, also by caravan; and the next day we expect to reach the northern borders of "The Holy Land."^a

^a EXERCISE.—Write narrative of events connected with the history of Damascus. See Gen. xiv. 15; xv. 2;—2d Sam. viii. 5-6;—1st Chron. xviii. 3-6;—1st Kings xi. 23-25; xix. 15; xx. 34;—2d Kings v. 12; viii. 7; x. 32; xii. 17-18; xiii. 3, 22; xiv. 23, 28; xvi. 9-13;—Isa. vii. 1-9;—Ezek. xxvii. 18;—Amos i. 3-5;—Jer. xlix. 23-27;—Acts ix. 1-11, 19, 25;—2d Cor. xi. 32-33.

CHAPTER XX.—REMINISCENCES.

1. How rapidly events crowd upon us in the narrative we are recording! From the bundle of selections of "Miscellaneous Readings" from Mr. Agnew's school, upon which we hoped to draw so largely, we have presented, in these pages, but one group, and now can scarcely find room for another; we desire to keep Ralph, and Phil, and Carl, and Bertie, and others of our young friends, and their changing fortunes, more closely in view; we have on hand extracts from the diary of our philosophic friend, Mr. Bardou, that we should like to put on record; then there is that neatly-wrapped package found in the old chest up in the garret of Wilmot Hall, all the papers in which have been read at our Saturday evening gatherings, but from which only one, of the half dozen, has been laid before our readers;—while Freddy Jones's letters, that are looked forward to with so much interest, must find a place here, upon their reception.

2. On opening that Wilmot Hall package, which has lain so long on our table, we see that the paper next to the one given in Chapter VII. is marked, "Mr. Needleham's Story." We are interested in Mr. Needleham; for the "Introductory Paper" tells us that he was one of the fidgety, busy bodies, of the Old Men's Society,—full of small talk, and, though without much depth of learning, or extent of general information, a man of excellent common sense, and of great, but judicious, benevolence. Let us take up his story now.

Mr. Needleham's Story.

1. I was the son of a merchant who kept a thread-and-needle store in one of the principal business streets of our city. As my mother died when I was quite young, I was

left in the sole care of my father, whose only object in life seemed to be to make and save money; and he brought me up with his own notions of the great value of riches.

2. For a long time my father's earnings in business were quite small; but, as he was very industrious and saving, and spent nothing for pleasure, he had acquired a very handsome property by the time that I was of an age to act for myself. He himself had taught me to read passably well, to write a good hand, and to keep the accounts of the store; but beyond this, and the reading of the weekly newspapers (for we had no dailies then), I had no education, and knew little or nothing of books.

3. My father now helped me to set up for myself; but, as the stock of goods that he gave me was small, my beginning was narrow; and for a long time I was looked down upon by those of my trade who, having more money, thought they had more merit, than myself.

4. I did not, however, allow my resentment to lead me into any mean arts for supplanting my rivals, nor my eagerness for riches to betray me into any indirect methods of gain; but I gave the closest attention to business, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who carried their heads so high; and, upon every annual balancing of my accounts, I had the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

5. In a few years my industry, and strict honesty in dealing, were amply rewarded: my wealth was really great; and my reputation for wealth was still greater. I had large warehouses filled with goods, and considerable sums invested in the public funds; I was known "on 'Change" as one of the leading merchants of the city; was solicited to engage in numerous commercial undertakings; and, to complete my honors, was elected a member of the City Council.

6. Riches, you know, easily produce riches, in the hands of one who, like myself, keeps to legitimate trade, and

never indulges in business speculations; and for several years longer I continued to heap up thousands, with no ultimate object in view but the mere acquisition of wealth.

7. At length, however, I thought it was time for me to begin to enjoy my riches; so I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by purchasing an estate in the country, and closing my life in dignified retirement. From the time this design seized upon my imagination, my business duties grew irksome; I began to think it was time for my health to decline, from long application to business; and I could imagine no happiness but in entire freedom from care, and uninterrupted leisure; nor could I entertain my friends with any other topic than the vexations and uncertainties of trade, and the happiness of rural life.

8. It was, indeed, hard for me to reconcile myself, at once, to the thought of ceasing to get money; and difficult to find a spot that contained all the beauties that I fancied, and in which I might finally be entirely happy; so that, while I was constantly talking of retirement, my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my inclinations. An estate was at length purchased; I transferred my merchandise to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went out into the country, and took my position as lord of a spacious manor.

9. Here, for some time, while I was busy in getting ready to be happy,—repairing the old house according to the advice of the best architects, laying out the grounds anew, enclosing the garden with palisades, planting long avenues of trees, and filling a green-house with exotic plants of which I knew neither the names nor the properties,—I found happiness equal to my expectation.

10. The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country-people to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, showed them my apartments, and was gratified by the wonder of some, and the envy of others.

11. Thus I went on with my plans and my labors, happy in the occupation they gave me; but the time was coming in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or to design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and completed my water-works; and what now remained to be done?

12. What happiness could I find in looking up to turrets, of which, when they were once raised, I had no further use?—in ranging over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture?—in standing by the cascade, of which I now scarcely perceived the sound?—in looking over costly green-houses, in which I could see no utility?—and in watching the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation?

13. I had now arrived at a condition of gloomy inactivity, in which every day began and ended. The happiness which I had been so long procuring was at an end, because it required no further exertion to obtain it; I wandered from room to room in a mansion too spacious, hence useless, till I was weary of myself; I rode out to a neighboring hill in the centre of my estate, whence all my lands lay in prospect around me; but I could see nothing that I had not seen before, and returned home disappointed,—though, of what, I could not say.

14. It then occurred to me, that, as I had given myself up to a country life, happiness, in my situation, was to be found by conforming to the tastes and pursuits of my wealthy, sporting neighbors. So I bought guns and fishing-rods; filled my kennel with dogs, and my stable with horses;—but I soon found that these instruments of rural felicity would afford me little gratification.

15. I had not been trained, in my youth, to the use either of the gun or the fishing-rod; so I never shot but to miss

the mark ; and in angling, none but the very smallest fish came to my hook. Then again, I was afraid of the fire of my own gun, which made me dodge so that the old sportsmen could not help laughing at me ; and I never succeeded in shooting a squirrel, or saw a minnow dangling on my line, without a feeling of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed for my sport. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs ; and, conscious that I made an awkward figure on horseback, I soon abandoned that genteel mode of exercise.

16. Chancing to form the acquaintance of a retired country parson, who seemed to be happy in his library, I next ordered books to be purchased,—and, in a few weeks, I had a spacious closet elegantly furnished with the richest editions of what, I was told, were the standard writers. You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you, that, when once I had arranged the books according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure that they could give me ; for I had not been accustomed to books in my youth, and the very thought of reading a whole library through would have driven me frantic.

17. My country friends, out of compliment to my standing and wealth, having caused me to be elected justice of the peace, I did try to go through the volume relating to the duties of the office ; but I found it so crabbed and intricate, that, in less than a month, I desisted in despair, and resigned my office on the pretence of the great press of other business.

18. Finding no happiness in uncongenial pursuits, I next gave myself up to idleness—which I tried to believe was the dignified leisure of a gentleman. In my happy days I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning ; and I well remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon, and obliged me for a few hours to suspend the business of getting rich.

19. Now I seldom saw the rising sun: I awoke from sleep, languid and listless; I had no employment the first hour but to consider by what means I could get rid of the second. I sat at breakfast as long as I could, because, when it was ended, I had no occupation until I could, with some degree of decency, grow impatient for dinner. I sat long at dinner, not because I was hungry, but because idleness hung heavy on my hands; then there were seven weary hours until supper; but supper came at last, and it was the more welcome, as it was in a short time succeeded by sleep.

20. Such, gentlemen, was the fancied happiness which had seduced me into retirement, and to which I had looked forward as the chief end of my cares and my labors; but the want of early education, as I suppose, and a long and busy mercantile life, had wholly unfitted me to enjoy it. Finally, to get rid of having nothing to do, and to put an end to the foolish endeavor to be happy by imitation, I sold out my country estates, invested the proceeds in the public funds, and rented a small thread-and-needle store in Maiden Lane, where I once more find myself happy in the old routine of waiting upon customers.

21. Although I am still rich, yet I find as much pleasure as ever in turning an honest penny; for a habit formed in youth, and continued through manhood, like the bark of a tree, clings the closer as old age advances. Again I rise early; I am busy during the day; my fare is homely from choice, but I have a good appetite; the hours no longer hang heavily upon me; and I awake each morning refreshed, and zealous for the labors of the day.

22. Again I am happy: but perhaps there is another little secret connected with it, which I ought not to keep back. I believe I have a kind disposition; and, during a long and prosperous business life, I have had much true enjoyment in judiciously lending aid to the unfortunate and deserving. Now my greatest happiness is in quietly relieving the needy,

and in helping poor but worthy young men to start in business; and to these objects I devote all the revenues from my investments.

23. Some of these young men are already among our most prosperous merchants; and, as the people admire their splendid establishments up Broadway, I say to myself, "How little do they think that the banker of those merchants is the little old man *who keeps the modest thread-and-needle store down in Maiden Lane!*"—

24. This is the end of what Mr. Needleham had written; but another hand had added to it the following, from Pope's admirable *Essay on Man* :—

"Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
Virtue alone is happiness below."

CHAPTER XXI.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 11.

THE HOLY LAND.

I.—*From Damascus to Mount Tabor.*

1. On the second day of our journey from Damascus, a part of the time along the foot of the mountains of Lebanon, and finally crossing their eastern range, with lofty Mount Hermon in full view in the distance, on the first day of August we came to the site of the ancient village of Dan, just within the confines of Palestine, or the *Holy Land*.

2. The very thought that we were treading the soil of the once "promised land,"—the "*Holy Land*,"—the "*blest land of Judea*," so famous for the many wonderful events of which it has been the theatre, although it is now in great part barren, and desolate, and under the scourge of

its Moslem rulers, certainly inspired our whole party with feelings of awe, and reverence, and veneration.

3. Nor were these feelings lessened when, as we gathered on a hill-top, and looked down into the plain that marked our entrance into Palestine, Prof. Howard, with arms outspread toward the "promised land" of our journeyings, repeated the following lines from one of our beloved American poets:—

"Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee."

Whittier.

4. He also talked to us about "the glory of Lebanon" in ancient times,—and of "the excellency of Carmel and Sharon,"—of the strong "bulls" and the "fatlings of Bashan,"—of the "cattle on a thousand hills,"—of the "grapes of Ephraim" and of Eshcol,—and of this whole land of Palestine, as a land once "flowing with milk and honey." Then he repeated to us this description—a very *picture* of a land of exceeding beauty and fertility:—

"See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,—
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!"—*Pope.*

5. Prof. Howard reminded us that, when the kings of the northern tribes of the country took Abram's nephew Lot captive, Abram "pursued them unto Dan,"—to this very village in which we are now resting,—and brought him back.

6. He also reminded us that, as Dan was the northern, and Be-er'she-ba the southern, limit of Palestine, so the expression "From Dan to Be-er'she-ba" meant a great measure

of distance ; as when we say, "From Maine to Texas," or, "From New York to San Francisco."

7. It was a very long way—about a seven days' journey—in the times of David, and Solomon, and Isaiah, with their slow means of transportation, to travel from Dan to Be-or'she-ba; and yet the distance was only a hundred and sixty miles; whereas, *we* can go from New York to San Francisco in the same time,—a distance of twenty-six hundred miles, in a straight line.^a

8. After striking the head-waters of the Jordan, we turned our course down the valley of that name, and, on the same day that we left the little village of Dan, now called by the Arabs Tel-el-Kady, we reached Lake Huleh, which we have all read of as the "Waters of Merom," and where Joshua once fought a great battle with the heathen kings who dwelt in that land.^b

9. Another day's journey took us past the deserted sites of Ca-per'na-um, Cho-ra'zin, and Beth-sai'da, and left us to pitch our tents for the night at Tiberias, which is quite a town on the western shore of the lake of the same name. But the lake is better known as the lake Gen-nes'a-ret, or Sea of Galilee;—here Jesus "sat down, and taught the people out of the ship," and here the miraculous draught of fishes^c was taken—an event which the same American poet that we have just quoted, has referred to in the following lines, recited to us by Prof. Howard :—

"Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennes'aret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lonely and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown."

Whittier.

^a EXERCISE.—Write narrative of events connected with Dan,—sometimes called Laish, or Lasha. See Gen. x. 19; xiv. 14;—Deut. xxxiv. 1;—Judges xviii. 7, 28–30; xx. 1;—1st Chron. xxi. 2;—2d Chron. ii. 13–14;—1st Kings xii. 29; xv. 20.

^b Josh. xi. 5–9.

Luke v. 1–12.

10. Tiberias has a broken-down wall on the west, but is open on the water side. We passed the night here, and as we looked out on the sea in the morning it was exceedingly rough; for the wind, which had risen during the night, swept furiously over the waters; and a small vessel—a sail-boat—was beating back and forth, and trying to enter the harbor for shelter from the storm.

11. As we eagerly watched the little vessel, the Professor, taking from his pocket a small Testament, said, "Let me read to you a brief account of an event that occurred here, on this very Sea of Galilee, more than eighteen hundred years ago."

12. "And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him, even as he was, into the ship. And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, 'Master! carest thou not that we perish?' And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, 'Peace, be still.' And the wind ceased, and *there was a great calm!*"^a

Then the Professor repeated the following lines from Mrs. Hemans:—

13. "Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed:
14. "And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One there was who rose, and said
To the wild sea, 'Be still!'
15. "And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye."

16. On leaving Tiberias we turned aside from the valley of the Jordan, and took a south-westerly course, over hilly ranges, a distance of fifteen miles, to Nazareth, the village in which Jesus spent his childhood and youth, and in which he began his ministry. We encamped just out of the town, among some olive-trees, and near a public fountain known as that of the Virgin.

17. Nazareth, a village of three or four thousand inhabitants, stands on the north-western side of a delightful valley, just on the mountain slope; and the houses, which are of stone, are flat-roofed, and most of them have only mud floors, after the fashion of the country. We were shown the church that, according to tradition, occupies the spot on which the house of Joseph and Mary stood,—a chapel which is said to occupy the place of Joseph's workshop,—and also the supposed site of the synagogue in which Jesus explained the prophecy of Isaiah.*

18. Next morning we climbed to the top of the hill which rises up over Nazareth, when the grandest prospect that we had hitherto seen in Palestine opened to our view. Just below the little valley in which Nazareth lies nestled among the hills, the broad and beautiful plain of Esdrae'lon lay at our feet; far away to the north-west, arose Mount Carmel, seemingly bathing his sides in the waters of the Mediterranean, which were gleaming in the rays of the morning sun; south-eastward, rising over the intervening hills, could be seen the round top of Mount Tabor, with portions of Little Hermon and Gilboa still farther south; and to the east, ranges of hills and mountains were backed by still higher ones beyond the Sea of Galilee.

19. We remained some hours on this lofty hill-top; and as we were sitting there, absorbed in the contemplation of the scenes around, and dwelling upon the historic incidents connected with them, Prof. Howard, taking from his

* Luke iv. 16-19.

pocket a small volume which he had brought up for the occasion, and remarking that he was going to read something written on that very spot by an American Biblical scholar, read the following :—

20. "In the village below, the Saviour of the world had passed his childhood ; and although we have few particulars of his life during those early years, yet there are certain features of nature which meet our eyes now, just as they once met his. He must often have visited the fountain near which we had pitched our tent ; his feet must frequently have wandered over the adjacent hills ; and his eyes had, doubtless, gazed upon the splendid prospect from this very spot.

21. "Here the Prince of Peace looked down upon the great plain, where the din of battles so oft had rolled, and the garments of the warrior been dyed in blood ; and he looked out, too, upon that sea, over which the swift ships were to bear the tidings of salvation to nations and to continents then unknown.

22. "How has the moral aspect of things been changed ! Battles and bloodshed, indeed, have not ceased to desolate this unhappy country, and gross darkness now covers the people ; but from this region a light went forth which has enlightened the world and unveiled new climes ; and now the rays of that light begin to be reflected back from distant isles and continents, to illuminate anew the darkened land where it first sprang up."—*Robinson*.

23. On our way eastward to strike the valley of the Jordan again, as we were winding around the craggy heights of Mount Tabor, which was sprinkled with old oaks to the very summit, we had a beautiful view of the Sea of Galilee, with the desolate hills of the Gadarenes on its eastern shore, when Prof. Howard, pointing to the mountains beyond, repeated the following lines :—

"Beyond are Bethulia's^a mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee."—*Whittier*.

24. "Let us rest here for a while," said the Professor, "and enjoy the beauties of the scene." So we alighted, and sat down on the rocks around him, feeling assured that he would have something to say about a locality so renowned in history.

25. He pointed out to us, in the Old Testament, where this mountain is several times mentioned there; and said it was probably on the very heights where we were then resting that Deborah and Barak assembled the warriors of Israel previous to the battle with Sisera, and that in the plain of Esdrae'lon below, or valley of Jezreel as it is called in Bible history, which we were looking down upon, the hosts of Sisera were discomfited.^b The Greek and Latin monks believe this mountain to have been the scene of the Transfiguration, and, in a small chapel at its base, the monks of Nazareth annually celebrate that event.

26. The Professor said there was one scene of exceeding interest in more modern history, connected with this locality, to which he must call our attention, and that was the battle between the small body of French troops and the Turkish hosts, fought in the plain below, a little westward of Nain and Shunem, on the 16th of April, 1799, during Napoleon's invasion of the country. Then, opening his Hand-book,—which he always carried with him, and which was full of interesting incidents and descriptions connected with our route of travel,—he read the following thrilling account of the battle:—

^a *Bethulia* was about twelve miles north of Samaria (now Sebaste), and twenty miles south of Nazareth. The city guarded one of the mountain passes in the range which runs from Carmel south-east to the Jordan.

^b Judges iv. 4-16.

II.—*Mount Tabor to Jerusalem.*

BATTLE OF MOUNT TABOR.

1. "From Nazareth, where the Saviour once trod, the French general, Kleber, had marched forth into the plain, with three thousand soldiers, when lo! in the valley overlooked by Mount Tabor, he saw the whole Turkish army drawn up in order of battle. Fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand splendid cavalry moved down in majestic strength on this band of three thousand French. Kleber had scarcely time to throw his handful of men into squares, with the cannon at the angles, before those twelve thousand horse, making the earth smoke and tremble as they came, burst in a headlong gallop upon them.

2. "But round those steady squares rolled a fierce devouring fire, emptying the saddles of those wild horsemen with frightful rapidity, and strewing the earth with the bodies of riders and steeds together. Again and again did those splendid squadrons wheel, re-form, and charge with deafening shouts, while their uplifted and flashing scimitars gleamed like a forest of steel through the smoke of battle; but that same wasting fire received them, till those squares seemed bound by a girdle of flame, so rapid and constant were the discharges.

3. "Before their certain and deadly aim, as they stood fighting for existence, the charging squadrons fell so fast that a rampart of dead bodies was soon formed around the French squares. Behind this embankment of dead men and horses, this band of warriors fought for six dreadful hours, and was still steadily thinning the ranks of the enemy, when Napoleon, marching from the French camp before Acre, debouched with a single division on Mount Tabor and turned his eye below.

4. "What a scene met his gaze! The whole plain was filled with marching columns and charging squadrons of

wildly galloping steeds, while the thunder of cannon and fierce rattle of musketry—amid which were now and then heard the blast of thousands of trumpets and strains of martial music—filled the air. The smoke of battle was rolling furiously over the hosts, and all was confusion and chaos in his sight.

5. "Amid the twenty-seven thousand Turks that crowded the plain, and enveloped their enemy like a cloud, and amid the incessant discharge of artillery and musketry, Napoleon could tell where his own troops were struggling only by the steady, simultaneous volleys which showed how discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering numbers. The constant flashes from behind that rampart of dead bodies were like spots of flame on the tumultuous and chaotic field.

6. "Napoleon descended from Mount Tabor with his little band, while a single twelve-pounder, fired from the heights, told the wearied Kleber that he was rushing to the rescue. Then for the first time Kleber took the offensive, and, pouring his enthusiastic followers on the foe, carried death and terror over the field. Thrown into confusion and trampled under foot, the mighty Moslem army turbulently rolled back toward the Jordan, where Murat was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight.

7. "Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabred them down without mercy, and raged like a lion amid the prey. This chivalric and romantic warrior declared that the remembrance of the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor, and on these thrice-consecrated spots, came to him in the hottest of the fight, and nerved him with tenfold courage.

8. "As the sun went down over the plains of Palestine, and twilight shed its dim ray over the rent, and trodden, and dead-covered field, a sulphurous cloud hung around the summit of Mount Tabor. The smoke of battle had settled there where once the cloud of glory rested, while groans,

and shrieks, and cries, rent the air. Nazareth, Jordan, and Mount Tabor! what spots for battle-fields!"

J. T. Headley.

9. After passing around the eastern extremity of Mount Tabor, we turned southward, and at a distance of eight or nine miles found ourselves at Endor,—now a small village on the northern slope of "Little Hermon,"—noted as the scene of the battle with Sisera's host,^a and the place to which Saul was lured on his visit to the witch.^b Then we went on to Shunem, on the southern slope of the same mountain, the Philistines' place of encampment before the battle of Mount Gilboa.^c

10. A little beyond Shunem we could see—down the valley, only sixteen miles away—the eastern extremity of Mount Carmel, where Elijah called down fire from heaven upon the altar;^d and somewhere in the plain, as Prof. Howard told us, at the brook Kishon, one of the many feeders of the river of that name, Elijah caused the priests of Baal to be slain.^e

11. Four miles south of Shunem, on the north-western spur of Mount Gilboa, we came to the lofty and admirable site of Jezreel, now a village of a few miserable huts; here was once wicked King Ahab's summer palace, the supposed ruins of which the inhabitants of the village still point out. A little way down the mountain was Naboth's vineyard. Here, too, on the heights, Saul's army was posted before that last and fatal battle in which he and his sons were slain.^f

12. From Jezreel, which commands a grand view of the valley of that name,^g we passed eastward around Mount

^a Judges iv. 7, 13; v. 19, 21;—Psalm lxxxiii. 9.

^b 1st Sam. xxviii. 7.

^c 1st Sam. xxviii. 4.

^d 1st Kings xviii. 38–40.

^e 1st Sam. xxix.; xxxi.

^f *The Valley of Jezreel, or Plain of Esdrae'lon, the same as the*

Gilboa; then taking the road to She'chem, a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, we encamped near the town for the night, in the vicinity of "Joseph's Tomb" and "Jacob's Well." She'chem, which is now called Nab'lus by the Arabs, from the Roman name Neap'olis, is nestled in a valley slope between Mount Ger'izim on the east and Mount E'bal on the west; it abounds in historic associations, with references to which Prof. Howard occupied much of our time during the two days that we spent there.*

13. From She'chem we again directed our course to the valley of the Jordan, and the same day reached the supposed site of Gil'gal. After having in vain searched for the palm-trees that we expected to find there, we were forced to encamp on the barren plain for the night.

14. The next morning Prof. Howard remarked, that, very likely, we had been reposing on the very spot on which the children of Israel encamped when they passed over Jordan. Standing there, we saw Mount Nebo on the east, one of the peaks of the Pisgah range, "over against Jericho." From this mountain Moses viewed the promised land, which he was forbidden to enter. The plains of Moab, east of the Jordan, lay between us and Mount Nebo; and *somewhere*, in a valley beneath the shadow of the mountain, was the grave of the great Jewish prophet and law-giver,—but *where*, "no man knoweth unto this day."^b

Megiddo plain, and the Armaged'don of Revelation xvi. 16, stretches across the centre of Palestine, in a triangular form, from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. It was Israel's great battle-field with invaders. See Judges iv., vii.; 1st Samuel xxix., xxxi.; 2d Kings xxiii. 29.—Napoleon's battle-field below Mount Tabor was near the north-eastern angle of this plain.

* EXERCISE.—Write narrative of events connected with Shechem.—See Gen. xx. 6-7; xxxiii. 18-20; xxxv. 1-4; xlviii. 22;—Josh. xi. 7; xxiv. 1-25, 32;—Judges ix. 2, 3, 6, 21-45;—1st Kings xx. 1-25;—John iv. 5;—Acts vii. 16.

^b Deut. xxxiv. 6.

15. The Professor recited to us several pieces of poetry about the death and burial of Moses—for he knows all these things, about the Holy Land, by heart. Here are a few of the verses that he has kindly written off for me. The first one speaks of Moses looking down on the promised land, from Mount Pisgah :—

Death and Burial of Moses.

16. From Pisgah's top, his eye the prophet threw
O'er Jordan's wave, where Canaan met his view.
His sunny mantle and his hoary locks
Shone, like the robe of Winter, on the rocks.
Where is that mantle?—melted in the air.
Where is the prophet?—God can tell thee where.

Pierpont.

17. And here is another, which tells where GOD made the grave of Moses :—

When he, who from the scourge of wrong
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region, promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die,
God made his grave, to man unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,
And laid the aged seer alone
To slumber while the world grows old.

Bryant.

18. And here are three or four verses more which Prof. Howard wrote off for me. "So many poets," said he, "have written excellent poems upon the death and burial of Moses, that I should like to make more selections for you, if you had room for them in your letter."

19. By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

20. That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.

21. Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

22. And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall?
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall?—
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,—
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave?

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

23. Leaving the banks of the Jordan early in the morning, we passed over the ground on which the city of Jericho once stood, and found there only a few miserable Arab

huts, and one solitary tower of ancient times. I picked up, and carried away for our museum, a few bits of stone: they *may* have formed a part of the walls that fell down at the sound of the music of the rams' horns and the shouting of the multitude, when the priests of Levi carried the holy ark around the city. Prof. Howard read to us the Bible account of the taking of this Ca'naan-i-tish stronghold;^a and then he repeated to us some poetic accounts of the same, from which I have taken the following:—

24. "The sons of Levi round that city bear
The ark of God, their consecrated care;
And, in rude concert, each returning morn,
Blow the long trump, and wind the curling horn.
No blackening thunder smoked along the wall:
No earthquake shook it;—*Music* wrought its fall!"
Pierpont.

25. From Jericho our course lay westward, diverging from the Bethany road, over steep hills, and through deep valleys, for a distance of about eighteen miles, when, on reaching the summit of a hill higher than usual, and looking across an intervening valley, our eyes rested upon the holy city, Jerusalem!—"but not," said Prof. Howard, "the Jerusalem of old; for her pride and her glory are departed; and for more than three and a half centuries she has worn the chains of her Moslem rulers."

26. Then, as we stopped to gaze upon the city, so quietly slumbering there, her Turkish domes and minarets brilliant with the rays of the setting sun, while deep shadows—fitting emblems of her mourning—filled the valleys, the Professor repeated the following lines:—

"And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;

^a Joshua, ch. vi.

For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Sheki'nah* is dark where it shone."

Whittier.

27. From our elevated position, with our glasses we could recognize the Damascus gate, the one nearest us on



THE DAMASCUS GATE AT JERUSALEM.

the northern boundary of the city: within the city walls, toward the farther side, the famous Mosque of Omar, on Mount Moriah, rose prominently into view; and beyond the walls, on the east, the location of the Mount of Olives, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the site of the Garden of Geth-sem'a-ne, were pointed out to us,—places whose very names impressed us with feelings of awe and veneration.

* *Sheki'nah*: That miraculous light which was a symbol of the divine presence.

28. Having entered the city through the Damascus gate, we dismissed our Turkish escort, and the cavalcade of mules and their drivers that we had engaged at Beyrout. On arriving at our quarters we received our baggage, which had been sent us from Jaffa.

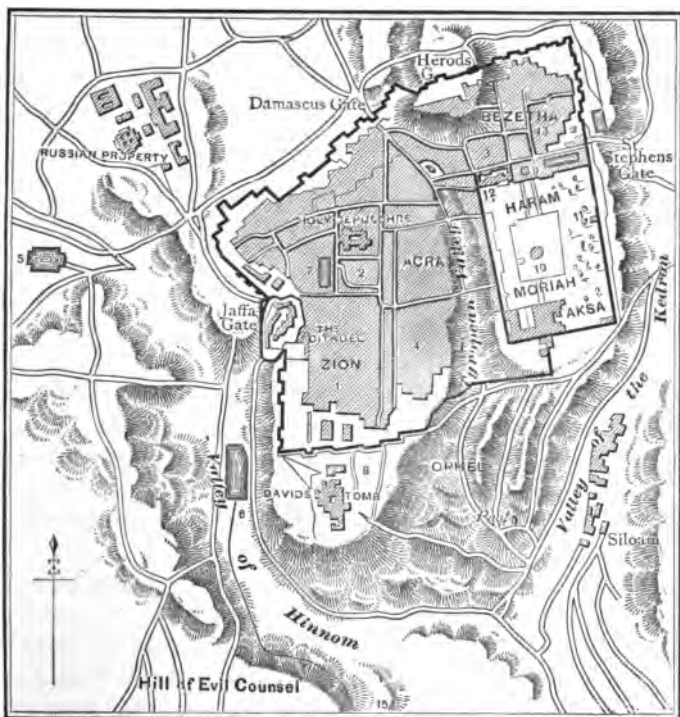
III.—*In and Around Jerusalem.*

1. I shall not attempt to describe to you the city of Jerusalem; but I send you a small map of it, from which you may gain some knowledge of its principal points of interest. The three months that we spent here were occupied in wandering over the city, surveying its monuments and ruins, visiting the tombs of departed greatness and glory, and in making short excursions into the country around; nor did I forget to gather numerous relics to add interest to our Lake-View Museum, and excite the wonder and admiration of Mr. Agnew's pupils. On these excursions we went on horseback, taking an extra mule or two for our tents and baggage.

2. In one excursion northward, about five miles from Jerusalem, we passed over the rocky height of Mizpeh,—higher than Jerusalem itself,—where Samuel anointed Saul King of Israel. Two or three miles farther north, we came to the hill of Gibeon, where was once “a great city, as one of the *royal* cities:”^a it is now an Arab village, with habitations made from the massive stone ruins. Then we passed on through the plain beyond: here occurred the battle against the five kings, and here Joshua, wanting more time to complete the slaughter of the enemy, called upon the Lord, and said in the sight of Israel, “Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon;” and “the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man: for the Lord fought for Israel.”^b

^a Joshua x. 2.

^b Joshua x. 12-14.



MAP OF JERUSALEM.—The principal hills within the city are known as Mts. Zion, Moriah, Acra, and Bezetha. The valley of the brook Kedron is also called the valley of Jehoshaphat. The "Har'am" is the Mohammedan sacred enclosure of Mt. Moriah.—*References.* 1. Armenian Quarter.—2. Christian Quarter.—3. Mohammedan Quarter.—4. Jewish Quarter.—5. Upper Pool of Gihon.—6. Lower Pool of Gihon.—7. Pool of Hezekiah.—8. Zion's Gate.—9. Bethesda.—10. Mosque of Omar.—11. Golden Gate.—12. Tower of Antoula.—13. Church of Pater Noster.—14. Absalom's Tomb.—15. Aceldama.—16. Jews' Walling-Place.

3. As we were talking about this wonderful event, Dr. Edson remarked, "It was a *miracle* for the sun to stand still." "But it is just as *wonderful*, when we think of it, that it should rise at all," replied Prof. Howard. "All we see is miracle,—only, these things have become so common, that we cease to regard them as such. I think

the poet was right when he said, '*All we behold is miracle.*'"

4. "Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire! But speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle: but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain."—*Cowper.*

5. We made a two days' excursion southward to Bethlehem, six miles from Jerusalem,—passing, on the way thither, through the valley of Hinnom, and along the plain of Re'phaim or Giants' valley.* We saw numerous olive groves, and vineyards, and orchards of fig-trees, and fields of wheat and barley already harvested.

6. When we reached a point from which Bethlehem could be seen in the distance, across the valley, we alighted from our horses, which we gave into the care of our Arab attendants, and sat down upon a grassy knoll, beneath some palm-trees, to gaze upon the scene at our leisure. We sat there for some minutes, no one saying a word, when the Professor slowly and impressively repeated the following lines:—

- "Lo! Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and *there*
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air."—*Whittier.*

7. "That, again, is from the *sweetest* of our American poets," said Dr. Edson.

Then the Professor reminded us that probably in some part of this very plain of Bethlehem—and perhaps in some spot that we were looking down upon—the “shepherds watched their flocks by night,” and heard “good tidings of great joy.”

8. He spoke of the angel's appearing to the shepherds, as told in the second chapter of Luke,—and also of the “*multitude* of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.” Then he repeated the following description of the heavenly host, as they were seen coming in the clouds, and singing their song of glory:—

9. “For see! along the deep-blue arch
A glory breaks; and now a throng,
From where the sparkling planets march,
Comes trooping down with shout and song;
And o'er those pastures, bathed in light,
The sacred legions stay their wing,
While on the wakeful ear of night
Steals the rich hymn that seraphs sing.
And sweetly thus the mellow accents ran,—
'Glory to God, Good Will and Peace to Man!'"

Tappan.

10. On reaching Bethlehem we found it a town on a rocky summit, full of chapels and other memorials of holy men; for Bethlehem was the birthplace and city of David, and not only the birthplace of Jesus, but also the scene of his ascension; and, far back in the history of Judah, it was the scene of the beautiful story of Ruth. Here, also, once stood the house of Simeon; and, a little north of the village, in a rocky hill-side, is what is known as the tomb of Rachel,—a small stone building surmounted by a plastered dome, with a room adjoining designed as a place of prayer.

11. On the outskirts of the present town, a splendid

church, erected more than fifteen centuries ago by the empress Helena, stands on the spot where, it is supposed, Jesus was born; and within the church is a marble manger which is said to have replaced the wooden one, long since decayed. We found that nearly all the inhabitants of Bethlehem are Christians, as they ever have been since the time of the Saviour; and they carry on quite a thriving business in carving beads, crucifixes, and models of the Holy Sepulchre, some of which we bought of them. I have a fine one for the Lake-View Musé'um.

12. We also went out to Bethany, the scene of many events of exceeding interest in the life of the Saviour. It is beyond the Mount of Olives, on the eastern slope, only two miles south-east from the walls of Jerusalem. It is now a poor little village, made up of houses of stone, built from the ancient ruins, and containing only about twenty families; but the palm-trees still grow in luxuriance around it, and even among the ruins of the ancient town. The monks showed us the supposed sites of the houses of Lazarus, Mary and Martha, Simon the leper, and Mary Magdalene. What tradition calls the tomb of Lazarus, hewn in the rock, was also pointed out.

13. As we wore on the point of leaving the place, some one asked the Professor whether the poet Whittier had not written something about Bethany, also. The answer was given in the following lines:—

“And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?
I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where *they* stood with the CHOSEN of God;
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons were taught;
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was wrought.”

14. One day, as we were returning to our quarters after visiting the Mosque of Omar, we observed a number

of Jewish men, women, and children, gathered on the western side of the wall that encloses Mount Moriah, and apparently engaged in some solemn religious service. We were told that this secluded spot is known as "the Jews' Wailing-Place," and that every Friday afternoon they assemble here, often to the number of several hundred, to bewail the misfortunes of their people, and the departed glory of their nation.

15. Some were sitting on the bare pavement, some were



THE JEWS' WAILING-PLACE.

standing, some were leaning against the massive wall, and some were weeping freely; but most of them, with old books in hand, were reading aloud the lamentations long since composed by their poets for this purpose. "It is a sad spectacle to witness," remarked Prof. Howard,—“here

in Jerusalem itself, the very centre of Israel's former power and glory; and our hearts cannot fail to go out in sympathy for this sorely-stricken people."

16. At Jerusalem we made the acquaintance of several intelligent shēiks who often visit there; and among them was a very learned and worthy man, Bou Akbar by name, the shēik or chief of an Arab tribe that dwelt in one of the valleys of Lebanon, on the northern borders of Palestine.

17. I listened with great interest to Bou Akbar, as from time to time he narrated, in broken English, to Prof. Howard and Dr. Edson, interesting incidents in his history; and when I found that the Professor had written out a sketch of his life, I asked and obtained permission to copy a part of it which I thought would make an interesting story by itself. I intend to send it with this letter; and then my Lake-View friends may read it at their Reading Club, if they think it of sufficient importance for that distinction.

18. I also send you a map of Palestine, with our route, thus far, marked on it. Mr. Agnew can fill out the remainder of our route, when we have completed it; and perhaps he will draw, from this, a large map, to be hung up in the school-room. [*See Map facing title-page.*]

19. This finished the reading of Freddy's letter,—all except the story of Bou Akbar, the reading of which Uncle Philip thought it would be well to postpone until another evening. But as Nelly Hardy asked, "May not Mr. Agnew read that story now?" and as others were anxious to hear it at once, general consent was given; and Mr. Agnew proceeded with the reading, as follows:—

CHAPTER XXII.—THE STORY OF BOU AKBAR.

1. Bou Akbar was a wealthy and learned shēik of the district of Lebanon; and, although reared in the Moham-medan faith, and accounted a true Moslem by those who did not know him intimately, his extensive reading and study had early led him to reject the teachings of the Koran, and the traditions of the Moslem prophet.

2. As frequently happens with those who lose their faith in the religion in which they were educated, ere long Bou Akbar began to regard all religions as alike unworthy the belief of the wise and learned, and fit only for the ignorant and vulgar:

3. He prided himself upon the integrity of his conduct, and the strict justice with which he administered the affairs of his little government; and no man could say that Bou Akbar had ever oppressed the poor, or wronged his neighbor. His life was, indeed, a model of uprightness in all his relations toward his fellow-men; and it was both his pride and his ambition to make it such. It was more than that;—it was his religion, also.

4. He had studied the Christian Scriptures with all the interest of a scholar; he admired their precepts, as far superior to those of the Koran; he was familiar with Jewish history; and he loved to visit the places which had been rendered memorable in the lives of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the Saviour.

5. In one of the annual excursions through Palestine, which he was so fond of making, he had visited Jerusalem for the fifth time; had made the circuit of the walls of the city, as usual; and had lingered, with unabated interest, around all the places of historic celebrity, both within and without the city; but he loved far less to dwell upon the splendors of the Mosque of Omar, with its extensive and beautiful grounds, than to climb the Mount of Olives, or to

sit, by the hour, in contemplation, by the pools of Silō'am and Bethes'da.

6. Returning homeward, with his Arab retainers, by way of the valley of the Jordan, though diverging from his route to visit, first, the site of ancient Jericho,—next, the little village where Shiloh once stood, then, Mounts Gilboa and Tabor,—and, finally, Nazareth, so long the residence of Jesus and his early disciples,—he reached the shores of the Sea of Galilee, near the town of Tiberias. It was already past noonday, as, weary with travel, he threw himself upon a grassy slope beneath a spreading fig-tree, which stood on the very borders of the lake, while his attendants pitched their camp at a little distance, in a grove of palm-trees.

7. The monotonous murmur of the waves, as they broke in measured cadence upon the sandy shore, soon lulled Bou Akbar into a gentle slumber; and, as he passed away into dream-land, new scenes opened to him, tinged, as dreams always are, with the realities of the present. It seemed to him that he was one of the subjects of a great and good king, who ruled over a happy people. The country in which they lived was filled with everything that could please the eye, or gratify the taste, or charm the fancy.

8. The trees hung low their branches, weighed down with the most luscious fruits, of which all were invited to partake; and the earth yielded her harvests freely to all that would gather them. There were cooling fountains, clear as crystal, in shady nooks throughout all the land; purling streams lent their silvery music to the glades; and the groves echoed to the notes of the feathered songsters.

9. There were no chilling frosts there; no wintry blasts; but perpetual summer reigned in the paradise of plenty which the wise and good king had given to his beloved people. And all that the king required of his subjects in return for the blessings which he bestowed upon them, was,

that they should love and honor him, and be good to one another.

10. But it happened that some of these people became discontented; and they said, one to another, "Why should we have this king to rule over us? Let us have a government of our own, and then we will render homage to none, but do whatever seemeth good in our own eyes."

11. So they rebelled against the good king, and thought to throw off the allegiance which he required of them. And Bou Akbar was one of this number. But the king, whose earnest desire was to make his people happy, was forced to banish his rebellious subjects, and send them away in exile into a distant country, between which and the happy land there was a broad and dark sea, often swept by raging tempests, and whose bounds no one of the king's subjects knew.

12. The land of exile was a barren region,—a sterile tract of drifting sands and desert wastes, bordered, inland, by rugged and inaccessible mountain ranges. There were no purling streams, no shady groves and feathered songsters, no crystal fountains, no luscious fruits; the brackish waters, scooped from hollows in the sands, scarcely allayed the thirst of the wretched exiles, while a few bitter roots, gathered with much toil, and an occasional shell-fish picked up on the sea-shore, furnished them the most scanty subsistence.

13. And yet when the good king sent messengers to them, inviting them to return to the happy land, that they might again partake of his bounty, and promising them a free pardon if they would only acknowledge his authority and submit to his mild rule over them, they indignantly spurned the proposals; and when he sent others, and even begged and entreated them to return, they put to death some of his messengers, and sent the others back with even greater indignity than before.

14. But Bou Akbar at length began to see the folly of

this conduct; and a desire to return to the good king, and the happy land, gradually took possession of his soul. Then he spoke to some of his fellow-exiles on the subject; but they reproached him, and with cursing and threats drove him from them.

15. So he wandered alone by the sea-shore, often nearly starving, and forsaken by his former companions, who in reproach called him *the pilgrim*. It seemed to him that he was as wretched as mortal man could be, but most wretched from the remembrance of his former sinful folly, in joining the rebellious crew in a mad revolt against their good and loving king.

16. As he thus wandered, wretched and forlorn, straining his eyes in gazing seaward in the direction of the happy land, it seemed as if he could now and then discern, on the very horizon's verge, the dim outline of the distant shore; and then the rolling waves would shut it out from view; but, the more intently he gazed, the oftener it seemed to reappear, and the nearer it seemed to be.

17. At length there did really seem to be a long line of coast constantly visible across the waters; and, after long-continued gazing, it seemed to grow more and more distinct, and to assume forms that began to grow familiar to him, as those of hills and dales in the happy land; and now and then he seemed to catch sight of what might be the white sail of a tiny boat in the distance; but when he sought to point out these things to those who came down to the shore to laugh at his delusion, they could see nothing before them but a wide waste of rolling waters, with not even a sea-gull to break the monotony of the scene.

18. Yet, day after day, the distant shore seemed to the pilgrim, as he gazed with a longing more and more intense, to grow plainer and plainer, and nearer and nearer; and when the tide was out, so shallow seemed the waters, he thought he might, by wading in some places, and by

swimming in others, regain the happy land, now the sole object of his longing desire.

19. So, one day, taking advantage of the receding tide, he entered upon the task, boldly confident of success; but after proceeding some little distance,—now wading, now swimming, now sinking in the quicksands, and anon cutting himself on the flinty rocks, while all the time the distant coast-line grew dimmer to his view,—the ebbing tide forced him back, and he was thrown, half drowned, torn, bleeding, and exhausted, upon the sands.

20. Still his resolution, and his confidence in his own resources, did not desert him; and from some broken planks that had drifted on the beach he essayed to build a boat that should take him safely over; but when he had launched it, he found that the rudder could not be relied on; the planks had become so shrunken by the burning sun of that torrid clime, that gaping seams opened, and let in the water; and the wretched craft drifted about at the mercy of the winds and waves, until the poor pilgrim was again glad to regain a footing even on that hated exile shore.

21. But, though cast down, and almost worn out with fasting, and weary days of toil and watching, and sleepless nights, he would not yet give up in utter despair. Looking eastward, far along the coast-line of that barren land, he thought he descried a promontory in the dim distance, that, when lighted up by the beams of the morning sun, seemed to project far out into the waters, while the shore of the happy land seemed almost to touch its sides, leaving a channel so narrow that one might almost step across.

22. To gain that promontory—that distant headland, which seemed to him so near the haven of all his hopes, now became the one object of his wishes and his toil; but he knew that it lay even beyond the mountain ranges that hemmed in the land of his exile. Yet, not despairing, over trackless wastes of burning sands; over flinty rocks, and thorny shrubs; up mountain steeps; and, at length, through

dark and dangerous forest defiles, and often on the brink of yawning precipices, in constant danger of robbers by day and ravenous wild beasts by night, the barefoot, weary, but ever hopeful pilgrim made his way.

23. As, from time to time, from some hill-top, or through some opening in the forest, he caught glimpses of the sea, and the still dim outlines of the happy land beyond, he noticed, afar off on the waters, that little gleam of white that he had seen before, as if it might be a speck of foam, or the wing of a sea-bird; and now, at length, for the first time, it seemed to keep pace with his movements.

24. At last he reached the desired promontory, and descended through the dense forest undergrowth to its base, when, lo! the outlines of the happy land were seen still dim in the shadowy distance; and for the first time he felt his utter inability to reach the haven of all his hopes by unaided efforts of his own; and, as he sank down upon the flinty shore in despair, he exclaimed, "Is there no helping hand for me?—no arm to save?"

25. At that moment, looking seaward, he again discerned the white speck in the distance; but as it rapidly drew nearer it grew larger and larger, and he now saw that it was, indeed, a boat, with its sail of snowy whiteness; and, lo! a figure robed in white, and on his head a silken turban of the most brilliant scarlet, such as the great and good king's "Messenger of Good Tidings" always wore, was standing at the prow, and directing the boat's movements right down upon the place on which the pilgrim was lying.

26. Nearer—nearer—nearer it came; and at length a voice of heavenly sweetness, as if the Son of Man had spoken, was borne to him over the waters—"Wilt thou trust to me?" As the pilgrim started to his feet in wonder and amazement, and with all the buoyancy of new-born hope, with outstretched arms he exclaimed, "I will! I will!"

27. "Come unto me, then," was borne back to him in tones of the same silvery sweetness; and he essayed, but

with failing courage and with fearful and timid steps, to walk upon the waters. As he felt that he was sinking, he called out, with almost the energy of despair, "Lord, save, or I perish!"

28. The effort awoke him. Bou Akbar was lying in the shadow of the fig-tree, where he had fallen asleep, and the dark waters of the Sea of Galilee were still breaking, in their usual sluggish motion, upon the sands at his feet. A little way off, under the clustering palms, the Arabs were chanting a hymn, in that low monotonous rhythm so peculiar to all Arab music, and which here harmonized so well with the measured cadence of the waves.

29. His ear caught only the last lingering notes of the hymn, which was known as "The Angels' Welcome Home,"—a hymn that has appeared in an English translation, the last lines having been rendered as follows:—

"As Jesus turned his radiant face,
Once more to bid me come,
I heard a chorus of glad songs,—
The Angels' *Welcome Home!*"

For the followers of Mohammed believe in Jesus as an ascended prophet, who still—with the other great prophets, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Mohammed—points the way, for all true believers, to the homes of the blessed, where the angels' song of welcome awaits them.

30. The dream,—the Sea of Galilee, around which clustered so many touching recollections of sacred story,—the hymn, so peculiarly adapted to his feelings and his situation,—all made a great impression upon Bou Akbar; and, when we met him, he seemed to be fast yielding to the Christian's ground of hope, and the Christian's Saviour.

CHAPTER XXIII.—AROUND THE WORLD.—NO. 12.

FROM JERUSALEM TO JAFFA.

Although it is more than three months since we received Freddy's last letter, dated at Jerusalem, yet the next one, mailed at Jaffa, we introduce here, without an intervening chapter.

I.—*Hebron, and the Valley of Elah.*

1. On our departure from Jerusalem for the sea-coast, on the 8th of November, we passed out of the Jaffa or Beth-



LOOKING ACROSS THE VALLEY OF HINNOM TO THE WESTERN WALLS OF
JERUSALEM.

lehem gate, and down the valley of Hinnom, here called the valley of Gihon, past the lower pool of that name.

Here, looking across the valley to the city's western walls, we had our final view of Jerusalem. This view is well represented in the drawing that I send you. Just over the wall, beyond the little square building in the foreground, is the lower pool of Gihon, now represented as being dry.

2. Continuing in a southerly direction, we passed near Bethlehem again, and then onward, through a deep and narrow valley, to Hebron, first known as the "city of the Anakim," and afterwards so celebrated as the place in which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob dwelt, and in which they were buried. Here, also, twenty miles south of Jerusalem, David was anointed king over Israel; it is believed that he composed many of his Psalms here; and here Absalom, having stolen "the hearts of the men of Israel," raised the standard of rebellion against his father.*

3. We pitched our tent a short distance north of the city, near an ancient oak-tree, very large and very beautiful, which the people claim as the tree of Abraham, and where they say his tent was pitched when he came to dwell in the plain of Mamre. From this point we had a fine view of the country around us. Prof. Howard said he regretted that we were not here in May, the time of the wheat and barley harvest, for at that season he had seen the grassy slopes of the valley occupied by numerous threshing-floors, upon which the grain was trodden out by cattle, and winnowed by hand.

4. The owners of the crops, he said, came every night and slept upon their threshing-floors to guard them. This reminded us of the scene mentioned in the book of Ruth, where Boaz is mentioned as winnowing barley in his threshing-floor, and laying himself down at night to guard

* EXERCISE.—Write narrative of events connected with Hebron. See Gen. xiii. 18; xxiii. 2, 9, 19; xxxv. 27; xlix. 29-33; i. 13;—Josh. xv. 13; xiv. 15; xx. 7; xxi. 11, 13;—Judges i. 10;—Num. xiii. 21-24;—2d Sam. ii. 1-4; v. 5; xv. 7-12;—Neh. xi. 25.

the heaps of corn.* And probably the fields of Boaz were between Hebron and Bethlehem,—and perhaps we passed over them.

5. Starting from Hebron early in the morning, and taking a north-westerly direction for Jaffa, before mid-day we were travelling in the valley of Elah; and a little north of Sho'choh, about eighteen or twenty miles from Jerusalem, we sat down to our noonday meal by a little brook supposed to be the one from which the stripling David "chose five smooth stones," with one of which he slew Goliath of Gath; for, as the Bible narrative tells us, the brook was in the middle of the valley, and Saul and the men of Israel were on the one side of the valley, and the Philistines on the other.^b

6. When we had finished our noonday meal, Prof. Howard read to us the history of these events from the seventeenth chapter of the First Book of Samuel; then, standing in the shade of an olive-tree near by, he read to us, from a pocket volume of poems and dramas relating to historic scenes and incidents in the Holy Land, the following supposed speech of the proud and haughty Philistine, when he came out from the Philistine ranks and defied the armies of Israel:—

II.—*Speech of the Philistine Chief.*

1. Where is the mighty man of war, who dares
Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?
What victor king, what general drenched in blood,
Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?
What proud credentials does the boaster bring
To prove his claim? What cities laid in ashes,

* Ruth iii. 2-14. Corn was the term applied to wheat, barley, etc.

^b 1st Sam. xvii.—The valley of Elah, Sho'choh (now Suwei'keh), and the very brook itself, have all been well identified.

What ruined provinces, what slaughtered realms,
What heads of heroes, or what hearts of kings,
In battle killed, or at his altar slain,
Has he to boast?

2. Is his bright armory
Thick set with spears, and swords, and coats of mail
Of vanquished nations, by his single arm
Subdued? Where is the mortal man so bold,
So much a wretch, so out of love with life,
To dare the weight of this uplifted spear,
Which never fell innoxious?

3. Yet I swear,
I grudge the glory to his parting soul
To fall by this right hand. 'Twill sweeten death
To know he had the honor to contend
With the dread son of Anak. Latest time
From blank oblivion shall retrieve *his* name
Who dared to perish in unequal fight
With Gath's triumphant champion. Come, advance.
Philistia's gods to Israel's. Sound, my herald,
Sound for the battle straight.

4. Then, after telling how David went forward, and accepted the challenge, and how the Philistine *despised* him, and *cursed* him, and told him he would twist his spear in the fair stripling's shining locks, and toss his mangled limbs to the vultures to feed upon, the Professor gave the following as the speech of David:—

III.—*Speech of the Stripling David.*

1. Ha! say'st thou so? Come on then. Mark us well.
Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, and shield;

tians of the town say that the name commemorates forty Christian martyrs who were buried on the spot; but the Mohammedans claim that forty companions of the Prophet lie there at rest.

2. Early the next morning we ascended this tower; and, as the sun arose, a view presented itself to us, rarely surpassed in any of the valleys of Italy or the Rhine. Nestling among the hills on the north-east, were numerous large villages, and these were studded with domes and minarets, which reflected back the rays of the rising sun, and revealed to us the mountains of Judah and the plains of Sharon in all their richness and beauty. Prof. Howard reminded us of the numerous herds that once fed in these valleys,^a and of the roses and lilies that grew here,^b so that the "excellency" of Sharon became a by-word among the people.^c

3. The same day we reached the ancient Joppa, now called Jaffa, which is a port on the Mediterranean, about thirty-five miles north-west of Jerusalem. It was in ancient times, and is now, the port of Jerusalem; it was the landing-place of the cedars with which the Temple in that city was built; for Hiram king of Tyre sent a letter to king Solomon, saying, We will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need, and we will bring it thee in floats by sea to Joppa, and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem.

4. Jonah took passage in a ship from this place when "he fled from the presence of the Lord;" and it was here that Peter resided, in the house of "Simon the tanner," when he had that wonderful vision which revealed to him the duty of preaching Christianity to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews.^d

5. We found Jaffa a town of ten thousand inhabitants, one-half of whom are Christians. It is situated on a

^a 1 Chron. xxvii. 29.

^c Isa. xxxv. 2.

^b Cant. ii. 1.

^d Acts xi. 5-18.

rounded hill dipping down, on the west, into the Mediterranean, and surrounded, on the land side, by groves whose oranges are the best in Palestine or Syria. But the town is a labyrinth of blind alleys and wretched lanes and streets.

6. We found our steamer awaiting us in the harbor;— and here terminate our wanderings in this, the most renowned of all the regions of the earth. On the map of Palestine, which I have sent you, you may trace the route we have taken, and note the more important places visited by us. [*See Map facing title-page.*]

CHAPTER XXIV.—A LETTER FROM RALPH DUNCAN.

I.—*Ralph, and Philip Barto.*

1. In a letter recently received from Ralph Duncan, he informs us that he has finished his law studies, has passed the usual legal examination, and been admitted to practise as an attorney and counsellor in all the courts of the State. He expresses himself as under very great obligations to Messrs. Barnard and Weston, who, he says, have aided him, in every possible way, in acquiring a thorough knowledge of his profession.

2. A little incident that occurred in the practice of the firm, seems destined to exert a controlling influence over Ralph's future career. The firm had an important suit involving the validity of a patent, in which the application of some of the principles of mechanics was in dispute; and they were surprised to find that Ralph was quite familiar both with the principles and their application; for his ever inquisitive mind had led him, while a factory-boy, to study the operations of all the machinery at Lake-View that fell

under his notice, and to investigate their principles from books which he found in the Factory library.

3. Ralph's aid in the suit was so valuable, that Barnard and Weston have advised him to continue his studies in mechanics, with the view of becoming a scientific expert, and of growing into a practice, in the United States courts, as a "patent" lawyer,—the most lucrative branch of the profession, they said, to one fully competent to engage in it.

4. Ralph is inclined to follow their advice, although not to the extent of neglecting the criminal-law practice, from which he said he would never shrink when it might enable him to defend the innocent, and right the wrongs of the oppressed, whether it should be financially profitable to him, or not.

5. It seems that Philip Barto, who has been in the office of Barnard and Weston during the past year, is anxious to remain with Ralph, wherever Ralph may locate; and Dr. Barto has offered to fit up and furnish an office for Ralph, if he will go to Philadelphia, and let Philip finish his studies with him,—for the Doctor has the greatest confidence in Ralph's good influence over his son, as it seems already to have turned him from the downward path of intemperance, in which he was too plainly walking.

II.—*An Evening with the Lawyers.*

1. Ralph's letter gives an interesting account of a meeting of several lawyer friends at the house of Mr. Weston, at which both Ralph and Philip were present, by invitation. After supper the conversation chanced to turn upon legal subjects; and many anecdotes of the bench and bar, bearing chiefly upon the integrity of judges, and the principles that should govern members of the bar in their professional intercourse with one another, were related. Ralph had written out these stories, in full, in his very interesting letter, and we have selected a few for insertion here.

2. One of the company present, a Mr. M. from Ohio, in speaking of the mistaken ambition, often seen in young lawyers, to be very *eloquent* in addressing the court, related the following incident:—

3. Judge P., of the Supreme Court of the State, was a noted wag. On one occasion a young lawyer, making his first effort before him, had soared, on the wings of his imagination, far into the upper regions, and was seemingly preparing for a higher ascent, when the judge struck his gavel two or three times on the desk, exclaiming to the astonished orator,—

“Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Do not go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of *this* court.”

4. Another guest told this story:—

The Integrity of Judges.

In England the state robes of judges and magistrates are lined with ermine, which is regarded as emblematical of purity; hence the expression, “the purity of the judicial ermine,” has long been a proverbial saying. A judge who is fit for the office, and who values his reputation, will sedulously avoid anything that can cast the shadow of suspicion upon his judicial integrity.

5. The integrity of Judge Sewall, of Massachusetts, like that of Chief-Justice Marshall, has often been spoken of by members of the legal profession. It is related that, on one occasion, when he was away from home holding court, he went into a hatter's to purchase a pair of second-hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The store-keeper laid a couple before him, when the judge asked, “What is your price?”

6. “If they will answer your purpose,” replied the other, “you may have them, and welcome.”

The judge, upon hearing this, laid them down, and, bowing politely, was leaving the store, upon which the man said to him,—

"Pray, sir, your honor has forgotten the principal object of your visit."

7. "By no means," answered the judge. "If you please to set a price, I am ready to purchase; but ever since I have occupied a seat on the bench, I have studiously avoided receiving any present, to the value of a single penny, lest at some future period of my life it might, possibly, have some tendency to influence my judgment."

8. Another incident, bearing upon the same subject, was related concerning Judge B., one of the Western New York judges.

At the Genesee Circuit Court, Judge B. was hearing a case in which one of the parties happened to be a namesake of his. During the trial, the party, having an opportunity, and probably thinking to gain some advantage by it, approached the judge and said,—

"We are of the same name, judge. I've been making inquiries, and find we are distantly related to each other."

9. "Ah!" said the judge, "is that so? Are you sure of it?"

"Oh yes," said he, "no doubt of it."

"Well," said the judge, "I'm very glad to hear that—*very glad indeed*. I shall get rid of your case: I shall dismiss it; because I cannot sit in a case if I am related to one of the parties."

10. This was a little more than the party had bargained for; and he was now anxious to get out of the dilemma in which he had involved himself.

Seeking an opportunity to meet the judge again, soon after, "I think, judge," said he, "I was mistaken. I have been making some further inquiries, and I find that we are of quite different families, and not at all related."

11. "Ah!" said the judge, "is that so?"

"Oh yes," said he, "I am certain of it."

"Well," replied the judge, in a very emphatic tone, "I'm

glad to learn that—*very glad*; for I should hate to be related to a man mean enough to attempt to influence the court as you have done."

12. Mr. F., a distinguished lawyer, being next called upon, spoke as follows:—

Courtesy of the Profession.

It not unfrequently happens, said he, that lawyers condescend to indulge in the reprehensible practice of brow-beating and attempting to confuse an honest witness of the opposite party; and they sometimes attempt to disconcert an opposing counsel, by petty tricks, that are, to say the least, ungentlemanly,—a violation of that gentlemanly courtesy which members of the legal profession should always extend to one another. It happens, also, that lawyers, when addressing a jury, are sometimes annoyed by petty tricks of those outside of the profession. But this is a dangerous practice for those indulging in it, for the lawyer, having the floor, has an opportunity to retaliate on the spot, which he may do with terrible efficiency. A case of the latter kind, on the part of an annoying defendant, once met with a rebuke so well merited, that I think the relation of it may perhaps be a suggestive lesson to our young legal friends here—(bowing to Philip and myself). He then related the following incident:—

13. The celebrated American lawyer and statesman, Alexander J. Dallas, was at one time arguing an important will case before the Chancellor, at Trenton, New Jersey, in which a man of some distinction, whom I will call Mr. H., was the defendant. Mr. Dallas was standing immediately opposite the Chancellor, at a table some three feet wide, on the opposite side of which sat Mr. H. The latter, with his head resting on his hand, was looking directly in the face of the speaker, his countenance wearing an expression of mingled rage and anxiety, which he endeavored to conceal by a sort of sickly, provoking, and exceedingly annoy-

ing smile. All at once Mr. Dallas ceased speaking: a breathless silence of about half a minute succeeded, when the following episode took place.

14. "Mr. Chancellor," he resumed, "ever since the commencement of my argument, in which I have endeavored, to the best of my ability, to trace and expose this most atrocious attempt to defraud my clients of their rightful inheritance, this man, the defendant, who, during the whole of this trial, has exhibited an effrontery that I have rarely seen equalled, has chosen to place himself in most offensive proximity to my person, and, in the hope, I presume, that he may embarrass me, has been smiling and smirking in my face.

15. "May it please your honor, smiles are as multiform as the characters and dispositions of men. There is the smile of conscious innocence, which sparkles in the eye and mantles on the cheek, and, wherever encountered, it exerts a power that is always irresistible. Whether in the marble palace or the lowly cottage, that heaven-born smile unconsciously challenges, and as surely receives, the instinctive homage of every true-hearted man.

16. "But, sir, there is another smile, and of a far different character. It is that which the blackest villany can assume when it would hide the loathsomeness of its own deformity. It is that which sat upon the features of the regicide Claudius, whom Hamlet, if my memory serves me, thus apostrophizes:—

'Oh! villain, villain, smiling, dam'ned villain!

My tables^a—meet it is I set it down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain!"

17. Upon bench, bar, and auditory, the effect of this withering rebuke, deriving its force not more from the

^a *My tables*,—meaning, his memorandum book, in which Hamlet was going to "set it down, *that one may smile, and smile, and be a villain!*" Claudius had secretly killed the king, Hamlet's father.

words than from the manner of the speaker, was electrical; and the pitiable creature against whom it was directed; his face reddening to the very roots of his hair, seized his hat, and, elbowing his way through the dense crowd, made his escape, and was seen no more in that court-room. Mr. Dallas gained the case.

18. At the conclusion of this anecdote, another member of the party, Mr. S., said the incident reminded him of a very happy and just retort upon the presiding judge, once made by the celebrated Irish barrister, John Philpot Curran. The judge, Robinson by name, was the author of some stupid and scurrilous political pamphlets, and by his demerits, and servility to the party in power, had been raised to the eminence which he disgraced. On one occasion, when the barrister was arguing a case before him, he had the brutality to reproach Curran with his poverty, by telling him that he suspected "his law library was rather contracted."

19. "It is true, my lord," said Curran, with dignified respect, "that I am poor; and the circumstance has, certainly, somewhat curtailed my library: my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with a proper disposition. I have prepared myself for this high profession, rather by the study of a few good works, than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained reputation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible!"

CHAPTER XXV.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 13. TO EGYPT.I.—*From Jaffa to Alexandria.*

1. Leaving Jaffa early in the morning of a pleasant day in November, we steamed away to the south-west for Alexandria, and soon passed out of sight of land. As a special favor we had taken on board a company of Turks who were going to Egypt, and thence on a pilgrimage to Mecca. They wore white turbans and baggy trousers; they had long, flowing beards; and some of them had knives and pistols in their belts, as if they expected to fight their way to the tomb of the Prophet.

2. But what most interested us on the voyage, was the care with which all performed their religious rites at the appointed times; for, five times each day,—at sunrise, at noon, at four in the afternoon, at sunset, and at nightfall,—one of their number, called the *muezzin*, would ascend the upper deck, and, in a wailing tone, would call the hour of prayer; and then every true Mussulman, wherever he might be, would stand up, turn his face toward Mecca, and reverently bow his head and worship.

3. During the evening of that day, Prof. Howard prepared us for our visit to the country we were approaching, by a brief account of its monuments and ruins, and a rapid sketch of Egyptian history. "When I first set foot on the soil of Africa,—and in Egypt, too," said he, "I could not help reflecting that I was in the land of the Phā'ra-ōhs, out of which Moses led the Israelites more than three thousand years ago. All the strange events of the Egyptian bondage,—the plagues of Egypt, the deliverance of the Israelites, and the destruction of Phā'ra-ōh and his host in the waters of the Red Sea,—as I had read of them in my childhood, crowded upon my memory, and gave rise to

feelings almost of awe, as if I were standing in the very presence of those wonderful realities."

4. After a pleasant night's rest, all of our party arose early the next morning, to catch the first glimpse of the Egyptian shore. The day broke beautifully, but, as yet, no coast-line was visible. Far away, just on the verge of the southern horizon, a seemingly bright star was shining, which a Turkish sailor on board told us was the renowned Pharos, the light-house of Alexandria, one of the seven wonders of the world!

5. "But we know," said Dr. Edson, "that *that* particular light-house, which was four hundred feet high, and was completed two hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, was destroyed by an earthquake nearly five hundred years ago." This twinkling star shone from a more modern light-house. "Pompey's Pillar," as it is falsely called, seemed to rise out of the water, and then the domes and minarets of the city of Alexandria appeared in view, gilded by the rays of the rising sun.

6. Soon a pilot-boat reaches us, to conduct the steamer into the harbor. The crew are Nubians. The pilot is a swarthy Egyptian, and he is clad in a loose robe of cotton, with red slippers and a white turban. We enter the harbor, and thread our way through a maze of shipping, small boats, and barges. On reaching the pier we are met by an army of Egyptian boys and donkeys, for donkeys are the omnibuses of Egypt. There is a great clamoring for passengers, but we have secured carriages in advance for our whole party, and, passing into the great European square,—or square of Mo'he-met Ä'li,—we reach our hotel, and are soon domiciled in Alexandria, in season for a late breakfast.

II.—*The Battle of the Nile.*

1. During our twelve days' stay here we went out, some distance north-east of Alexandria, to the Bay of Ab-ôu-kir',

and Prof. Howard pointed out to us the positions of the French and English fleets—the latter under the command of Admiral Nelson—during the great “Battle of the Nile,” on the afternoon and night of the 1st of August, in the year 1798. An Egyptian guide, who went out with us, told us that thousands of Egyptians and Arabs lined the shores of the bay, spectators of the terrible conflict that was raging on those hitherto peaceful waters.

2. Prof. Howard read to us a description of this great naval conflict, by the historian Alison, from which it appears that “for a time, during the battle, the darkness of night was lighted only by the flashes of the guns; and that it was amid the roar of two thousand cannon that the great French ship, the *Orient*, which had taken fire, blew up with an explosion so tremendous as to drown the roar of battle, and shake every ship in the hostile fleets to its centre. An awful silence followed, and for some minutes the firing ceased on both sides; but the conflict was soon renewed, and it continued until the French fleet was almost totally destroyed.”

3. The Professor related to us the story of *Casa Bianca*, the captain of the *Orient*, who was killed in the battle, and he told us of the heroic conduct of his little son, only ten years of age, who, after his father was killed, refused to quit the burning ship, though a gunboat came alongside to take him off. On our return to our quarters in Alexandria, Prof. Howard read to us accounts of this famous battle from the historian Alison and others; and he also read to us Mrs. Hemans's touching poem, entitled *Casabianca*.

4. I had read that poem, perhaps a hundred times, and almost knew it by heart; but when I heard it read after looking upon the very spot where the vessel went down, and could imagine all the details of that terrific night scene,—the roar of battle—the flames of the burning ship lighting up the whole harbor—the crowds of the astonished

Arabs that lined the shore—that gallant boy refusing to leave the post of duty which his father had assigned him, while the flames crept nearer and nearer to the magazine below, and the deck around was strewn with the dead and the dying,—that poem moved my feelings as it had never moved them before. Mr. Agnew's pupils will find it in some of their reading-books.

III.—*Alexandria to Cairo.*

1. Having seen all that we desired to see in and about Alexandria, on the 24th of November we passed, in four hours, by a good modern railway, over the one hundred and twenty-five miles from Alexandria to Caïrō "The Victorious," the capital of Egypt, the most populous city of Africa, and the second city of the Mohammedan world. Throughout the entire distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles the land was level, black, and productive, broken only by canals, and divided into fields by ditches. Prof. Howard tells us that Cairo was formerly an exceedingly filthy and ill-governed city, but now, with its three hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, it ranks with the best governed capitals of the world.

2. We stop at the "Grand New Hotel," which fronts on a large square filled with trees, with kiosks for music and other entertainments. It is the 25th day of October. Dr. Edson says it never snows here, but dew is abundant. It is, indeed, the land of the sun, and the skies are as those of Italy. But why is it that the atmosphere is so pure, and the air so balmy? Dr. Edson says, it is because the great sandy deserts, on both sides of the Nile, drinking up, as they do, every particle of moisture, and all the miasm that comes from the decaying vegetation of the river, send back into the city the very air of Paradise. No wonder, then, that travellers flock here, in so great numbers, from all parts of Europe and America.

3. In this great city the usual mode of conveyance is by donkeys. Horses are rarely employed, and only a few of the streets are of sufficient width for carriages. We made up quite a caravan; and, on some forty little donkeys, our whole party visited the American Mission School here. This school has won the favor of the government,—has splendid buildings, and some five hundred children under its care. After our return to the hotel Prof. Howard related to us a romantic incident that occurred here a few years ago. The following is the story—and the Professor says it is true, in every particular:—

IV.—At Cairo.—A Story of the Mission School.

1. A few years ago a young Indian prince of the Hindoo race, who had been brought up as a Christian, and whose country had been annexed to the British dominions, was living in England with his aged mother. His revenues amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, so that he was able to live in great style and splendor.

2. His mother dying, he was on his way to India with her body, to deposit it in the tomb of her ancestors, in accordance with her dying request, when, passing through Cairo, he paid a visit to the American Mission School. There he was struck with the face of a young pupil in the girls' department, and, after due inquiry, he proposed to the missionaries to take the young girl as his wife.

3. Having gained their consent, he gained the consent of the young lady, also, and on his return from India they were married, and he took her with him to England, where they now reside.

4. The choice of a wife proved a most happy one, as the modest young pupil of Cairo, with the natural grace of her race,—for she is partly of Arab descent,—introduced into his English home the culture and refinement acquired in a

course of careful training. Nor does the husband forget what he owes to those who watched over her in her childhood: every year he sends five thousand dollars to the school, in grateful acknowledgment of the best possible gift it could make to him,—that of a noble Christian wife.

5. And now I have something to say about another school here. One day Henry Allen and I accompanied Prof. Howard on a visit to the great Mohammedan University of El-Azra, which is attached to one of the great mosques of the city. We saw there "some thousands" of students! (Prof. Howard said there were "two acres of turbans"!) and they were assembled in a vast enclosure, with no floor but a pavement, and over it a roof supported by four hundred columns, and at the foot of every column a teacher surrounded by pupils. As we entered, there arose a hum of thousands of voices reciting the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible.

6. "And this University," says the Professor, "is nine hundred years old; and, as in the days of the Arabian conquest, it still sends forth its missionaries throughout Asia, and even into the interior of Africa, to convert the heathen to the religion of the Koran."

V.—*The Pyramids,—and the "Battle of the Pyramids."*

1. Of course we went out to see the Pyramids, about seven miles south-west of the city, and on the western side of the Nile. The loftiest, called the Pyramid of Cheops, which all of our party ascended, is now four hundred and fifty feet high, but was, formerly, four hundred and eighty feet—being higher than St. Peter's at Rome. Its base covers thirteen acres, and the total weight of the stone contained in it, Dr. Edson says, was more than six million tons!

2. This is all the description I shall give you of these

wonderful structures, whose origin is buried in some vastly remote, but unknown, age; "for they were already old when Moses led his people up out of Egypt." I carried away with me, for the Lake-View Museum, a specimen of the limestone rock of which they are built.

3. But what interested me most about the Pyramids, was—something that may seem to you to have very little connection with them. It was Prof. Howard's account of the great battle that was fought in the sandy plain near them, on the 21st of July, 1798, between the army of Napoleon on the one hand, during his invasion of Egypt, and the Egyptian forces on the other,—the latter including eight thousand magnificently dressed and splendidly mounted Mamelukes,—the cavalry of the Desert, as they were called,—the finest horsemen in the world. This battle occurred just eleven days before the great naval battle of the Nile.

4. As we gathered around the Professor, on the lofty summit of the Pyramid, where we could look away, eastward, far beyond the Nile, on the one hand, and to the Libyan hills on the other, he pointed out to us the positions of the contending hosts on the plain below. He also read to us a short but vivid description of the battle, which he had compiled from various sources. Here is what the historian Alison says of the advance of the French army against the brilliant array that had been drawn up to oppose the further progress of the invading hosts:—

5. "The sight of the Pyramids, and the anxious nature of the moment, inspired Napoleon with even more than his usual ardor: the sun glittered on those immense masses, which seemed to rise in height every step the soldiers advanced, and the army, sharing his enthusiasm, gazed, as they marched, on those everlasting monuments. 'Remember,' said he, 'that from the summit of those Pyramids forty centuries contemplate your actions.'"

6. The Professor explained to us how Napoleon advanced

to the attack, throwing his army into hollow squares six feet deep, the artillery at the angles, and the generals and baggage in the centre; how seven thousand Arab horsemen, at full gallop, and rending the air with their cries, amid the glitter of spears and scimitars threw themselves, with the most reckless bravery, upon the French columns, and rode around them and among them, seeking to break their serried lines.

7. But while the bristling bayonets, against which they dashed their horses in vain, hurled them back, the rapid fire of musketry and grape from the cannon overwhelmed them, and piled the ground with the dead and the dying. It is sufficient to say, further, that the brave Egyptian army was routed with great slaughter; thousands, driven into the Nile, perished there; while the intrenched Egyptian camp, with all its artillery, stores, and baggage, fell into the hands of the victors.

8. "Such was the 'Battle of the Pyramids,'" said the Professor, as he concluded his description;—and now, when I think of it, I shall have in my mind a picture of moving columns, smoke, and carnage, while I, in fancy, shall look down upon the scene from the lofty summit of the Great Pyramid itself.

VI.—*Up the Nile.—The Ruins of Thebes.*

1. But I must hurry on with my letter, for I have much to tell you yet, about this wonderful land. We made a long stay in Cairo; and it was not until the 2d of January that we started for the ruins of Thebes, four hundred and fifty miles distant, up the river,—a city of which Homer spoke, says Prof. Howard, more than twenty-five hundred years ago, as—

"The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain,
That spreads her conquest o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates;

Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars."

Pope's Iliad, ix. 500.

We were to make the journey in two Nile boats, each over a hundred feet long, propelled by the wind, or by a dozen men when the wind fails. There are, it is true, a few small steamers on the river, but we preferred the novelty of the sailing vessels.

2. Our upward voyage was monotonous in the extreme,—for we saw few objects but wretched Arabs and their wretched huts along the shore; although, occasionally, a huge crocodile would momentarily disturb the quiet of the muddy waters, and then slowly disappear.

3. There was one thing, however, that somewhat relieved the dulness of the voyage, and that was, the numerous *doves* everywhere to be seen. They swarmed around the mud huts of the Arabs, and literally covered the roofs, and the dove-cots upon them, which were alive with wings all day long. "It is a pretty, and, indeed, a touching sight," said Prof. Howard, "to see these beautiful creatures cooing and fluttering above, presenting such a contrast, in their airy flights and bright plumage, to the dark and sad human creatures below."

4. It was not until the 15th of the month that we came within sight of the ruins, which are, certainly, among the most magnificent in the world. The most wonderful are on the east bank of the Nile, at the modern villages of Luxor and Karnak, the latter place having been a city of temples, palaces, obelisks, and colossal statues. But ruins abound on the western bank, also; and here are the ancient burial-places—thousands of tombs cut in the crumbling rocks of the Libyan hills. Many of the mummies that once filled them have disappeared, and the most spacious of the tombs are now inhabited by hordes of miserable Arabs.

5. We remained in this vicinity nearly three weeks, visiting the Arab villages near by, and wandering among the ruins and the tombs, with none to molest us or make us afraid; and not even the ghosts of the mighty kings and conquerors who once ruled here with despotic sway, rose to upbraid us, as we trampled on their ashes.

6. As we passed through the stupendous ruins of the Memnonium, a grand temple erected by one of the ancient kings, we saw there Old Memnon's famous colossal statue of black stone, which, before it was mutilated, was said to emit a sound, like that of a harp, at the rising of the sun. On the lower part of this statue are still to be seen numerous Greek and Latin inscriptions, by ancient kings and governors, testifying that they have seen the Memnon and heard his voice, as, with his morning melody, he welcomed the god of Day.

7. An English poet, says Prof. Howard, repeats the story, that—

“Old Memnon's image, long renowned
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each responsive string
Consenting, *sounded through the warbling air*
Unbidden strains.”—*Akenside.*

8. Besides fragments of stone from the tombs, and the temples, and the statues, I hope to bring back with me, to add to the Lake-View Museum, a quantity of blue glass beads and little glass images found in abundance in the mummy-pits; and also the delicate little hand of a mummy itself, which I bought of a ragged Arab boy for ten cents. The Professor said that the owner of that hand probably disappeared from among the living at least three thousand years ago, and that, as there are no relatives here to claim it, I may as well keep it. The evening after this he read to us the *Address to the Mummy*, by Horace Smith,—from which I have here copied five verses:—

VII.—*Address to the Mummy.*

1. And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!
2. Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's^a fame?
Was Cheops or Cephre'nes^b architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar^c really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?
3. Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.
4. If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:—
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:—

^a *Sphinx*.—The celebrated Sphinx, of unknown antiquity, is near the great pyramids. It is cut out of the solid rock, has the face of a man, and the body of a lion crouching close to the ground. The head alone measures twenty-eight feet six inches from the top to the chin. The total length of the body is one hundred and forty-six feet.

^b *Ce'phron*, or *Cephre'nes*, the supposed builder of the second great pyramid: *Cheops*, of the first.

^c *Pompey's Pillar* (improperly so called), at Alexandria, is a magnificent column, consisting of a single block of granite, sixty-eight feet in height.

Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

5. Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
O let us keep the *soul* embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

6. I shall not attempt to describe, further, the ruins of ancient Thebes,—a city that was in its decline more than two thousand years before Columbus discovered America; but I shall give, in its place, a brief sketch, which was read to us by Prof. Howard, on our return voyage, down the Nile. It was written by an American tourist, and it tells us what the city once was, and what it now is.

VIII.—*Thebes As it Was, and As it Is.*

1. "The avenue from Luxor to Karnak, nearly two miles long, was the fitting approach to the temple of the gods, to which it led; for it was lined with over twelve hundred colossal sphinxes, each hewn from a single massive block of granite. There were also forests of columns, each shaft twelve feet in diameter, stretching out in long colonnades; temples and palaces that were two thousand years in building; massive walls covered with sculpture; and obelisks of such height and weight that it is a wonder how they could be cut from the sides of the hills, and be brought a hundred and forty miles, and erected on their firm bases.

2. "And now, of all this magnificence and glory, what remains? Only these vast ruins! The renowned 'plain of Thebes' is still here, but deserted and silent. A few columns and statues rise above the plain to mark where the city stood; but the city itself is gone, as much as the

people who inhabited it four thousand years ago. A few miserable huts are built against the walls of mighty temples; and the ploughman drives his team over the dust of the city of a hundred gates. We here saw a *fellah*, as the Egyptian peasant is called, ploughing with a cow and a camel yoked together; and a couple of half-naked Arabs were raising water from the Nile, beside the famous statue of Memnon, in the manner practised in the time of Moses.

3. "Was there ever a more complete desolation? In the temple called the Rame'sium once stood the largest statue ever known, cut out of a single block of granite, and weighing nearly nine hundred tons! On this was inscribed, as Herodotus the father of History writes, who saw it twenty-three hundred years ago,—'I am king of kings. If any man wish to know how great I am, and where I lie, let him surpass one of my works.'

4. "Yet this colossal statue, which was to last to the end of the world, was long ago pulled down by a later conqueror, Cambyses the Persian, and now it lies on its back, with its nose knocked off, and eyes put out, and all its glory in the dust. What a comment on the emptiness of human ambition!"—*Rev. H. M. Field.*

The Professor also read to us the following, about the religion of the ancient Egyptians:—

IX.—*The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians.*

1. "The most ancient of profane histories tell us that the Egyptians were a very religious people, excelling all others in the honors they paid to their gods. But what were their gods? They were not only the sun, moon, and stars, but beasts and birds and reptiles,—the famous Apis,^a and the ibis,^b the serpent, and the crocodile.

^a The sacred *A'pis* was a black bull, with peculiar spots and marks.

^b The Egyptian *I'bis* is a wading bird, still common in Egypt, and about as large as the domestic fowl.

2. "In one of the most stupendous of the Egyptian mausole'ums—a vaulted passage hewn in the solid rock, with recesses hollowed out on each side—were numerous massive tombs of granite, each eight feet wide and fifteen feet long, fit burial-places of a line of kings! Thirty of these massive tombs have recently been opened, and on the walls are tablets which record the birth, and death, and burial—not of the Phā'raohs or the Ptol'emies of the land, but of the Sacred Bulls reposing there! These were the gods of Egypt; and Egypt was mother of the arts, and civilizer of the earth!

3. "But, notwithstanding all this, the fact that the valley of the Nile is one vast sepulchre—for the mountains were honey-combed into burial-places, and even the pyramids were tombs—shows that the Egyptians were not a gay and thoughtless people. And they not only thought much about death, but of another life, also. In numerous sculptures, and in frescos found on the walls of tombs, are represented funeral processions moving forward to the great Hall of Judgment, where the god Os'iris sits upon his throne, as the judge of all mankind.

4. "Beside him is the scribe—the recording angel, who keeps a record of the deeds done in the body. Forty-two judges sit there, also, each with his question, on the answer to which depends the destiny of the departed soul. But beyond this point—the judgment-seat—all is dark; for what that destiny is, the sculptures and frescos do not reveal; and they furnish nothing that can relieve the doubts of a troubled mind, or the sorrows of a heavy heart!"

Rev. H. M. Field.

5. On the last day of February we reached Cairo, on our return voyage, and there we remained until the 25th of March. Then we returned to Alexandria, where we have just passed six days; and to-morrow, the 1st of April, we expect to sail for other Mediterranean ports,

and for Gibraltar again. From Gibraltar we expect to make the long—long ocean voyage to India, by way of the Cape of Good Hope. We might have taken the shorter route, by the Suez Canal and the Red Sea ; but, in a council held on board of the steamer, the longer voyage has been determined upon.

CHAPTER XXVI.—PROGRESS AND ADVENTURE.

I.—*Stage-Coaches, and Railways.*

1. One evening, at Wilmot Hall, just after Mr. Wilmot had returned home, weary with weeks of business travel, the conversation chanced to turn upon the great changes that have been witnessed, in our own time, in the modes of public conveyance. "It is wholly within my recollection," said Mr. Wilmot, "that steam has been introduced as a motive power ; and now the iron railway spreads its net-work over our whole land, and the good old-fashioned stage-coach is no more seen on the main routes of travel. It has been driven to the by-roads, and out-of-the-way places, and is now met with only as a relic of a by-gone age."

2. "Just as the Indians have been driven away toward the setting sun, by the 'advancing tide of civilization,'" remarked Col. Hardy. "That is what our Western *progress*, as a nation, is called. The lumbering stage-coach was too slow for this fast age, and it had to *get out of the way*."

3. "But I liked it," said Mr. Wilmot ; "and many pleasant associations are connected with it in my experience ; for I have rode in it thousands of miles. Many pleasant acquaintances, too, I have made, when travelling in that way."

4. "And some odd ones, too, I presume," remarked Uncle Philip, who had been sitting at the table, reading, to himself, from a volume of Dr Johnson's works. "But a stage-coach journey," he continued, "has often furnished the best of opportunities for studying human nature, as Dr. Johnson describes to us in one of his essays."

5. "O, I like Dr. Johnson!" said Lulu. "I like his *Rasselas*, *Prince of Abyssinia*, and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*."

"Here is the essay, which you may read aloud," said Uncle Philip, "if the others would like to hear it." As all assented, Lulu took the book, and read as follows:—

A Stage-Coach Adventure.

1. It has been remarked by more than one writer, that every individual has a passion—duly restrained in most cases though it may be—for appearing to be something more, or better, or greater, than he really is. This passion is often, and, indeed, usually, restrained by the intimate knowledge of our character and circumstances in life, which we are aware that others possess. But how readily it snatches an interval of liberty, and how freely it expands itself when the weight of restraint is taken away, must have fallen under the observation of most students of character;—and as I myself had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a journey into the country in a stage-coach, with companions who happened to be entirely unacquainted with one another.

2. It might be expected that in a stage-coach, under such circumstances, with no expectation on the part of the passengers of ever meeting again, it would be of little importance to any one of the party what conjectures the others should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character in which they are most desirous to appear; and

on no other occasion is the general ambition of superiority more freely indulged.

3. On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. As we took our places in the coach, it was easy to see, by the very affectation of haughty civility with which the compliments of the day were passed and received by my companions, that each was endeavoring to impress his fellows with a deferential respect for his own importance.

4. The first ceremony of courtesy being over, we sat silent for a long time, as if endeavoring to impart dignity to the occasion. It may always be noticed that silence has a tendency to propagate itself; and that the longer it continues, the more oppressive becomes the chilliness of reserve: so, on the present occasion, we began to long for conversation; but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity by first proposing a topic of discourse.

5. At length a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for the journey with a scarlet surtout, and a very large hat with a broad brim, drew out his watch, looked at it for some little time in silence, and then held it dangling from his finger. This was doubtless understood by all present as an invitation to ask the time of the day; but the kindly proffer was allowed to pass unheeded. Seemingly determined not to be thus baffled, the gentleman's desire to introduce a conversation so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know, of his own accord, that it was nearly six o'clock, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

6. To our reproach, his condescension was utterly thrown away, for we all continued obdurate. The ladies held up their heads, as if to impress us with their gentility in not yielding to such advances, while I amused myself with watching their behavior. Of the other two, one seemed to occupy himself in counting the trees as we drove past

them; while the other drew his hat over his eyes, and pretended to fall into a slumber. The benevolent gentleman, to show that he was not depressed by our discourtesy, hummed a tune, and beat time upon a snuff-box.

7. Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at length to the little inn appointed for our morning's repast, when we all began to recompense ourselves for the constraint of silence, by numerous questions and orders to the people that attended us.

8. Finally, being all seated around the same table, and our wants having been supplied, the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see us so little inclined to conversation,—that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the same level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company.

9. "I remember," said he, "that it was on very much such a morning as this that I and Lord *Mumble* and the Duke of *Tenterden* were out upon a ramble: we called at a little house much like the one we are now in; and the landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so free and easy with us, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with laughter.

10. "At last, the good woman, happening to overhear me whisper to the duke, and call him by his title, was so surprised and confounded, that we could scarcely get another word from her; and the duke never meets me, from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for so terrifying the landlady."

11. The corpulent gentleman had scarcely time to congratulate himself upon the good impression which he had produced upon the company, on account of the good society to which, it was evident, he had been accustomed, when one of the ladies, having reached out for a plate on a

distant part of the table, took the occasion to remark upon the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulties which those who never sit at home without a great number of attendants, find in waiting upon themselves.

12. She, however, remarked, that "people of quality often travel in disguise, and may, generally, be known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor inn-keepers, and by the allowance which they make for any defects in the entertainment;—that, for her part, while people are civil and mean well, it is never her custom to find fault; for people of means and culture are not to expect, upon a journey, all that they enjoy at their own homes."

13. A general emulation seemed now to be excited among our company. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last newspaper; and, having perused it awhile with close attention,—“It is impossible,” said he, “for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks: last week it was the general opinion that they would fall; and I sold out twenty thousand pounds, with the view of purchasing at better rates; they have now risen unexpectedly; and I have little doubt that, on my return to the city, I shall risk thirty thousand pounds among them again.”

14. A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us that “he had a thousand times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that, for his part, he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they are established, but had always heard the traffic in them spoken of as opposed to honest trade; that they are uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out

upon land security, till he could light upon an estate in which he wished to invest it."

15. It might be expected that, upon these glimpses of the character and standing of our fellow-travellers, we should all have begun to look upon one another with veneration, and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of one another. Yet it happened, that none of these hints made much impression on the company: every one was apparently suspected of endeavoring, by false appearances, to impose upon the rest; all continued their haughtiness, in the hope of enforcing their claims; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of no effect.

16. Thus we travelled on for two days, with increasing mutual ill-will, and without any endeavor but to outvie one another in overbearing haughtiness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment from our companions, we vented our indignation at the presumption of the rest.

17. At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in *Change-Alley*; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop in the rear of the *Exchange*; and the young man who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, copies law-papers for bread in a garret of *Rotten Row*. Of one of the women only, I saw and could learn nothing disadvantageous, because she had assumed no character, but had accommodated herself to the circumstances in which she was placed, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

18. In recalling, at this late day, the remembrance of the events of the journey, I cannot forbear to reflect upon

the folly of practising a fraud, which had doubtless been tried with like ill results many times before, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained;—of assuming a character which was to end with the day; and of claiming, upon false pretences, honors which must perish with the breath that paid them.

19. But let not those who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage-coach. How many, in the journey of life, take the same advantage of the ignorance of their fellow-travellers! How many disguise themselves in counterfeited merit, and with complacency listen to those praises which conscience reproaches them for accepting! Thus, indeed, every man deceives himself, in a greater or less degree, while he thinks he is deceiving others; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away and *all* must be shown to all in their real characters.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

“A very good essay on character, and very well read, too,” her father remarked, as Lulu laid down the book from which she had been reading.

II.—A Kindergarten* School.

1. For some time there had been a Kindergarten school in the village, and the teacher was Mary Atkins. The school was held in a neat cottage with pleasant surroundings;

* *Kindergarten* (children's garden) was originally a method of infant training, introduced in 1837 by Friedrich Froebel, an eminent German educator, in which the course of instruction, originally designed to be carried on in a large garden, consisted of numerous games and exercises, arranged in a series of so-called “gifts.” For more advanced pupils workshops took the place of games. *Construction* is the leading principle of the system; but ideas of color, form, size, movement, etc., are incidentally imparted throughout the course.

and there Miss Atkins was installed as the governess, friend, companion, and playmate of some twenty or more of the little ones, during five hours of every week-day.

2. Perhaps never before was a teacher so beloved by her pupils. They were so delighted with what they saw, and what they learned to do in their games and "gifts," that the school always opened too late for their willing feet, so unlike what we read about

"the whining school-boy, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."—*Shakspeare*.

3. The school also closed too early, thus putting an end to the day's amusements. There were soon many more applicants for admission than could be accommodated. When Mary was requested by Mr. Agnew to write a little sketch of the Kindergarten system, its objects and educational tendencies, she sent the following paper to the "Gleaners' Cabinet," to be read at one of the Saturday evening meetings at Wilmot Hall.

A Sketch of the System.

1. Children are *busy-bodies* by nature,—always trying to make something, and to do what older people do. This ruling propensity of youth, which lies at the foundation of the Kindergarten system, shows itself at a very early age.

2. The little girl is never happier, nor, mentally, busier, than when she is exercising her ingenuity, showing her skill, and cultivating her taste in dressing her dolls, building and arranging play-houses, and acting out tea-parties; while the boy takes to hammer and nails, a jack-knife, kites, tops, whips, and drumsticks, so naturally as to force the conviction that he is a born mechanic, a general trader, and a loving worker.

3. Through this propensity of children to be constantly *doing* something—*making* something—there is stored up, in their little hands and fingers, a wonderful reserve force of nerve and muscle, that needs only to be properly trained and directed to produce almost incalculable results upon the amount and quality of the world's industry.

4. The Kindergarten system aims to develop this child-force and direct it aright, at an age when the perceptive powers are the keenest, and the muscles the most easily trained, and while the reasoning faculties are still almost inert. It brings the willing hands and fingers of childhood into full play, and trains them to make a thousand ingenious and beautiful things out of the simplest materials of wood, and straw, and paper, and clay; and all the while their workmanship is a fountain of delight to the little ones.

5. In their *plays*—for it is all play—the children have soft balls of different colors—red, blue, and yellow,—green, violet, and orange; and by handling these as directed by the teacher, they obtain ideas of form, color, size, and movement. They have divisible cubes which they can not only separate into cubes of lesser size,—halves, fourths, and eighths,—but which they can also arrange into numerous other forms; they have soft clay for moulding; to develop all their muscles they have numerous gymnastic exercises, of great variety, and these are accompanied by explanatory and instructive songs.

6. Out of little sticks, and blocks of wood, they build houses, simple at first. Steps, and windows, and doors, and pillars, and pediments, and cornices, are in time added; and at length, before their delighted and wondering eyes, and under their own hands, structures grow up from simple beginnings into temples and palaces. The little ones have already become builders and architects.

7. In other lessons of their play they weave plain white straws into the simplest braids, mats, and nets; then colored straws are added to their materials, and these seem

almost to form themselves, in the deft fingers, into beautiful patterns of mosaics; they make paper boxes, very simple at first, but in time these grow into a wonderful variety of forms and colors. Thus the fingers are trained to rapid and accurate manipulation, and the eye and the taste are unconsciously cultivated in the discernment of order, fitness, and beauty, while, all the time, the materials used are but playthings, and the work only pastime. The little folks are fast becoming artisans, before they know it; and when they go out into active life, the industrial development which they have thus received will tell in all that their hands find to do.

8. In a workshop or factory, in a store or on the farm, we see one lad who, by his expertness in the use of his hands and fingers, is worth twice as much as any one of his fellows, because he can accomplish twice the results. And it is the same with girls that are trained to the early use of the needle, to the forming and arrangement of patterns, and to all the little niceties of fitting and adapting garments for their dolls, and harmonizing colors in the materials used.

9. Such girls grow up with skill and taste in all they do. If compelled to rely upon their own industry for a livelihood, and if not fitted for instruction in the school-room, they are not reduced to the plainest and least remunerative of all labor,—to

“Stitch, stitch, stitch,
With fingers weary and worn,”—

but they find places as designers, and pattern-makers, and superintendents, and directors of the labor of others, in the many departments of female industry in which knowledge and skill are always in demand and well paid. Or, if it is their fortune to fill positions in life above the requirements of labor, they will find the ready hand and supple fingers acquired by youthful training useful even there.

10. If all artisans had that training in childhood that secures manual expertness, while at the same time it cultivates the eye and the taste, the results would soon show not only a great addition to the products of industry, but great improvement, also, in their quality, and a like degree of enhancement in value.

11. The Kindergarten system, when perfected and extended throughout childhood,—whether its principles be carried out in the home or in the school-room,—will be found to be the certain pathway to these great industrial results, because it secures that kind of mental and physical development that is in the order of nature;—and we may be very confident that those who receive this kind of culture in early youth, and make it the foundation for a higher technical education, will be the skilled workmen, the cunning craftsmen, and the inventors of the future.

CHAPTER XXVII.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 14.

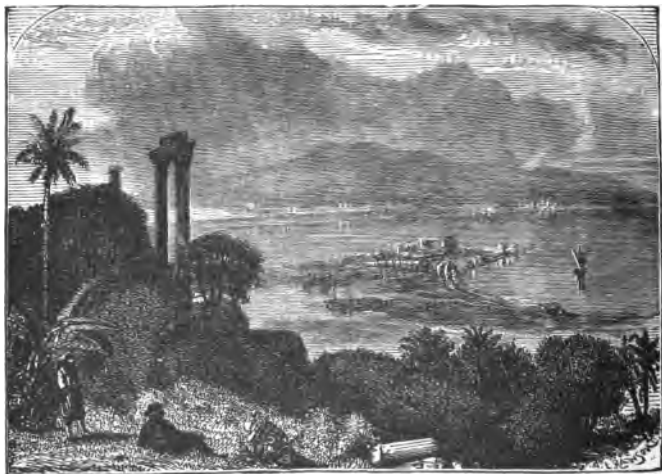
FROM ALEXANDRIA TO GIBRALTAR.

I.—*Malta, Carthage, and Tunis.*

1. On the morning of the fourth day after we had left Alexandria, we entered the harbor of Valetta, the capital of the island of Malta, to take in coal, and anchored beneath the frowning guns of St. Elmo. Prof. Howard had already related to us the history of the island, from which we learned that Malta was formerly the seat of the famous knights of that name, who made the island one of the strongest places in the world, and the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks. Since the year 1800 it has been a British possession. He also reminded us that this is the island on which

St. Paul is supposed to have been shipwrecked, on his voyage from Asia to Italy.*

2. Sailing from Valetta, we next landed at Tunis, a walled Mohammedan city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, on the African coast. Dr. Edson had been telling us wonderful stories of the productiveness of the soil in the vicinity of the city in ancient times,—saying that a single plant of wheat in Tunis had been known to have over three hundred stalks; and that, in modern times, it is not uncommon to find there a single plant of barley with more than eighty stalks!



THE SITE OF CARTHAGE.

3. Three miles north-west of Tunis we visited the site of ancient Carthage, so long Rome's proud rival; but although here once stood the capital city of a great commercial nation, whose navy was the largest in the world, and whose merchant ships were seen in every port, it is

* See Acts, chs. xxvii., xxviii.

said that the few ruins now found here are those of a more modern city, and that not a trace remains of the great Carthaginian metropolis! The site of Carthage, which was on a peninsula extending into a spacious bay of the Mediterranean, may be seen in the drawing that I send you.

4. The Professor here read to us, from his ever-ready Hand-book, Tasso's allusion to Carthage, at the time when the Christian knights Carlo and Ubaldo passed the "dead city" on their search for Rinaldo, who had been spirited away to the Happy Gardens of the West by the sorceress Armida :^a—

"Great Carthage is laid low. Scarcely can eye
Trace where she stood with all her mighty crowd :
For cities die ; kingdoms and nations die ;
A little sand and grass is all their shroud.

Tasso.—Canto xv. 20.

5. Sailing from Tunis, a little distance from it we passed within sight of the place where the ancient city of Utica once stood (now a small Arab village), and where, as we were reminded by the Professor, Cato the Younger, forty-six years before the Christian era, put an end to his own life, rather than fall into the power of Cæsar.

6. This allusion to Cato very naturally led the Professor to give us some account of the civil wars between Pompey and Cæsar,—of the tragic death of Pompey, whose cause Cato had espoused,—and of the flight of Cato to Utica. Then he related to us the circumstances of Cato's death,—told how he had passed part of the last night of his life in reading from the writings of Plato on the immortality of the soul ;—and then the Professor read to us, from Addison, that famous soliloquy which Cato is supposed to have spoken, just before he fell by his own hand.

^a See the "Episode," p. 320.

II.—*Cato's Soliloquy on Immortality.*

1. It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us—
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
 2. Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being—
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.
 3. But when? or where?—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures. 'This must end them.
(Laying his hand on his dagger.)
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This,^a in a moment, brings me to an end;
But *this*^b informs me I shall never die!
 4. The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
-

^a The dagger.^b Plato's Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, which he had been reading.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But *thou*^a shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds !

Addison.

III.—*Onward to Gibraltar.*

1. At Tunis we had made the acquaintance of a very intelligent and venerable-looking old man with long flowing beard, Sā'ād Hassan by name, and an Arabian by birth, who claimed to be the chief official in a village in the interior, about forty miles back of Algiers, the next port at which we intended to stop on our voyage.

2. As Sā'ād Hassan had been waiting some days at Tunis for transport to Algiers, Prof. Howard, with the consent of the captain, had offered him a free passage thither, which he accepted with the most profuse demonstrations of gratitude, invoking the blessings of Allah upon our party, after the manner of the most polished of the Orientals.

3. Our new acquaintance proved to be a very agreeable companion ; and, during an entire evening on board the steamer, on our voyage of four hundred miles to Algiers, he entertained us with many an interesting story of the olden time, when Turkish rule extended over the whole territory of Algiers, before the final conquest of the country by the French, in 1830.

4. Sā'ād Hassan admitted that the Turkish rulers had often been arbitrary and tyrannical ; but he claimed that, under the patriarchal authority of a good and wise cā'dī, no government could be better. Prof. Howard says that the stories told by him well illustrate the "golden period" of the Turkish rule of the shēiks and cā'dīs.

^a The soul.

5. At Algiers we parted with our friend Sâ'ād Hassan, with many expressions of good will on both sides. In this old city, once so famous for the piracies which it carried on against all Christian nations, we found little to interest us, except the Castle, which overlooks the town, and whose walls are twenty feet thick. So we soon left for Gibraltar, whence, after taking in coal and provisions, we start on our long voyage to the Indies. When next I write you, it may be from St. Helena, or the Cape of Good Hope.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE COUPON BONDS.*

PART I.—*Mysterious Doings.*

1. A little east of the village, on the road that leads over the Highlands, and in the hollow before reaching the first hill, there lived a Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow. On the evening on which our story begins, Mrs. Ducklow sat knitting, in her kitchen, by the light of a kerosene lamp; but ever and anon she paused in her work, neglecting the stocking, knitting her brows instead, and seeming to be listening for somebody.

2. Behind the stairway door was a small boy very slowly kicking off a very small pair of trousers, in a manner which showed that *he*, also, wished to sit up and wait for somebody.

* A *bond* is a writing by which a person binds himself, his heirs, etc., to pay a certain sum on or before a future day named. The *coupons* (French, *koo'pongs*) are certificates of interest, printed at the bottom of the bond, and designed to be cut off and presented for payment as each becomes due. The entire writing is therefore called a *coupon bond*.

"Say, Ma Ducklow, *need* I go to bed now?" he exclaimed, rather than asked. "He'll want me to hold the lantern for him to take care of the horse."

3. "No, no, Taddy,"—the boy's name was Thaddeus,—*"you will only be in the way if you sit up. Besides, I want to mend your pants."*

"You're *always* wanting to mend my pants," complained the youngster.

4. "Don't talk in that way, after all the trouble and expense we've been to, to clothe you," said the good woman. "Where would you be now, if it were not for me and your Pa Ducklow?"

"I shouldn't be going to bed when I don't want to," he muttered, just loud enough to be heard.

5. "More likely you would not be going to bed when you *do* want to," was the reply; "for, ten to one, you would not have a bed to go to. Think of the situation you were in when we adopted you, and then talk in *that* way!"

Taddy had been reminded, oftener than was agreeable, that he owed his home and all its comforts to Pa and Ma Ducklow; so he hastened to change the subject.

6. "Say, Ma, do you think he'll bring me home a drum?"

"You'll know in the morning."

"I want to know to-night. He said may-be he would. Say, *can't* I sit up?"

"I'll let you know whether you can sit up or not, after you've been told so many times."

7. So saying, Mrs. Ducklow rose from her chair, laid down her knitting-work, and started hastily for the stairway door with a rattan in her hand. But Taddy, seeing what was coming, did not wait for it. He darted up the stairs, and crept into his bed with the lightness and agility of a squirrel.

8. "I'm abed! say, Ma, I'm abed!" he cried, eager to save Mrs. Ducklow the trouble of ascending the stairs. "I'm 'most asleep already!"

"It's a good thing if you are!" said Mrs. Ducklow, gathering up her knitting. Just then the sound of wheels coming into the yard told her that the person so long waited for had arrived.

9. "That you?" said she, opening the kitchen door, and looking out into the darkness.

"Yes," replied a man's voice.

"You want the lantern?"

"No, just put it in the window, and I can get along."

"Had good luck?" the woman inquired, in a low voice.

"I'll tell you when I come in," was the answer.

10. "Has he bought me a drum?" bawled Taddy from the chamber stairs.

"Do you want me to come there?" sternly demanded Mrs. Ducklow.

Taddy was not anxious for the visit she intended; and the patter of his feet could be heard as he scampered back to bed again.

"You keep still, and go to sleep," was the parting word that she sent up to him. Then she latched the stairway door, greatly to the dismay of Master Taddy, who thought that some important secret was being kept from him.

11. From the whisperings that Taddy had overheard between his adopted parents in the morning, and the cautious glances which they had cast at him, while every now and then they would send him away out of sight, on very slight pretexts, he had felt sure that a great purchase was to be made by Mr. Ducklow that day, in the village, and that, on his return, he (Taddy) was to be surprised with the present of what he had so long teased for,—a new drum.

12. It was not easy for Master Taddy to be quiet in bed under such circumstances; so he stole quietly down to the door at the foot of the stairs, and listened. He thought that, if the drum had really come, Mrs. Ducklow, and perhaps Mr. Ducklow himself, would be unable to resist the temptation of thumping it softly, to try its sound.

13. Soon Mr. Ducklow was heard on the doorstep; and as he came in, bearing an armful of packages which he laid upon the table, Taddy ventured softly to unlatch the stairway door and peep through. But no drum was visible.

14. "Did you buy?" whispered Mrs. Ducklow, as she helped her husband off with his overcoat.

Mr. Ducklow pointed to the stairway, lifting his eyebrows, as much as to say, "Is Taddy asleep?"

"Taddy?" said Mrs. Ducklow. "Oh, he's abed,—though I never before had such a time to get him out of the way; for, somehow, he had the idea that you were to *buy* something, and he wanted to sit up and see what it was."

15. "Strange how children will get hold of things sometimes, best you can do to prevent it!" said Mr. Ducklow.

"But did you buy?"

"Better just put those matches out of the way," said he. "I never feel safe when they're around."

So the matches were put away. "Come," said she, "what's the use of keeping me in suspense? *Did* you buy?"

16. "Anybody been here to-day?" he asked, without seeming to hear her question.

"No!" replied Mrs. Ducklow.

"You been anywhere?"

"Yes."

"Where?" mildly inquired Mr. Ducklow.

"No matter!" said Mrs. Ducklow, with decided ill-temper.

17. Mr. Ducklow drew a deep sigh as he turned and looked upon his wife, and then remarked, "Well, you are about the most uncomfortable woman I ever *did* see."

"If you can't answer *my* question, I don't see why I need take the trouble to answer yours," was the short and sharp reply of the impatient woman. Then, as she returned to her patching, she added, "Your supper is ready; you can eat it when you please."

18. Mr. Ducklow, having already removed one boot,

quietly drew off the other. As he did so, something fell out on the floor. He picked it up, and with a triumphant smile handed it to Mrs. Ducklow.

"Oh, indeed! is this the ——?" but she stopped short, and, with her face all smiling, took the package, which consisted of a large, unsealed envelope, and folded papers within. These she unfolded, and examined with evident satisfaction.

19. "But what made you carry them in your boot?"

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Ducklow,—and then, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, he continued,—"I was afraid of being robbed! I never was so afraid of being robbed in my life! So, just as I got clear of the village, I took the package out of my pocket, and tucked it down my boot-leg. Then, all the way home, I was scared when I was riding alone, and still more scared when I heard any one coming after me. You see, they are just like so much money."

20. Looking up, it occurred to him that some one might peep in at the window. So he drew the curtain closer still; but he neglected to secure the stairway door. There stood Taddy, shivering in his scanty night dress, but peeping and listening in a fever of curiosity which nothing could chill. He could not see Mr. Ducklow, but he heard him tell about the purchase he had made. If he had bought a drum, he wondered what kind of drum it could be, that he could tuck it down his boot-leg!

21. "These are the bonds, you see, three of them, and they're a thousand dollars each," Mr. Ducklow went on, in a low voice, to explain to his wife; "and these little things that fill out the sheets are the *coupons*. You cut off one of these when it is due, and take it to the bank, and get your interest on the bond, in gold."

"But suppose you lose the bonds?"

—22. "That's what I've been thinking about," he replied; "and that's what made me so nervous; for the man in the

bank told me they were like so much money, and I *must* not lose them. That's what filled all the bushes with robbers as I came along the road. I don't see how we are to keep the things, so as not to feel uneasy about them."

"Nor I," exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, turning pale. "I shall be thinking of fire and burglars"—



A FRIGHTENED HOUSEHOLD!

23. Just then the terrified woman uttered a wild scream, for the stairway door flew suddenly open, with a bang, and there burst into the room a frightful object, that seemed to make a headlong plunge at the papers. Mr. Ducklow, in his fright, nearly overturned the table at which he was eating his supper.

24. Quickly, however, the nature of the abrupt intrusion was discovered. Taddy, leaning farther and farther forward in his endeavor to see what it was that Pa Ducklow had brought in his boot-leg, had lost his balance, and, before he was aware of it, was sprawling on the floor, at the very feet of Mrs. Ducklow.

25. "What you want? What you *here* for?" sternly demanded Mrs. Ducklow, grasping him by one arm, while Mr. Ducklow endeavored to seize and conceal the bonds.

"Don't know," faltered the luckless youngster, speaking the truth for once in his life. "I fell."

"Fell! what are you out of bed for?"

"Don't know—thought you had brought me—a new drum—tucked down your—boot-leg," faltered Taddy.

26. "Why! the boy must have been dreaming!" said Mrs. Ducklow in a low voice to her husband; for Taddy *had* been known to get up in his sleep. Taddy's explanation was not very satisfactory, but it was the best that could be had; and with the promise from Mr. Ducklow that he would certainly buy a drum for him *next* time, Taddy was sent back to bed again.

PART II.—A Night of Alarms.

1. Little Taddy had scarcely disappeared up the stairway when a knock was heard at the kitchen door. Mr. Ducklow turned anxiously to his wife, who hastily grasped the bonds, and hid them in her bosom.

"Sakes alive!" said Mrs. Ducklow, in whose mind burglars were uppermost,—*"Who can it be at this time of night? Go to the door,"* she whispered, as she resumed her work, with an effort to appear undisturbed.

2. As the door opened,—*"Ah, Miss Beswick, walk in!"* said Mr. Ducklow. A tall, thin, prim-looking woman of middle age, with a shawl over her head, entered.

"What! is that you?" said Mrs. Ducklow. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"I've just run over to tell you the news," said Miss Beswick.

3. "Nothing bad, I hope?" said Mrs. Ducklow. "No robbers in town? for mercy's sake!" And Mrs. Ducklow laid her hand on her bosom, to make sure that the bonds were still there.

"Oh no; good news for Matilda, at any rate."

"Ah! she has heard from Reuben?"

"No! Reuben has come home!"

"Come home! come home!" echoed both the Ducklows at once.

4. Now it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow, having no boys of their own, had adopted Reuben when he was quite small, as they had lately adopted Thaddeus. They had worked him hard, both on the farm and in the house, given him three months' schooling each winter until he was fifteen, and at twenty-one had "set him up" for himself, with a yoke of oxen and a hundred dollars in money.

5. At first he hired a farm; then he married Matilda, and concluded to buy the farm, and had made his first payments when the war broke out, and he thought it his duty to enlist. So he left the farm, his wife, and two little ones, all to serve his country. He had now returned, sick and wounded, and in debt, with no prospect before him but to give up his farm, lose all he had paid on it, and, without a cent in the world, and with a family on his hands, to begin life anew.

6. All this Miss Beswick took occasion to remind the Ducklows of, in pretty plain language. "He gave you a man's service for the last five or six years," she exclaimed, "and took an interest, and looked after things as no hired man could do, as I've heard yourself say, Mr. Ducklow; and then, when he was twenty-one, you with your thou-

sands, Mr. Ducklow, gave him only a hundred dollars in money."

7. "That was only a beginning,—only a beginning, I've always said," exclaimed the farmer, as his face reddened under the reproaches of his strong-minded visitor.

"And now he has come home, all broken down,—a mere shadow of what he was," she continued. "It's a pity you did not know he was in the village, when you were there to-day, so as to bring him home with you. But I suppose you had your investments to look after. Come, now, Mr. Ducklow, how many thousand dollars have you invested since Reuben has been off to the war, and his folks have been suffering at home?"

8. It was in vain that both Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow declared that they *meant* to do the handsome thing by Reuben, and by Thaddeus too, some day.

"Mean to! you mean to!" she replied. "That's the way you flatter your consciences, and cheat your own souls. Why don't you do what you *mean* to do at once, and make *sure* of it? That's the best way. I tell you, you will get no good of property that you hold on to so;—it will only be a curse to you,—till you do the right thing by Reuben. Mark my word."

9. There was a long silence. Then, as Miss Beswick arose,—“You are not going, Miss Beswick, are you?” said Mrs. Ducklow. “What's your hurry?”

“No hurry at all; but I've said my say, and may as well be going. Good-night. Good-night, Mr. Ducklow.”

10. And Miss Beswick, pulling her shawl over her head, stalked out of the house like some tall, gaunt spectre, leaving the Ducklows to recover, as best they could, from the consternation into which they had been thrown by her coming.

“Did you ever!” said Mrs. Ducklow, getting courage to speak after her visitor was out of hearing. “Come here to lecture *us*!”

11. "*She's got a tongue!*" said Mr. Ducklow.

"Coming here to browbeat us!" said his wife. "I wonder you were not a little more plain with her. I would not have sat by, and been dictated to, as you did."

"You would not! Then why *did* you? You ventured to speak once, and she stopped you quicker than lightning."

And thus the excited couple continued to reproach each other until the subject of the bonds came up again.

12. After much talk as to their disposition for the night, they were finally deposited, with great care and secrecy, between the carpet and the floor, and a chair was set over them. Mr. Ducklow thought the horse would do, without his going to the barn to see to him.

"What noise was that?" said the farmer, starting.

"Thaddeus!" cried Mrs. Ducklow, "is that you?"

13. It *was* Thaddeus, indeed, who, awaking from a real dream about the drum this time, and hearing conversation in the room below, had once more descended the stairs to listen. What were the old people hiding there under the carpet? Taddy was peeping and listening, when he heard his name called. He would have glided back to bed again; but Mrs. Ducklow, who sprang to the stairway, was too quick for him.

"What do you want now?" she demanded.

14. Taddy stammered out some excuse for being there; but it only induced Mrs. Ducklow to seize the rattan that was near by, and, as he turned to escape, one or two cuts, that barely reached him, hurried him up-stairs much faster than he had come down. Taddy threw himself into his bed again, and, crying himself to sleep, dreamed that he was himself a drum, and that Mrs. Ducklow was trying the drumsticks on him.

15. Soon after this incident the prosperous couple retired to rest; but their sleep was disturbed and broken. For a long time Mr. Ducklow could not help thinking of Miss Beswick; and after he had fallen into an uneasy slumber,

Mrs. Ducklow startled him by a sudden shake, and then whispered that she was sure she heard some one trying to get in at the window. Mr. Ducklow, trembling with apprehension, got up in the dark to search the house, while his wife listened, with chilling blood, expecting at each moment to hear him knocked down or throttled.

16. As he groped his way back again,—“Is there anything?” she inquired.

“I can’t find anything,” he replied; “but I never, in all my life, heard the floors creak so! I was almost sure there was somebody walking on them. I *did* hear noises.”

A little later he was awakened by another shake. “Don’t you smell something burning?” asked the agitated woman.

17. Both sat up in bed in an instant. *He* snuffed, and Mrs. Ducklow snuffed. “Seems to me I *do* smell something,” he said. “It can’t be the matches, can it?” said Mrs. Ducklow.

“Goodness gracious!” exclaimed Mr. Ducklow, bounding out of bed.

“Why, what—what’s the matter?”

18. “It’s Thaddeus!” he exclaimed. “He’s been walking in his sleep! That’s what we heard. And now he’s got the matches, and set the house on fire!”—and he went stumbling over the chairs, and rushing blindly and wildly up the kitchen stairway, only to find the matches all right, and Taddy fast asleep.

19. “It was all your imagination!” said he, as he returned to bed again.

“*My* imagination!” she retorted. “You were just as much frightened as I was. I’m sure I can’t tell what it was I smelt; I can’t smell it now. Did you feel for the—you know what? I wish you *would* just put your hand,—and see if they are all right.”

20. So Mr. Ducklow, getting down on his knees, felt in the dark for the bonds.

“Good gracious!” he exclaimed.

"What now?" cried Mrs. Ducklow. "They are not gone, are they? You don't say they are gone?"

"Sure's the world!—No, here they are! I didn't feel in the right place."

21. "How you *did* frighten me!" said she. "My heart almost leaped out of my mouth."

But daylight came at last, and dissipated the doubts, and partially dispelled the fears, of the anxious couple.

PART III.—*A Chapter of Adventures.*

1. In the morning it was decided by Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow that appearances, at least, required that they should at once pay Reuben a visit. So, after charging Taddy, for the twentieth time, not to leave the house, or touch the matches or the fire, or go to ransacking the rooms,—all of which Taddy promised,—Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow set off in the one-horse wagon, and left the house in Taddy's keeping. But it may be well enough to state here that the lad had secretly resolved, all the while, to take advantage of their absence, and discover, if possible, what it was that Mr. Ducklow brought home last night in his boot-leg.

2. The Ducklows found that several of the neighbors had arrived before them, to pay their respects to the sick and wounded soldier. Miss Beswick was there; and Matilda was high in her praise of the good woman, for the aid that she had so often received from her during the absence of Reuben. Reuben, sick as he was, was the happiest of all, he was so glad to get home again. "I am sure I shall get well now," he said.

3. Somehow, the talk among the neighbors at length turned on the "government bonds" which the government had issued in order to get money to pay off the soldiers. All the chances of loss from robbery and fire were talked over; and the familiar style of expression—"If *you* have bonds, *you* must look out for robbers,"—"If they are stolen

or burned, it will be *your loss*," etc., etc.,—convinced Mr. Ducklow that he was suspected in the neighborhood of owning some.

4. "It must be known in the village," thought Mr. Ducklow; and, full of apprehension for the safety of his bonds, he could stand it no longer. So he made the excuse that he must hasten home to see to things. Reuben had been obliged to leave his trunk at the station, and Mr. Ducklow promised to bring it over to him.

5. It was agreed that Mrs. Ducklow should remain; and Mr. Ducklow hurried away, greatly to the relief of his wife, who, remembering the bonds under the carpet, and the matches in the pantry, and Taddy's inclination to mischief, felt (as she afterward confessed) "just ready to fly."

6. Mr. Ducklow had made about half his way homeward, when, to his dismay, he saw a column of smoke suddenly rising over the hill that lay between him and his home. He guessed, at a glance, that something terrible had happened. Taddy, in his carelessness, must have set the house on fire!

7. "The bonds! the bonds!" he exclaimed. He did not think so much of the house: that, and the furniture, were insured. His first impulse was to drive on, and endeavor, at all hazards, to snatch the bonds from the flames. His next was to turn back and get help from Reuben's. But a minute's delay might be fatal. So he drove on, screaming, "Fire! fire!" at the top of his voice.

8. But the old horse was a slow-footed animal, and Ducklow had no whip. So he used the reins with both hands, and, by dint of screaming and slapping, he urged the horse from a trot into a gallop; but it was like the gallop of an old cow. He knocked his hat off, and the wheel went over it; but he went on screaming, "The bonds! the bonds! Why didn't I give them to Reuben? Fire! fire!"

9. The neighbors looked out of their windows, and, see-

ing Ducklow without his hat, rising from his seat, reaching forward and wildly brandishing the reins, and screaming at the top of his voice, thought he must be insane. Reaching the top of the hill, and looking down into the valley in expectation of seeing his house in flames, he discovered that the smoke proceeded from a brush-heap, which his neighbor Murray was burning in a field near by.

10. The sudden change of feeling caused by this discovery was too much for the excited Ducklow. His strength went out of him; he sank into his seat, and a cold sweat came over him. Difficult as it had been to get the old horse in motion, it was now even more difficult to stop him. When, at length, he had turned his horse about, and started back for his hat, he could hear a chorus of voices over the hill, shouting, "Fire! fire!" He had aroused the neighbors, who were flocking to extinguish the flames.

11. "A false alarm! a false alarm!" said Ducklow, looking very sheepish as he met them. "Nothing but farmer Murray's brush-heap!"

"Seems to me you might have found that out before you roused all creation with your yells," said one fellow.

"You looked like the 'Flying Dutchman,'" said another. "This your hat?"

12. Ducklow turned the horse about again, and drove homeward amid the laughter of the gathering crowd. As he approached the house he met Taddy rushing wildly up the street.

"Thaddeus! Thaddous! where are you going?"

"Going to the fire!" cried Taddy.

"There isn't any fire, boy!"

"Yes there is. Didn't you hear them? They've been yelling like fury."

"It is nothing but farmer Murray's brush-heap."

"Is that all?" And Taddy turned back, very much disappointed.

13. Leaving Taddy to hold the horse, Mr. Ducklow went

into the house; but he quickly observed that the chair which had been placed over the spot where the bonds had been concealed, had been removed. Some tacks had been taken out, and the carpet was pushed from the wall.

14. In great trepidation he thrust in his hand, here and there, and groped until he found the package precisely where it had been placed the night before, and with the tape tied around it. Great was his joy; but great also was his wrath when he turned and discovered Taddy.

"What have you been pulling up the carpet for?" shouted Ducklow, as he grasped the boy, and shook him until his teeth chattered.

15. "Lost a marble!" snivelled Taddy.

"Well, sir! don't you do such a thing again, if you lose a million marbles."

"Haven't got a million. Have only four. Won't you buy me some to-day?"

"Go and hold the horse till I come, or I'll—I'll—in a way you won't like."

Taddy understood the threat, and obeyed.

16. Ducklow was in trouble. What should he do with the bonds? The floor was no place for them, after what had happened. He remembered that there was an old trunk up in the garret, filled with old papers of all sorts, that had not been disturbed for a quarter of a century. A bright thought struck him. "I'll slip the bonds down into that heap of worthless rubbish, where nobody will ever think of looking for them."

17. He hid the package accordingly, and then drove away, giving Taddy a final charge to beware of setting anything on fire. He had driven about half a mile toward the station, when he met a peddler. There was nothing unusual in that, but, as he went on, it troubled him.

18. He said to himself, "He'll stop at the house now, most likely, and want to trade." Then it occurred to him that Mrs. Ducklow had heard the cry of fire, and had prob-

ably hastened home. She had often threatened to sell that trunk full of old papers; and what if she should now sell it to the peddler for tin-ware? The thought almost distracted him. He turned about, and whipped the old horse home again in great haste, to catch the departing peddler.

19. Arriving, he found the house as he had left it, and Taddy occupied in making a kite-frame. Taddy said no peddler had been there, nor had Ma Ducklow been home, and, with a guilty look, he put the kite-frame behind him.

Ducklow considered. The peddler might stop there yet, and Mrs. Ducklow might be at home by that time. So he thought the safest way was, to take the bonds with him. So he took the package, and again set out for the station.

20. Taddy was still busy with his kite when Mr. Raymond, the minister, drove along, and stopped to inquire how the folks were.

"They're not at home—may I ride?" cried Taddy, all in a breath.

"Yes, jump in;" and in a minute Taddy had scrambled to a seat by his side, and was riding away with him.

21. And now occurred just what Mr. Ducklow had foreseen. Mrs. Ducklow had heard the alarm of fire; and, although it was quickly contradicted, she felt that she must hurry home. "Mr. Ducklow will be going for Redben's trunk," she said, "and Taddy is so full of mischief, that, really, it is not safe to leave the house alone with him. I can foot it. I shall not mind it." So off she started, walking herself out of breath in her anxiety.

22. She reached the brow of the hill just in time to see a chaise drive away from her own door. She took the alarm at once, and, out of breath as she was, trudged on, flushed, perspiring, panting, until she reached the house. There was no answer to her call for Thaddeus. Rushing

in, she found the house deserted; and, lo! the carpet was torn up, and the bonds were gone! Mr. Ducklow would never have left the house in that condition! Taddy had disappeared,—murdered, perhaps, or gagged and carried off by the man in the chaise!

23. Rushing out into the road, and seeing the chaise in the distance, she started after it, waving her hands aloft in the air, and crying, "Murder! murder! stop thief! stop thief!"

If Mr. Ducklow had made a comical figure, lashing his old horse and screaming "fire!" it was nothing compared with the cantering of the fat and frantic Mrs. Ducklow. Mr. Atkins's dog saw her, and came out after her, bristling up and bounding and barking, to her great terror.

24. "Come here!" cried Mr. Atkins, following after the dog. "What's the matter? What's to pay now, Mrs. Ducklow?"

Attempting to speak, at first she could only pant and wheeze. "Robbed!" she at length managed to whisper, amid the yelpings of the cur that refused to be silenced. "Robbed! robbed! the chaise—catch it!"

25. Her frantic gestures expressed more than words; and as Mr. Atkins's horse and wagon stood near by, he leaped into the seat, and, taking Mrs. Ducklow aboard, soon overtook the slow-jogging chaise. "Stop, you! stop! stop!" she shrieked, having now recovered her breath. "You've robbed my house! You took—"

She was going on in wild accents, when the chaise stopped, the man turned to look back, and Mrs. Ducklow, to her extreme mortification, recognized the pleasant but surprised face of the minister.

26. She stammered forth what explanation she could, without alluding to the bonds; and Mr. Atkins, who had laughed himself weak at Ducklow's plight earlier in the morning, now laughed himself into a side-ache at Mrs. Ducklow's ludicrous mistake.

27. Seeing Taddy, who had partly hidden behind the minister, Mrs. Ducklow called out, "Taddy! Taddy! how came the carpet—"

"I pulled it up hunting for a marble," said he.

"And the—the thing tied up in a brown wrapper?"

"Pa Ducklow took it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I saw him."

28. "Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Ducklow, "I never was so beat! Mr. Raymond, I hope—excuse me—I didn't know what I was about. Taddy, you naughty boy, what did you leave the house for?"

Mr. Atkins, taking Taddy into his wagon, drove back and left the two at the Ducklow gate.

29. At noon Mr. Ducklow returned, and explanations followed. He said he had stopped at the Bank, and left the bonds there for safe keeping; but the Bank would not be responsible for them.

"Then I wouldn't have left them," she said.

30. While Mrs. Ducklow was getting the dinner ready, Mr. Ducklow was looking over his weekly paper, when he suddenly started, and uttered a cry of consternation.

"Why, what have you found?" asked his wife.

"Bank robbery!" he exclaimed.

"Not *your* Bank? Not the Bank where *your* bonds—"

"Of course not; but in the very next town! The safe blown open with gunpowder! Five thousand dollars in government bonds stolen!"

31. "How strange!" said Mrs. Ducklow. "Now what did I tell you?"

"I believe you are right," said he. "They will be safer in my own house, or even in my own pocket. I'll just take a bite, and drive right back, and get them before the Bank closes."

32. He accordingly drove away, and brought the tape-tied package home again. That night he slept with it

under his pillow, and the next day, which was Sunday, he took the package to church with him.

33. The worthy couple could not help talking about the bonds after their return home, much as it was against their principles to discuss worldly subjects on Sundays. But a happy thought now struck them. Mr. Middleton (Uncle Philip) had a safe at Wilmot Hall; and no burglar had ever even tried to break into it. Everybody had confidence in Uncle Philip, and perhaps he would just put the bonds in there for safe-keeping.

34. So, early the next morning, both Mr and Mrs. Ducklow, taking the bonds with them, rode over to the factory, and found Uncle Philip in the office. He would willingly put the bonds in his safe, and there they would be as secure as his own bonds were. But he suggested, that, as the July coupons were almost due, Mr. Ducklow might cut them off now, and get them cashed at the Bank; and then he need not look after the bonds again until the next interest should be due, in January.

35. Mr. Ducklow was very thankful to Uncle Philip, who, taking the package, untied the tape, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Why! what have you here?"

"Why! mercy on me!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, with uplifted hands.

36. As for Mr. Ducklow, he could not utter a word. With consternation in his looks he seized the envelope, and with trembling hands shook its astonishing contents. The bonds were not there! but three copies of the "Sunday Visitor" occupied their place.

Had they been stolen at the Bank? Uncle Philip shook his head. It was unaccountable.

37. With long faces the anxious couple drove to the Bank and talked with the cashier; and then, with faces longer still, they drove away again.

There was but one hope now,—that perhaps Taddy had opened the envelope, and that the bonds might be found

somewhere about the house. But Taddy, when accused, declared his innocence in the strongest terms; and the house was searched in vain.

38. Should they advertise for the lost bonds? "But that will bring it all out that we *had* them," said Mr. Ducklow.

"And that you lost them by being so foolish as to leave them at the Bank," said Mrs. Ducklow.

They spent the evening in mutual complaints and fault-finding; and a night of troubled rest followed.

PART IV.—*Happy Ending of the Story.*

1. Before resorting to public measures for the recovery of the stolen property, the Ducklows thought it would be best to inform their friends of their loss, in a private way. So, early the next morning, they drove over to Reuben's.

2. The returned soldier had gained in health, but not in spirits. The flush of hope and happiness at finding himself at home once more with his loved ones had passed away. He had had time to reflect; and every moment reminded him how soon his cherished home was to be taken from him. He looked at his wife and children, and strove hard to stifle the emotions that arose at the thought of their future.

3. The sweet serenity of manner, together with the faith, and patience, and cheerfulness, with which Matilda moved about the house, pursuing her daily tasks, and tenderly waiting upon him, deepened at once his love and his anxiety. He was watching her thus when the Ducklows entered, with countenances mournful as the grave.

4. Matilda, turning to her husband, and, laying her soothing hands upon his hot forehead, told him he *must* cheer up. "Do try to have more faith," she said. "We shall be taken care of, I'm sure."

The Ducklows could not be ignorant of what Reuben and Matilda had been talking. "Reuben," said Mrs. Duck-

low, "we *should* have helped you, and *did* take steps toward it—"

5. "In fact," interrupted Mr. Ducklow, "you've met with a great misfortune, Reuben. Unknown to yourself you've met with a great misfortune! Your Ma Ducklow knows—"

"Yes, Reuben, the very day you came home, your Pa Ducklow made an investment for your benefit. I didn't mention it—"

"Because," said Ducklow, as she faltered, "we wanted to surprise you; we were keeping it a secret till the right time; then we were going to make it a pleasant surprise to you."

6. "What in the name of common sense are you talking about?" cried Reuben.

"Coupon bonds!" groaned Ducklow. "Three thousand dollars in coupon bonds! The money had been lent, but I wanted to make a good investment for you—"

"But the bonds!" eagerly demanded Reuben, with trembling hopes, just as Miss Beswick, with her shawl over her head, entered the room.

7. "We were talking about our loss—Reuben's loss," said Mrs. Ducklow, in a manner that showed her anxiety to be on good terms with that terrible woman.

"Very well! don't let me interrupt." And Miss Beswick, slipping the shawl from her head, sat down.

Then Mr. Ducklow went on, and, aided by an occasional remark from Mrs. Ducklow, succeeded in telling a sufficiently plausible and straightforward story.

8. "Hem!" coughed Miss Beswick, stretching up her long neck, and clearing her throat. "So those bonds which you had bought for Reuben were in the house the very night I called!"

"Yes, Miss Beswick," replied Mrs. Ducklow; "and that's what made us feel so uncomfortable to hear you talk the way you did."

9. "Hem!" again. "'Twas too bad! You ought to have told me. You actually bought the bonds,—bought them for Reuben, did you?"

"Certainly! certainly," said Ducklow.

"To be sure we did," said Mrs. Ducklow.

"We designed them for his benefit,—a surprise, when the right time should come," said both together.

10. "Hem! well!" said Miss Beswick. "Hem! Let in those boys, Matilda."

Matilda opened the door, and in walked Master Dick Beswick, (nephew of Miss Beswick,) followed by Master Taddy.

"Thaddeus! what are you here for?" demanded the adopted parents.

11. "Because I said so," remarked Miss Beswick. "Stop along, boys. Hold up your head, Taddy; you're not going to be hurt. Mr. Ducklow, that boy knows something about Reuben's coupon bonds."

"Thaddeus!" exclaimed both at once, "did you touch those coupon bonds?"

"Didn't know what they were," whimpered Taddy.

"Did you take them?"—and Mrs. Ducklow grasped his shoulder.

12. "Hands off, if you please," said Miss Beswick, with rather marked courtesy.

"Where are they now? Where are they?" cried Ducklow.

"Don't know," said Taddy.

"What did you do with them? What did you want of them?" gasped Mrs. Ducklow.

"Wanted them to cover my kite," confessed the trembling Taddy.

"Cover your kite! your kite!" shrieked the Ducklows.

"Didn't you know any better?"

13. "Didn't think you'd care," said Taddy, "so I took them, and put some newspapers in their place."

"Did you cover the kite with them?"

"No; I was scared when you made such a fuss about them, and I sold them to Dick."

"Yes," spoke up Dick, stoutly,—“for six marbles,—and one was a bull's-eye, and one agate, and two alleys.”

"And the bonds!" cried Ducklow:—"did you destroy them?"

14. "Likely I'd destroy them, after I'd paid six marbles for them!" said Dick. "I wanted them to cover *my* kite with. But Aunt Beswick caught me at it, and made me tell where I got them; and then she made Taddy and me come right over here."

Again, in an agony of impatience, Mr. Ducklow demanded to know where the bonds were at that moment.

"If Taddy'll give me back the marbles—" Dick began.

15. "That'll do," said Miss Beswick. "Reuben will give you twenty marbles;—for I believe you said they were Reuben's bonds, Mr. Ducklow?"

"Yes, that is—" stammered the adopted father.

"Eventually," struck in the adopted mother.

16. "Now look here! Are they *Reuben's* bonds, or are they not?" And there was that in Miss Beswick's look that said, "If they are not Reuben's, then your eyes shall never behold them again."

"Of course they're Reuben's!"—"We intended it all the while."—"His benefit," chorused Pa and Ma Ducklow.

"Well, now it's understood," said Miss Beswick. "Here, Reuben, are your coupon bonds." And, drawing them from her bosom, with formal politeness she placed the precious documents in the glad soldier's agitated hands.

17. "Glory!" cried Reuben, assuring himself that they were genuine. "Matilda, we've a home now! Miss Beswick, you angel from the skies, order a bushel and a half of marbles for Dick, and have the bill sent to me! Oh! Pa Ducklow! you never did a nobler or more generous thing in all your life." And the soldier, overcome by his feelings, sank back into the arms of his wife.

"We always told you we would do well by you, you remember?" said Mr. Ducklow, triumphantly,—himself fairly overcome with emotion, as he saw the joy of the happy Reuben and Matilda.

18. The news went abroad, and everybody rejoiced—the Ducklows with the rest; for selfishness with them, as it is with many, was rather a thing of habit, than a fault of the heart.

"Won't you do well by me some time, too?" teased little Taddy. "I don't care for coupon bonds, but I do want a new drum."

19. "Yes, yes, my son!" said Ducklow, patting the boy's shoulder.—And the drum was bought.

Taddy was delighted. But he did not know what made the Ducklows so much happier, so much more gentle and kind, than formerly. Do you?

CHAPTER XXIX.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 15.

FROM GIBRALTAR TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

I.—*Madeira and the Canaries.*

1. We left Gibraltar on the 25th of May, and, after a pleasant voyage of eight hundred miles, stopped at Funchal,* the capital of the Portuguese island of Madeira. This rocky, mountainous island is a great resort for invalids from the countries of Southern Europe. We learn that the air is fresh and salubrious, and that there is remarkable equability of climate throughout the year.

2. We found, as Dr. Edson had told us, that the island is but little more than a mass of rock, yet that every spot

* Pronounced *Foon-shāl'*.

covered with soil is exceedingly fertile. Vineyards rise, by successive terraces, to the height of twenty-three hundred feet; and one mountain peak reaches the height of fifty-four hundred feet above the level of the sea; but it is crowned with verdure to the very summit. Here I am going to quote for you Dr. Edson's description of the island. Perhaps Mr. Agnew will read it to his geography classes.

3. "Here all is sunshine; the green bananas, with their beautiful feathery tops, tell the visitor that he has bid farewell to Europe; the orange-trees hold out to him their branches, laden with fruit; plantations of coffee-trees fill the spaces between the houses; the splendid coral-tree, with its rich scarlet flowers, hangs over his head; and the snowy balls of the guelder rose mingle with the purple hibiscus.

4. "If you ride out, it is mostly in narrow paths, and through a perfect vineyard, where, in many places, the vines are carried on trellises over the road, and large clusters of grapes hang within your reach. Hedges of geraniums, fuchsias, and heliotropes, border the paths, and shade you from the sun; the Indian fig clothes the cottages; and the brilliant salvia, and the red and the white lily, are sprinkled over the vineyards; while the camellia japonica, with its delicate white flower and waxy leaf, adorns every door-yard."—Is not this a pretty picture of rural scenery? Prof. Howard, in speaking of this delightful island, says it is no wonder that the great Portuguese navigator, Vasco de Gama, describes it as having—

"A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,
Venus might build her dearest cottage there."

Camoens' Lusiad.

5. We remained on the island twenty-five days, which gave us time, in company with Dr. Edson, to examine its geological structure and its flora, of both of which we

obtained fine specimens. *Mine* will go to the Lake-View Museum. I have added to the *herbarium* that I began in the mountains of Lebanon, and I hope to enlarge it greatly during the remainder of the voyage.

6. We continued on our southern course, being now bound for the Canary Islands, two hundred and sixty miles from Madeira. We had not proceeded far when the Captain's telescope was in demand, and we were all on the lookout for the peak of Teneriffe, which first made its appearance as a small dark spot, on the southern horizon, seemingly no bigger than "a man's hand," like the little cloud that Elijah saw. And yet the Captain told us that it could be seen at a distance of a hundred and fifty miles.

7. As we drew nearer, the dark object seemed to rise slowly out of the waters, and to grow in size, until at length it towered up like a mighty column in mid-ocean, long before we could discern the island base on which it rested. Nearly a day after we first saw this lofty summit—which is more than twelve thousand feet above the ocean level—we entered the excellent and commodious harbor of Santa Cruz, the capital of Teneriffe, and also of the Canary Islands.

8. Prof. Howard tells us that these islands, which now belong to Spain, are, doubtless, the *Fortunate*, or *Happy Islands*, of the ancients, so beautifully described by their poets as "abounding in all things desirable, where spring perpetual reigns, and the earth is clothed with eternal verdure." When Vasco de Gama, whose very route we are pursuing, reached the Canary Islands in his great voyage of discovery, we are told by his poet-biographer, that—

"Here, midst the billows of the ocean, smiles
A flowery sister train,—the *Happy Isles*."—*Camoens*.

9. Among these "Islands of the Blest" was supposed, by the ancients, to be one of surpassing beauty, enamelled

with flowers, shaded by pleasant groves, and refreshed by never-failing fountains; and here, according to Grecian mythology, were the *Elysian Fields*, the happy abode of the righteous after death!

10. Here, also, in some now unknown island of the group, as the Professor has told us, the Italian poet Tasso, in his great epic poem, the *Jerusalem Delivered*, places the famous gardens of the Saracen sorceress Armida, by whom the Christian knight Rinaldo was lured away from the siege of Jerusalem, and borne hither, at the time of the first crusade.

11. When, according to this same poet, the knights Carlo and Ubaldo had landed here, in the search for their missing companion,* they encountered terrors that would have overcome all their heroism, had they not possessed a magic wand that had power to disarm the spirits of evil that guarded the island. I enclose an extract from the Professor's Hand-book, telling of the ascent of the mountain by these knights, and of the gardens which they found in the valley beyond. The Professor says it is from Tasso's story of Rinaldo and Armida, as told in prose by the celebrated English author, Leigh Hunt.

II.—*The Gardens of Armida: An Episode.*

1. "It was evening, with a beautiful sunset. The knights took leave of the pilot, and, setting out instantly on their journey, well furnished with all advices how to proceed, slept that night at the foot of the mountain; for they were not to begin the ascent until sunrise.

2. "With the first beams of the sun they arose and ascended. They had not climbed far, when a serpent rushed out upon the path, entirely stopping it; but it fled at the sound of a slender rod, which Ubaldo whisked as he ad-

* See page 291.

vanced. A lion, for all his cavernous jaws, did the same; nor was greater resistance made by a whole herd of monsters.

3. "They now mounted, with great labor, the region of ice and snow; but, at the top of it, they emerged from winter-time into summer. The air was full of sweet odors, yet fresh; they sauntered over a velvet sward, under trees, by the side of a shady river; and a bewitching pleasure began to steal over their senses. But they knew the river, and bore in mind their duty. It was called the River of Laughter.

4. "The story, as related in the poem, then tells what further befell the knights on their way, and what allurements the sorceress had contrived to detain any who should seek to penetrate to her abode. But the knights passed on in safety, upheld by the power that threw its safeguards around them. At length they reached the delightful retreat of the sorceress, who held Rinaldo in her thralldom. The story is thus continued:—

5. "The knights passed through the gates of the park of Armida, and entered a labyrinth made with contrivance the most intricate. Here their path would have been lost, but for a map which they carried with them, traced by one who knew the secret. By the help of this they threaded the labyrinth in safety, and issued upon a garden beautiful beyond conception.

6. "Here everything that could be desired in gardens was presented to their eyes in one landscape, and yet without contradiction or confusion,—flowers, fruits, water, sunny hills, descending woods, retreats into corners and grottos: and what put the last loveliness upon the scene was, that the art which did all was nowhere discernible. You might have supposed (so exquisitely were the wild and the cultivated united) that all had somehow *happened*. It seemed to be the art of Nature herself; as if, in a fit of playfulness, she had imitated her imitator.

7. "But the temperature of the place, if nothing else,

was plainly the work of magic, for blossoms and fruit abounded at the same time. The ripe and the budding fig grew on the same bough; green apples were clustered upon those with red cheeks; the vines in one place had small leaves and hard little grapes, and in the next they laid forth their richest tapestry in the sun, heavy with bunches full of nectar.

8. "At one time you listened to the warbling of birds, and a minute after, as if they had stopped on purpose, nothing was heard but the whispering of winds and the fall of waters. It seemed as if everything in the place contributed to the harmony and the sweetness. The notes of the turtle-dove were deeper here than anywhere else; the hard oak, and the chaste laurel, and the whole exuberant family of trees, the earth, the water, every element of creation, seemed to have been compounded but for one object, and to breathe forth the fulness of its bliss."—*Leigh Hunt*.

9. It is some satisfaction to know that Rinaldo, rescued from the toils of the sorceress, returned to his duty, and was soon battling again with the infidel Turks and Egyptians, in the siege of Jerusalem.

10. We remained over three weeks in Teneriffe,—"*geologizing*" and "*botanizing*," as Dr. Edson calls our rambles over the island,—collecting minerals, and plants in bloom, and studying their characters. We climbed high up toward the summit of Teneriffe; and I, at least, was surprised at the changes in vegetation that we found as we made the ascent. The following is Dr. Edson's description of the island:—

11. "Down near the sea the date-tree, the sugar-cane, vines, and olives, flourish in profusion; then come the laurels, the chestnut, and the oak; then we pass through such forests of fir and pine trees as mark the colder regions of the earth. In the next stage of our ascent the plants and

shrubs have a stunted appearance, and we need overcoats and mittens to protect us from the increasing cold. Still higher up is a vast plain, like a sea of sand, above which perpetual solitude reigns, with neither habitation nor vegetation."

12. But our course is still onward, beyond Teneriffe, and we are soon adrift again on the broad Atlantic. We are nearing the equatorial regions. We cross the tropic of Cancer, and are off the coast of the desert of Sahara,—a region of terror to me in my boyhood, inspired by the reading of Robbins and Riley's narratives of shipwreck and captivity among the Arabs.

"From the green verge where Mauritania^a ends,
To Ethiopia's^b line, the dreary waste extends."

Camoens.

III.—*Climate and Trade-Winds.*

1. During the voyage from Teneriffe, after we had passed the tropic of Cancer, we experienced very variable weather, although not so variable, Dr. Edson said, as it probably would have been if we had made the voyage in the winter season. He says this is the northern region of tropical calms, that alternate with tropical storms, and that there is a region corresponding to it, that we are to pass through, on the other side of the equator.

2. It was on a sunshiny, balmy morning, and several of our party were standing on deck, and speaking of the delightful weather,—the ocean so calm, and the heavens so bright above us,—when the captain, shaking his head, and

^a *Mauritania*, the ancient Tingitana, so called from its principal city, Tingis, or *Old Tangier*, is now embraced in the government of Morocco.

^b The term *Ethiopia* was vaguely applied to the whole of Africa south of Egypt and west to the Atlantic.

pointing to a fleck of white far off on the western horizon, remarked, "We may expect rain before noon, and a storm at night."

3. And, sure enough, it was not long before a haze overspread the sky; a heavy mist, followed by rain, set in before noon, and at sunset it was blowing a gale. In the cabin, that evening, the conversation turned upon the subject of weather signs; many quaint sayings and proverbs about the weather were repeated by different members of our party, and thrilling stories were told about storms at sea. During a pause in the conversation Prof. Howard read to us the following, which he had just written out in pencil; but whether it was wholly original, or not, he did not say. It was *truthful*, to say the least.

The Warning.

4. The morn was as bright as a morn could be;
Blue glowed the sky, blue laughed the sea;
Sunshine and calm were met together
In the joy and glory of summer weather;
But the captain pointed where, far in the west,
Lay a cloud, like a sail, on the sky's broad breast;
And he said, as he looked at its ominous white,
"There'll be mist ere noontide, and storm ere night."

Tinsley's Magazine.

By the next morning the storm had passed by, but there was still a heavy roll of the sea.

5. It was at this point in our voyage that the Doctor commenced a course of brief daily lectures on the science of *Climatology*, which were very interesting,—especially to Henry and the other college graduates, who could understand and appreciate the lectures better than I could.

6. I was surprised to find that it is so much cooler in summer, and warmer in winter, on the ocean, than it is far

inland ; and, hence, that islands out in the ocean have a much more equable climate than inland countries. The Doctor says that on the open sea the temperature of the air never exceeds eighty-six degrees ; while in sheltered places on the land, at a distance of two or three yards above the soil, in hot climates, it has occasionally reached one hundred and thirty degrees. Perhaps Mr. Agnew will explain to his pupils the causes of this difference in temperature. I am certain that they already know the uses of the thermometer.

7. After we had passed beyond the northern region of tropical calms and storms, we became aware that, from day to day, there was a steady breeze from the northward—or rather from the north-east. This wind, Dr. Edson says, is called the *Trade-Wind*, from its important influence in navigation ; and he told us that it blows almost constantly in that one direction, in our Northern hemisphere.

8. Then he described the trade-winds, and explained their causes. He told us that, as the air is always excessively heated at or near the equator, it there rises up several miles, divides into two immense columns, and that one column then flows off toward the north pole, and the other toward the south pole, while the air on the surface of the earth or ocean rushes in—some from the north and some from the south—to fill the places which the overheated air has thus made vacant. This causes the wind to blow southward in our Northern hemisphere, just as we experienced it. Thus there is a constant circuit of the wind, back and forth, north of the equator, and a similar circuit south of it.

9. We recollected that, when we were climbing the peak of Teneriffe, and the wind was blowing southward down on the plain, the clouds were moving northward up near the summit of the mountain, and that there was a calm where we were, between the two currents. Now we had no difficulty in understanding *why* the clouds, up at that

great elevation, were moving in a northerly direction. They had been caught by the *upper* current from the equator, called the anti trade-wind.

10. There were many other interesting points about these trade-winds that the Doctor explained to us. He says that, because the earth is constantly turning on its axis, from west to east, this motion of the earth causes the northern trade-wind to blow from the north-east, and the southern trade-wind to blow from the south-east; and that where these two wind-currents meet, in the equatorial regions, both take a westerly direction.

11. It was this equatorial trade-wind in the Atlantic, constantly blowing westward, that, fortunately, caught the ships of Columbus on his great voyage of discovery, and wafted them away so rapidly toward the New World. It was equally fortunate for him that he took a more northerly course on his return,—beyond the influence of the trade-winds; for, otherwise, he would probably never have returned to Spain to make known the results of his voyage.

IV.—*Monrovia.—Equatorial Calms.*

1. Passing out of the region of tropical calms and storms, and with the trade-wind in our favor, we direct our course to Monrovia, the capital of the republic of Liberia. The territory included in this little republic, we are informed, contains a population of about seven hundred and twenty thousand, of whom twenty thousand are colored emigrants from the United States. The latter are the ruling class.

2. The town of Monrovia is only a little more than six degrees (over four hundred miles) north of the equator, yet its climate is not so hot as most of us expected to find it. We arrived there on the 1st of August. In the latitude of Monrovia, the rainy season continues from June until October; June is the coolest month of the year, and January the hottest.

3. Dr. Edson tells us that at Monrovia the mercury seldom rises above ninety degrees in the shade, and never falls below sixty. But the climate on the coast is not favorable to white men, and we soon take our departure, directing our course—sixteen hundred miles away—to St. Helena, that lone rocky isle in the South Atlantic, which derives its only historical importance from the fact that it was the great Napoleon's place of exile from October, 1815, until his death in May, 1821.

4. We had scarcely passed out of sight of land from Monrovia, when we had an opportunity to study the character of the *equatorial* calms that distinguish the region for several hundred miles both north and south of the equator. Often, during the day, a great calm and a great heat would prevail; the streamer at the mast-head would fall, drooping, bereft of motion; and if we had not been on board a steam-vessel we should have been repeatedly becalmed in mid-ocean.

5. Prof. Howard says it must have been one of these equatorial calms,—during which the sun beats down with most intense violence—that Coleridge describes in his “Rime of the Ancient Mariner:”—

“All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

“Day after day, day after day,
We stuck,—nor breath, nor motion;—
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

6. But these calms are often followed by tempests that burst with a sudden fury of wind, and thunder, and lightning, unknown in other regions. We experienced one of these tempests. It was at the close of a pleasant

afternoon, and the sun was just setting in a cloudless sky, when the captain's order came, to prepare, with all haste, for a storm. The barometer was falling rapidly.

7. We were all surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations, for even the oldest sailors had perceived no threatening in the heavens. But suddenly the sky grew dark; the storm was upon us; the thunder rolled, and the lightning was terrific. For a minute or two all seemed confusion; but the captain's orders had been rapidly given, and were implicitly obeyed, so that we were prepared,—and not a moment too soon. It was that little tube of mercury in the pilot-house that had given the warning; and, had it not been for that, we might have been lost.

8. The next morning Dr. Edson gave us a talk about hurricanes, and cyclones, and the uses of the barometer in giving warning of approaching storms; and Prof. Howard quoted numerous passages from the poets, descriptive of storms, both on land and at sea. Among them was Byron's description of a thunder-storm in the Alps:—

“Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.”

9. Then there was Ariel's description, in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, of the manner in which that “tricksy spirit” managed the storm that so nearly overwhelmed the king's ship. But the one that most nearly described the tempest that we encountered, was the following:—

Verse 8.—Why the expression, “*Leaps the live thunder*”?—Why “*found a tongue*”?—Why “*Jura answers*”?—Why “*call to her aloud*”?—V. 9. Why “*deep-voiced thunder*”?—The meaning of *evanescent*.—Why “*sheets of gold*”?

"The sky grew darker. Soon came booming on
The deep-voiced thunder, whilst at distance rolled
The wild wind's dirge-like and yet tempest tone;
And lightning's evanescent sheets of gold
Burst, in their anger, from the cloud's huge fold."
T. D. English.

V.—*St. Helena.*

1. As we came within sight of the rugged and frowning heights of the little island of St. Helena, which is scarcely ten miles broad in its greatest extent, we were reminded, by Prof. Howard, of these lines of the poet Montgomery, written while Napoleon's remains still rested there:—

"St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep;
There a hero's relics sleep."

2. Our steamer came to anchor at Jamestown, on the north-west coast, although it is often difficult for sailing vessels, proceeding southward, to enter the harbor. Jamestown was long an important port for vessels coming from the East Indies, to take in supplies; but that trade has been almost wholly taken away, of late years, by the opening of the Suez Canal, through which the largest vessels now pass between the Mediterranean on the one side, and the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean on the other.

3. Our chief attraction at St. Helena was Longwood, the residence of Napoleon during his exile, and the place of his death. We visited the house occupied by him during the weary years of his imprisonment; again and again we went over the grounds in which he had taken his walks; we sought out every nook and corner associated with his name; and we carried away with us specimens of the rocks of the island, and some flowers that were found growing near the place in which the great exile had been buried.

4. After the removal of the remains of the hero to Paris, in 1840, agreeably to the wish expressed in his last will, the government of France bought the house at Longwood that had been occupied by him, and the valley in which he had been buried, and appointed a perpetual guard to watch over them with appropriate military honors.

5. Much of the time occupied in our voyage from St. Helena to the Cape of Good Hope was devoted to long and frequent discussions about the character and history of Napoleon: but I must pass by all this, merely writing out for you one or two of the many poetical selections that were read to us. The first one that I copy is entitled *Napoleon at St. Helena*: but it would be far more interesting if I could give you the remarks with which the Professor accompanied the reading of it, for they embraced the whole of Napoleon's history while he was on the island, and his treatment by the English officials who were placed over him to guard against the possibility of his escape. You must recollect that this piece was written while Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena.

VI.—*Napoleon at St. Helena.*

1. But where is he, the modern, mightier far,^a
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
The new Sesostris,^b whose unharnessed kings,
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
And spurn the dust o'er which they crawled of late,
Chained to the chariot of the chieftain's state?
2. Yes, where is he, the champion—and the child
'Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?

^a Mightier far than Alexander, to whom the preceding lines referred.

^b *Sesostris*, the great Egyptian conqueror.

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were
thrones,

Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones?

Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,

And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.

3. Smile to behold the eagle's lofty rage

Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage:

Smile to survey the queller of the nations

Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations:

Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,

O'er curtailed dishes and o'er stinted wines;

O'er petty quarrels upon petty things:—*

Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?

Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,

A surgeon's statement, and an earl's harangues.

4. A bust delayed, a book refused, can shake

The sleep of him who kept the world awake.

Is this, indeed, the tamer of the great,

Now slave to all could tease or irritate—

The paltry jailer and the prying spy,

The staring stranger with his note-book nigh?

Plunged in a dungeon, he had still been great:

How low, how little, was this middle state,

Between a prison and a palace, where

How few could feel for what he had to bear!

* * * * *

5. Though, save the few fond friends, and imaged face

Of that fair boy^b his sire shall ne'er embrace,

* Napoleon was greatly annoyed by the restraints—many of them quite unnecessary, and dishonorable to the English government—that were imposed upon him during his captivity.

^b Napoleon's son by his second wife, Maria Louisa of Austria. He never saw his father after the latter's banishment, and died in 1832.

None stand by his low bed—though even the mind
Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind,
Smile—for the fettered eagle breaks his chain,*
And higher worlds than this are his again.—*Byron.*

6. Prof. Howard read to us several accounts, from different writers, of the death-scene of the great Emperor. We learn that, on the day of his death, as night came on, and the sufferer grew rapidly worse, a terrific storm raged over the island. As the mourning members of the household knelt around the dying bed, it was evident that the spirit of Napoleon, doubtless excited by the noise of the tempest without, was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements. The words "head of the army," (spoken in French,) the last that escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heavy fight. "It was about eleven minutes before six in the evening," says his English biographer, Walter Scott, "that Napoleon expired."—"Even the very minute of the death of such a man it is thought necessary to put on record," remarked Dr. Edson.—To close the accounts of this striking scene, the Professor read to us the following:—

VII.—*Death of Napoleon.*

1. Wild was the night; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow:
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.
2. A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished;
They know, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

* In allusion to his death.

3. They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.
4. He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's "eagle";
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.
5. The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussians' camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.
6. Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the Pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain,
7. On the snowy cliffs, where mountain streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.
8. Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun—
Made pale at his cannon's rattle.
9. He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story:
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
And left him alone in his glory.—*Isaac M' Lellan.*

VIII.—*Character of Napoleon.*

Much was said, by the different members of our party, about the leading traits in the character of Napoleon. Was he worthy to be called GREAT? It was soon decided that he was utterly deficient in that *moral grandeur* of thought and sentiment which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity. Was he *intellectually great*? Yes, but it was wholly of the earth earthy, and not of the kind that soars to the infinite and the everlasting. "His characteristic greatness," said Prof. Howard, "was the greatness of *action*." Then he read to us what one of our own writers has said on this subject:—

"That Napoleon possessed greatness of action, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man who raised himself from obscurity to a throne; who changed the face of the world; who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations; who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans; whose will was feared as destiny; whose donatives were crowns; whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes; who broke down the barrier of the Alps, and made them a highway; and whose fame has spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack and the deserts of the Arab,—a man who has left this record of himself in history has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action—an energy equal to great effects."

W. E. Channing.

IX.—*Onward to the Cape.*

1. It was a voyage of more than two thousand miles from St. Helena to Cape Town, at which we expected to make our next landing. We had some rough weather on the passage; but, on the whole, our time passed pleasantly, and

not unprofitably; for the Doctor and Prof. Howard always managed to bring forward topics of interest for our consideration.

2. As we sailed southward from Gibraltar, Dr. Edson often called our attention, on pleasant evenings, to the constant changes in the apparent positions of what are called the *fixed* stars, in addition to their well-known westward rotation caused by the eastward revolution of the earth on its axis. As the Doctor expressed it, "the multitude of the heavenly host" seemed to be moving northward around the earth in majestic array; so that, one after another, those orbs below the northern pole-star sank out of sight: and, at length, even the pole-star itself disappeared below the northern horizon.

3. At the same time stars and constellations that we had never before seen were constantly rising up before us out of the Southern Ocean. Thus the constellation known as the Southern Cross became visible to us when we were off the western extremity of Africa, while another constellation, the Magellanic Clouds, made its appearance on the southern horizon soon after we had crossed the southern tropic; and in this way new heavens seemed to be constantly opening to our view.

4. Prof. Howard tells us that the Portuguese poet Camoens, the author of the *Lusiad*,^a represents Vasco de Gama, when he was making his great discovery of an ocean route to India, as speaking thus of the changing appearances of the heavens:—

5. "O'er the wild waves, as southward thus we stray,
Our port unknown, unknown the watery way,

^a The *Lusiad*, or, "The Lusiads," from the Latin name of Portugal, sometimes called "The Epic Poem of Commerce," is devoted to the voyage and discoveries of Vasco de Gama, in 1497-99. The best English translation is by William Julius Mickle.

Each night we see, impressed with solemn awe,
Our guiding stars and native skies withdraw :
In the wide void we lose their cheering beams ;
Lower, and lower still, the pole-star gleams.

6. " While, nightly, thus, the lonely seas we brave,
Another pole-star rises o'er the wave :
Full to the south a shining Cross appears ;
Our heaving breasts the blissful omen cheers ;
Seven radiant stars compose the hallowed sign,
That rose still higher o'er the wavy brine."

Camoens.

7. These subjects very naturally led the Doctor to speak of the labors of that celebrated astronomer, Sir John Herschel, who passed nearly four years at Cape Town, near the Cape of Good Hope, at his own expense, for the purpose of studying the heavens of the Southern hemisphere. Thus *astronomy* became the subject of the Doctor's "talks," and of conversation among the rest of us, after leaving St. Helena. It seemed like a regular *school* on board our steamer, and we all became deeply interested in the study that was thus brought before us.

8. On the Sunday before we reached the Cape, Prof. Howard, in the religious exercises of the day, surprised us by taking, as the subject of his remarks, the text—"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Perhaps it might not be called a sermon, that he gave us ; but it was a grand discourse on the glories and the immensity of creation. The Professor read to us many beautiful extracts from celebrated writers,—and closed with that famous ode, long attributed to Addison, but now known to have been written by Andrew Marvell. Why should it not make an appropriate ending for my letter ?

X.—*The Spacious Firmament.*

1. The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

CHAPTER XXX.—AUTHORS AND THEIR WRITINGS.I.—*A Love of Books.*

1. It was one of the leading objects of Mr. Agnew's teachings to instil into his pupils such a love of books—

such a taste for general literature as well as scientific knowledge—that they should carry it with them when they graduated from the school-room, and entered upon the more active duties of life.

2. He insisted that we should have an abundance of useful books that contain pleasant reading; and, in selecting for his younger pupils, he was governed by a principle thus expressed by one of our favorite American writers: "In the first place, we must make this business of reading *agreeable*; or else, in a world which the good Creator has made very beautiful, the young people will always be going a-skating, or a-fishing, or a-swimming, or a-voyaging, and not a-reading, and no blame to them." [*Edward Everett Hale.*]

3. It was Shakspeare who expressed a similar thought, but perhaps he carried it too far, when he said,—

"No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

But it is, nevertheless, true, that all study becomes the more profitable, the more interesting it is made to the learner.

4. Mr. Agnew would often repeat to his pupils what great men have said about the value of books, and the enjoyment and profit to be had from a love of reading. Let us find a place for some of these extracts here.—Said Sir William Waller, a celebrated English general, and also a writer of some note, "In my library of choice books I am sure to converse with none but wise men; but abroad it is impossible for me to avoid, at times, the society of fools."

5. It was the celebrated Fenelon that said, "If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the Empire were laid at my

Verse 3.—From what is "*ta'en*" contracted, and why thus contracted?—In what sense is "*affect*" here used?—V. 5. What "*Empire*" is here alluded to? (See Appendix, *Fenelon.*)

feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all ;” and the famous historian, Gibbon, wrote, “A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies.”

6. The learned and delightful Petrarch writes thus of the friends that he finds in books :—“I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me ; they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honor for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please.

7. “They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of the past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies.”

8. Sir John Herschel calls books “the best society in every period of history.” He says, “Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

9. “Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail to make him a happy man ;

Verse 6.—Whom does Petrarch mean by “*friends*”?—What meaning is here attached to “*cabinet*,” and “*field*”?—V. 8. Is the word “*taste*” here used in a *literal*, or in a *figurative* sense? Explain. See p. 15.

unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him."

10. The amiable and gifted divine, William Ellery Channing, thus writes, in an address on *Self-Culture* :—"In the best books great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true levellers. They give, to all who will faithfully use them, the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof,—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare open to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with practical wisdom,—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

11. "Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering and soothing companions in solitude, illness, or affliction. The wealth of both continents could not compensate for the good they impart. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this."

Verse 9.—Explain the meaning of the words "*denizen*," and "*contemporary*."—V. 10. Why are books said to be the "*voices* of the distant and the dead"?—In what respect are they "*levellers*"?—Why may Milton be said to "*sing of Paradise*"?—V. 11. Why are books called "*companions*"?

12. In concluding this part of our subject, we may say that books

“Turn back the tide of ages to its head,
And hoard the wisdom of the honored dead.”

Charles Sprague.

“They are a part of man’s prerogative;
In formal ink, they thought and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old.”

Sir Thos. Overbury.

13. When Mr. Agnew planned the “Gem Selections” for memorizing, the occasional reading selections made by the pupils themselves, and the setting apart of particular days for reading from the works of certain distinguished authors, he had this same ultimate object in view,—that of instilling into the minds of his pupils a love of books, and a fondness for reading.

14. The same idea is apparent in the *Saturday Evening Readings* at Wilmot Hall, which so many graduates of the school attend; and now an additional feature has served to increase their interest. It is that of appointing some person to read, at each meeting, a brief biographical sketch of some well-known author, and also to present selections from his writings. A critical analysis—original, borrowed, or compiled—of the character of the pieces selected, or a description of the book, essay, speech, or other writing, from which the selections were taken, is often a part of the reading; and the young people present are requested to have their note-books and pencils on hand, and take notes of what is read.

15. We give here a couple of papers comprising two of these brief biographical sketches, together with selections

Verse 12.—Why the expression, “*tide of ages*”?—What is the meaning of “*prerogative*”?—Why do they “*hold thought and voices*”? To what does “*that*,” in the last line, refer?

from the authors referred to. The first paper was read by young Mr. Irwin of Georgia, who had been spending the summer with Frank Wilmot, and studying factory life in Lake-View. The sketch of the other author, Leigh Hunt, with the accompanying selections, was handed in by the ladies, and read by Miss Kate Barto.

II.—*Laurence Sterne, and His Writings, 1713–1768.*

1. LAURENCE STERNE, an English prose author, and clergyman of the Church of England, was a great humorist, a master of pathos, and a singularly original novelist, the charm of whose style, with its quaint imagery and quainter conceits, for a time took an extraordinary hold upon the English public.

2. When the first two volumes of his principal work, *Tristram Shandy*, were published, Sterne instantly became famous. Everybody was pleased with the oddities, the good-nature, and the simplicity of the brave and generous Captain Shandy, better known as "Uncle Toby," and with his ever-faithful, respectful, and voluble orderly, Corporal Trim; while the pathetic story of Le Fevre, the poor, sick, and dying lieutenant, was copied into almost every journal in the kingdom.

3. But, notwithstanding the exceeding beauty of the story of Le Fevre, and all the interest that attaches to it, the work from which it is taken is now little read, for, as a whole, it has no unity of narrative, and is but a bundle of brilliant episodes and abrupt transitions, strung together without any attempt at order; and after the brilliant passages have been picked out, the remainder is now regarded as little better than useless rubbish.

4. Sterne also wrote the *Sentimental Journey* through France and Italy, a work abounding in vivid descriptions and portraitures of character, but marred by many blemishes of sentiment. Unfortunately, of the personal char-

acter of Sterne, as seen in his life and writings, no favorable impression can be formed.

5. In making a selection from *Tristram Shandy*, we shall introduce it with an extract from what that kind and genial author, Leigh Hunt, says of Sterne's creation of that delightful character, "Uncle Toby."

6. "But what shall I say to thee, thou quintessence of the milk of human kindness, thou reconciler of war, (so far as it was once necessary to reconcile it,)—thou returner to childhood during peace, thou master of the best of corporals, thou high and only final Christian gentleman, thou pitier of the devil himself, divine Uncle Toby! Why, this I will say, made bold by thy example, and caring nothing for what anybody may think of it who does not, in some measure, partake of thy nature,—that he who created thee was the wisest man since the days of Shakspeare; and that Shakspeare himself, mighty reflector of things as they were, never arrived at a character like thine."—The English literary critic, Hazlitt, says, "My Uncle Toby is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature."

The Story of Le Fevre.

1. In the celebrated story of Le Fevre we have an account of a sick lieutenant, travelling with his little son, and taken ill at an inn in the village near which Uncle Toby and his servant, Corporal Trim, were staying. The sympathetic Uncle Toby, having heard of the affliction that had befallen a brother soldier, though a stranger to him, immediately sent his servant to inquire into the sick man's condition. In the report made by the corporal, the latter spoke of a curate whom he met at the inn, and who, on hearing some allusion made to the lieutenant's saying his prayers, remarked, as Corporal Trim tells it,—

2. "I thought," said the curate, "that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all."—"I

heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night very devoutly," said the landlady, "and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it." "Are you sure of it?" asked the curate.

3. "A soldier, an't please your reverence," said I, "prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world." "'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

4. "But when a soldier," said I to the curate, "an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged," said I, "for months together, in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in the rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.

5. "I believe," said I—"for I was piqued for the reputation of the army—"I believe, an't please your reverence," said I, "that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all the fuss and hypocrisy of some of them."

6. "Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby; "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who have done their duty in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I hope we shall," said Trim.

7. "It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that the Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that, if we have but done our duties in it, it

will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not," said the corporal. "But go on, Trim, with thy story," said my uncle Toby.

8. When the corporal had finished the account of his visit to the sick lieutenant, Uncle Toby remarks, "Thou hast left this matter short, and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist, as well as himself, out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself." "Your honor knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders." "True," quoth my uncle Toby. "Thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man."

9. "In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby, "when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house, too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and, if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse, thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."

10. "He will never march, an't please your honor, in this world," said the corporal. "He *will* march," said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. "An't please your honor," said the corporal, "he will never march, but to his grave." "He *shall* march," cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—"he shall march to his regiment."

11. "He cannot stand it," said the corporal. "He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby. "He'll drop at last," said the corporal; "and what will become of his boy?" "He shall *not* drop," said my uncle Toby firmly. "Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die." "He shall *not* die," cried my uncle Toby, with an oath.*—The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

12. My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his pocket, and, having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

13. The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's. The hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him.

14. Without giving him time to answer one of the inquiries, he went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting for him, with the corporal, the night

* But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.—*Matt. v. 34-37.*

before. "You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house; and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

15. There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which ever beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that, before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it toward him.

16. The blood and spirit of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy. Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped.—Shall I go on? No.

III.—*Leigh Hunt, and His Writings, 1784–1859.*

1. LEIGH HUNT was a popular English poet and essayist of the lively and descriptive school. While a mere lad he wrote verses; at an early age he began to contribute to periodicals; and at twenty-one he had already acquired distinction as a genial dramatic critic.

2. In 1808 he and his brother started the "Examiner," a liberal political journal that became noted for the freedom of its political discussions; and as at that period in English history any strictures upon the ruling powers rendered

the critic liable to severe reprehension, and even to punishment, the brothers were repeatedly prosecuted by the government.

3. When a fashionable newspaper, with fulsome flattery, had called the profligate prince regent (afterwards George IV.) an Adonis, the brothers added, in their paper, "an Adonis of fifty!" for which cutting sarcasm they were sentenced to a fine of two thousand five hundred dollars, and two years' imprisonment.

4. As the brothers rejected all offers to remit the penalty on condition that the paper should change its tone, they underwent the full sentence; but so much popular sympathy was excited in their behalf, that the cells of their prison were transformed into comfortable apartments, constantly supplied with books and flowers; and there their friends—Byron and Moore among the number—frequently visited them. The cheerful poet gives us the following pleasant picture of his two rooms "on the ground floor,"—a fine example of making the most of adverse circumstances:—

1. *Within Prison Walls.*

1. "I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling colored with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a piano-forte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy-tale.

2. "But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside, railed off from another belonging to the neighboring ward. This yard I shut in

with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. My friend the poet, Mr. Moore, told me he had seen no such *heart's-ease*.

3. "Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn, my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles away. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry-tree, which I twice saw in blossom."

4. Leigh Hunt was a prolific and pleasant writer, both in prose and in poetry, and several selections from his works were read at our regular meeting. There were some pleasing lines, written in 1840, on the occasion of the birth of the Princess Royal, Victoria Adelaide, who, in 1858, married Frederic William, Crown-Prince of Prussia and the German Empire. There was another, "A Funeral Scene at Ravenna," taken from his touching story of Ri'mini (ree'me-ne). Then followed that exquisite narrative gem, "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel," for which, alone, we can find room here:—

2. Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.

1. Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
2. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,

"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

3. "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
4. The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

CHAPTER XXXI.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 16.

FROM THE CAPE TO BOMBAY.

I.—*At the Cape.*

1. My last letter closed on the 27th of August, just as we were expecting to make our landing at Cape Town. But as we were standing off the entrance to the harbor we were boarded by an English pilot, who informed us that although the harbor of Cape Town is safe for vessels during the prevalence of the *south-west* monsoons—from September to May,—it is not safe while the *north-west* winds prevail—from June to September. So, passing on thirty-two miles farther south, at the extremity of a long and narrow peninsula we rounded the lofty promontory of Cape Peak, or Cape of Good Hope, and in a spacious bay on the east of it found a secure shelter at Simon's Town.

2. Prof. Howard gave us an account of Gama's trials, and of the storms that he encountered, when he reached the vicinity of the bold promontory that no European had hitherto sailed past. Gama fancied that he here saw the *Spirit of the Cape*, appearing to him in a fearful cloud that suddenly enveloped his tempest-tossed vessels, and struck terror into the hearts of the sailors, who demanded his immediate return.

3. The poet Camoens, in one of his most beautiful descriptions, represents the apparition as threatening the bold mariner with dire disasters—to be visited upon the Portuguese nation, also—if he should press forward into the unknown seas beyond.

4. From the steamer we went out to Feldhuysen, where Sir John Herschel had resided; passed overland to Cape Town; ascended Table Mountain, and made a few excursions into the interior to study the character, condition, and manners of the people.

5. We saw here a strangely mixed population. There were some of the native Hottentots—a degraded race—now employed as servants or herdsmen; the native Caffres, tall and robust; and many *Boers*, or boors, as they are called, who are peasant farmers, mostly of Dutch descent. It was not, altogether, a pleasant population to look upon, nor was the appearance of the country at all inviting.

6. We had come here in the dry season, when the scanty vegetation of a hard, slaty soil was parched into a brown stubble; but we were told that, when the rainy season sets in, the seemingly dead blades of the plants that abound here rush into life with a rapidity that is perfectly enchanting; then, in a few days, millions of flowers of the most brilliant hues enamel the earth, and the barren waste is suddenly transformed into a vast flower-garden.

7. We dug from the parched soil numerous bulbs and tubers of what the Doctor told us were splendid varieties of the iris, gladiolus, amaryllis, African lily, and other plants,

natives of the Cape, that bloom here in the greatest profusion. These botanical specimens we shall bring home with us. I also learned from the Doctor that most of the species of the pelargonium now found in our country, as well as many other exotics of our green-houses, were brought, originally, from the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Agnew's botany pupils may make a note of this.

8. But adieu to this strange land, and to its people still more strange. To-morrow we expect to be on the way to the East Indies.

II.—*Mauritius.—Bombay, and its People.*

1. Sailing from the Cape on the 16th of September, twenty-seven hundred miles away, toward India, we entered the harbor of Port Louis, the capital of Mauritius, a small rocky island in the Indian Ocean, belonging to England. It is directly on the old route of traffic between the Cape and Bombay.

2. This is the island, as Prof. Howard informed us, once known as the Isle of France, where is laid the scene of the famous story of *Paul and Virginia*, written by Bernardin de Saint Pierre. The Professor told us the story in his interesting way,—related the historical facts on which it is founded,—and gave a vivid description of the wrecking of the vessel—a real event—in which the heroine of the story was lost, within a cable's length of Port Louis. Then Dr. Edson gave us accounts of some terrific tempests that have swept over the island.

3. As from the Cape to Mauritius, so, also, from this latter island to Bombay, I could find little of interest to write about, and I shall pass by this portion of our "life on the ocean wave," without further notice. It was not the season of the year for the monsoons, which so often sweep over the Indian Ocean during the periods of the vernal and the autumnal equinox; and therefore we had

no cyclones, no hurricanes, to relieve the tedium of the voyage.

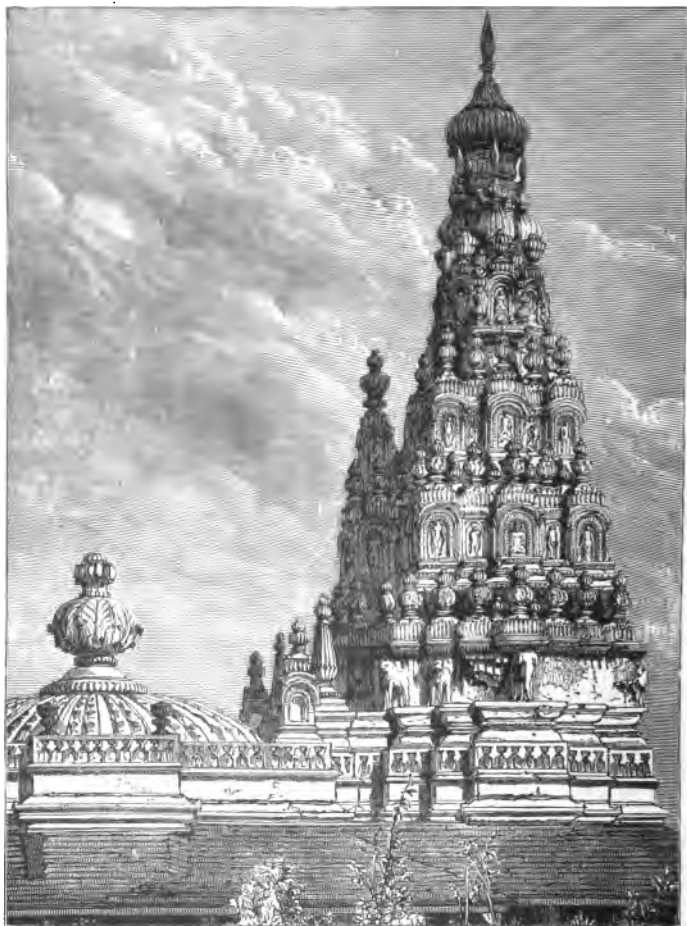
4. We reached the small island of Bombay, on which is the city of the same name, close to the west coast of Hindostan, on the 15th of October. Our ship having steamed up to her moorings in the harbor, which is between the island and the mainland, we were taken by a tug to the landing-place of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, where we mounted a long flight of granite steps—and were in India!

5. On passing through the custom-house gates we were greeted, not by the donkey-boys of Egypt, but by a crowd of barefooted and bare-legged Hindoos, who claimed the honor of conveying us into the city. We were much struck by their singular appearance, for all were clad in snowy white garments, and wore lofty turbans on their heads. Mounting into their long, box-shaped carriages, we rode on and on for miles, through streets that seemed to be endless, to an English hotel at the extreme limits of the city, and were thus able to realize that we were in the great commercial emporium of the East,—a city the second in size in the British empire, and larger than any in Great Britain, except London.

6. As we rode through the streets, our attention was at once directed to the numerous, often gorgeous, and strange-looking Hindoo temples that on every side met our view. Prof. Howard tells us that they are so abundant throughout all India, as to show that the most important of all interests with the Hindoos, before Europeans acquired possession of their country, was their religion: it was the great object of their thoughts, the chief concern of their daily life, and to it they devoted their richest treasures. A photograph of the lofty spire and massive dome of one of these temples will give you some idea of the character of these famous structures.

7. If Constantinople was strange to us, Egypt, stranger

still, and the Cape a miserable motley of humanity, the East Indian city of Bombay is the strangest of all. The



SPIRE AND DOME OF HINDOO TEMPLE IN BOMBAY.

streets are swarming with life, as a hive swarms with bees; and the bazaars are like so many ant-hills; but, ex-

cepting the few Europeans and Americans that may be seen there, the people who go in and out are not like any race that we have elsewhere seen.

8. They are not white like Europeans, nor black like Africans, nor red like our American Indians; but of a color so dark-brown as to show that they do not belong to the fair Caucasian race. Many of them, in this hot climate, are clad in little more than the garments that nature gives them; for, of the common classes, it is only the house servants who wear anything that can be called a costume. One thing, however, which is never omitted, is the lofty turban, or, in its place, a thick blanket, to shield the head from the direct rays of the sun.

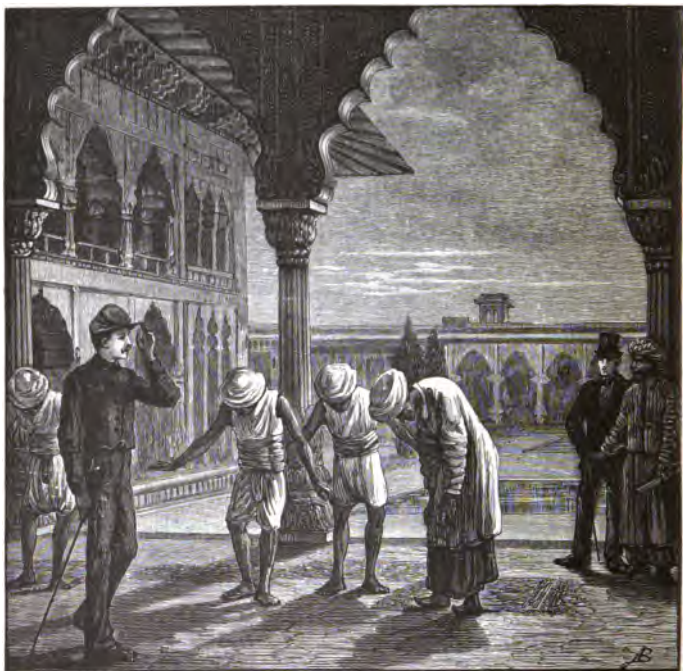
9. Among the better classes of the people, however, the women show the Oriental fondness for gorgeous apparel, and wear the richest silk turbans, and flowing robes. Tricked out as they are in the brightest colors,—dark red, crimson, and scarlet, yellow, and orange, and blue,—with heavy bracelets of silver on their wrists, and huge silver anklets clasping their naked feet, they give, altogether, a strange and bewildering appearance to the gay bazaars and the crowded streets.

10. Added to all this, the men chew the betel nut, which turns the lips a brilliant red; and they stripe their foreheads with coarse paints, by which they denote the different castes into which the whole Hindoo people are divided. Then imagine a whole city crowded with dark-skinned men and women thus gayly dressed,—or half dressed, with nothing to hide their swarthy breasts and limbs,—walking about, or, perchance, riding in little carriages drawn by the smallest of *oxen*, that trot almost as fast as the donkeys of Cairo, and one may have some idea of the peculiarly strange appearance of the streets of Bombay.

11. But the manners of the people are quite as strange as their costumes. A European or an American, wherever he goes in Bombay, is surrounded and waited upon by

soft-footed Hindoos, who glide about noiselessly like cats, watching every look, and eager to anticipate every wish or command likely to be uttered.

12. Even I, young as I am, cannot walk through the corridors of our hotel unhonored: a dozen servants will rise to their feet, and remain standing until I have passed. How grand it is to have snowy turbans rise on every side,



THE PROFESSOR AND FREDDY AT THE HOTEL IN BOMBAY.

in token of homage to so great a being as I am! I, of course, bow in acknowledgment,—though very slightly, so as not to concede a particle of my dignity, or encourage too great familiarity.

13. Although it is autumn, and cool weather for the

season, we are obliged to keep out of the sun at mid-day. But the mornings are delightful, and then we drive off to the Flower Market, where the fruits and flowers of the country are displayed in truly tropical profusion. The flowers are gorgeous, but the fruits are too sweet for our appetites, and it is a common remark with us that they have not the fine flavor of those of our own country. Dr. Edson says that a good New Jersey or Delaware peach would be far more delicious to his taste than the ripest orange or mango, or the longest string of bananas.

14. In the evening we ride out to Malabar Hill, or go to the public gardens which English taste has laid out in different parts of the city. Although Bombay is mostly a city of Hindoos,—for, of its seven hundred thousand inhabitants only eight thousand are Europeans, one hundred and twenty thousand Mohammedans, and thirty thousand Parsees,—yet, everywhere, it bears the stamp of English rule, and, like the cities of Great Britain, is thoroughly governed.

15. Our windows at the hotel look out upon an extensive parade-ground, and upon the sea, from which, after sunset, comes a soft, delicious air from the Indian Ocean. Every evening, on the parade-ground, a band is playing, and there is a great turn-out of carriages, with cavaliers upon Arabian horses, bringing thither the fashion and wealth of the city. In the crowd of well-dressed people, wealthy Parsees, distinguished by their high hats, and Hindoos by their turbans, mingle with English officers; and children of all nations run about together on the lawn.

16. Prof. Howard had much to say to us about the religion, character, and habits of the Parsees and the Hindoos. He told us that the former, who are now largely the merchants of Bombay, were an ancient Persian sect, and that they worship fire, which they adore as the principle and source of all life. Hence, morning and evening, they may be seen uncovering their heads, and turning reverently to the rising or the setting sun, and offering their adoration

to that great luminary. They always keep a lamp burning in their houses.

17. Several of our party had the pleasure of calling upon a great Parsee merchant with a strange name,—Sir Jam-set'jee Je-jeeb'hoy, who is a magistrate of Bombay. His father, a merchant of vast wealth, who died worth four millions of dollars, was a great philanthropist, who gave many hundred thousand dollars, during his lifetime, to educational and other charitable objects, besides building, at his own expense, many of the great public works of Bombay.

18. We heard a great deal about this man, and we saw a statue that the *people*, who loved him for his good deeds, had erected to his memory. And so greatly was he held in honor by the English, that the English home government created him a baronet, and, when he died, conferred his name and title upon his son. And now, by decree of the government of India, "*Sir Jam-set'jee Je-jeeb'hoy*" is to be the name of all the great merchant's lineal male descendants.

19. Prof. Howard told us of some strange peculiarities in the religious belief of the Hindoos. Theirs is the religion of Brahma, whom they believe to be the creator of the world, and whose priests are called Brahmins. The stricter sects among the Hindoos regard all life as sacred,—the life of beast, bird, and reptile, as well as of man. In Bombay there is a very extensive Hindoo hospital for animals, which we visited. It covers many acres; and here are gathered the lame, the halt, and the blind—not of man, but of animals of every description,—broken-down horses, cats, rabbits, monkeys, and the most wretched-looking dogs that we ever saw,—all to be nursed with the tenderest care, and cured if possible.

20. As we were coming away from this hospital, Dr. Edson remarked, "Surely, if these Hindoos *are* heathen, they exhibit some traits of very Christian-like conduct."

21. In company with Dr. Edson, Henry, and some

others, I went, one day, to visit the celebrated cave temples of Elephanta, on an island of that name between the harbor of Bombay and the mainland. Near the landing we saw the *ruins* of a gigantic elephant in stone, three times the natural size. The caves, hewn from the solid rock, are filled with strange statues of the ancient Hindoo divinities, and we saw here one gigantic bust fifteen feet high, crowned with three colossal heads. Many of the statues are more or less mutilated.

22. But I think I have written enough to give our friends at home some little idea of Bombay, its surroundings, and its people; and Prof. Howard says it will answer very well for a great portion of British India. You will see that things in this part of the world are very different from what they are at home; but you must remember that we are on the side of the earth that is *opposite* to you, and hence you may well expect opposites in all things.

23. We have remained here an entire month; and tomorrow, the 15th of November, we expect to sail for Calcutta, the seat of the supreme government of British India.

CHAPTER XXXII.—WHAT FREDDY'S LETTER GAVE RISE TO.

I.—*The Treatment of Animals.*

1. The brief account that Freddy Jones gave of the great charity hospital at Bombay for the treatment of sick and maimed animals, excited much interest among the young people who were present at the reading of Freddy's letter. Most of them belonged to the village *Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*; and there was, besides, a society of the same character that embraced pupils from

all the schools in the vicinity,—an outgrowth from the society formed, originally, in Mr. Agnew's school.

2. Besides, in a few days, there was to be a meeting of the State Society at the Town Hall in the village, at which an address was to be delivered by the President of the Society. With renewed interest in the subject the young people who were present at the Hall now appointed a committee of three of their number to report upon the proceedings of the State Society, and to give a sketch of the address to be delivered, the subject of which was announced to be *The Treatment of Animals*.

3. At the next regular meeting at the Hall, not only was the proposed abstract read, but the committee also presented a prose version of the old and famous story of Androcles and the Lion; and this was followed by Cowper's poetic version of the same. The two renderings of the story are given herewith.

4. At the close of his address the President enforced his arguments by the following quotations:—

“The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.”—*Shakspeare*.

“I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.”—*Cowper*.

II.—*The Story of Androcles and the Lion.*

1. Many hundred years ago, when it was the barbarous custom, in the Roman empire, to make slaves of those who were taken prisoners in war, a prisoner, by the name of Androcles, became the slave of a hard-hearted master, who beat him cruelly, and otherwise ill-treated him.

2. At length Androcles, enraged by the cruel treatment

which he was every day receiving, dared, in self-defence, to raise his hand against his master. As the penalty for so rash an act was, by the Roman law, instant death, Androcles fled to the desert of Libya, in Africa, hoping that the Roman power would not reach him there.

3. Weary with a long day's journey, and parched with heat, he was glad to seek refuge in a rocky cave; but scarcely had he laid himself down to rest when he was startled by the loud roar of a lion near by. Seeing the terrible beast approaching, he gave himself up for lost, and, trembling in every limb, he sank to the earth in terror and dismay.

4. The wild beast, as he entered the cave, gazed fiercely at Androcles for a moment; and then, seeming all at once to lose his fierceness, with plaintive moans and a fawning manner he came, limping, forward, holding out one of his paws as he did so.

5. Androcles, hardly knowing what he did, extended his hand toward the lion, when the huge beast gently laid his paw in it, at the same time making a whining noise, as if in great pain.

6. Encouraged by the manner of the lion, Androcles examined the paw, which he found to be much swollen, and greatly inflamed. Seeing that a thorn had penetrated the foot, he carefully withdrew it, and then, gently wiping away the blood, soon relieved the beast of his great suffering.

7. In every possible way within his power the lion endeavored to express his gratitude for the kindly act. He fawned upon Androcles, gambolled about him, licked his hands and his face, put his head in his lap, and lay down with him in the cave to rest;—and so tame and gentle was the lion, that all fear on the part of Androcles soon gave way to the most complete trust and confidence in the animal that had, so lately, been an object of horror.

8. Except when the lion was off hunting, which was mostly in the night time, he was not willing that Androcles

should be out of his sight for a moment; and he seemed perfectly happy in his company. The prey which he captured he brought in and laid down at the feet of Androcles, who was glad to share the raw repast with his newly-found friend and companion. In this way, and with the aid of a few roots and berries which he found in the jungles near by,—in gathering which the lion always accompanied him—Androcles lived for some months, without seeing a human being.

9. But he grew tired of this desert-life. He longed for home—his native home, from which he had been rudely torn, and borne away captive by the Roman soldiery. Though death threatened him if he should be captured, he resolved to take the risk; and so, one day, when the lion was absent, he started on his homeward journey; and after much toil, and long wanderings, and enduring much suffering, he found himself in his loved home once more.

10. But his happiness was of short duration. He was soon after seized, taken to Rome, and sentenced to be devoured by wild beasts in the circus, in the presence of an assemblage of the Roman people. For such occasions, wild beasts captured in the jungles of Africa were confined, without food or drink, in cages surrounding the circus, until they were maddened with thirst and hunger, when they were let loose upon their helpless and terror-stricken victims.

11. Such was the terrible death that Androcles was condemned to suffer. He was brought into the open circus, and, the guards having retired, the door of a cage on the opposite side was opened, when a huge Numidian lion leaped into the arena, his eyeballs glaring fire, and his mouth foaming with rage.

12. Seeing a man before him, he bounded toward him with an angry roar, and had already crouched to make the fatal spring, when, to the astonishment of all, he suddenly stopped short in his mad onset, and crept fawningly to the

feet of his intended victim, upon whom he lavished the fondest tokens of joy and affection. Then, turning to the vast assemblage, which had gathered to witness these cruel and wicked sports of a Roman holiday, with looks full of angry reproach he gave forth a roar so tremendous as to make the earth fairly tremble.

13. Androcles, thus suddenly snatched from the very jaws of death, quickly recognized his old friend and companion of the jungles; and his astonishment and joy were certainly not less than those of the lion. The people, who could not account for such strange conduct on the part of the fiercest and most powerful of wild animals, and moved with sympathy for the man whom a hungry lion would not harm, shouted, "Pardon! pardon!"

14. The games were stopped; and, when the story of Androcles was told, the Emperor granted him a full pardon, restored him to liberty, and made him a present of the lion. After that the noble animal, seeming to have lost all his savage nature, followed Androcles about the city, just as a faithful mastiff would follow his master.

15. "This interesting story," the teacher remarked, "is believed to be *true*,—or, at least, to be founded on fact. It seems to have been first written by the Roman historian Aulus Gel'lius; and it has since been related in various forms by many other writers, to show the wonderful effects sometimes produced by kindness to animals."

III.—*Poetic Version of the Story.*

1.

Androcles, from his tyrant lord, in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
Tired of his toilsome flight, and parched with heat,
He spied at length a cavern's cool retreat;

But scarce had time to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a *lion* came.
He roared, approaching; but the savage din
To moanings changed when he arrived within;
And, with expressive looks, his swollen paw
He raised, and aid implored from whom he saw.

2.

The fugitive, affrighted, and unmanned,
Dared not, awhile, reach forth his trembling hand;
But, bolder grown, at length, enclosed he found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought, he wiped away the blood,
And firm, and free from pain, the lion stood.
Again the lion roams, and day by day
Supplies Androcles with the bloody prey.
Welcome the sweet repast, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.

3.

But thus to live, still lost, an exile still,—
Scarce seemed the doom of death a heavier ill!
Home! native home! again its joys to share!
He must—he will—though death attends him there.
He goes,—and, doomed to perish, on the sands
Of the full theatre unpitied stands;
When, lo! the self-same lion, from his cage
Flies to devour him, famished into rage.

4.

He bounds!—he roars!—but, viewing in his prey
The man his healer, pauses on his way,
And, softened by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.

Mute with astonishment the assembly gaze :
But why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?
All this is natural. Nature bade him rend
An *enemy*;—she bids him spare a *friend*.—*Cowper*.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 17.

FROM BOMBAY TO CALCUTTA AND RANGOON.

I.—*Railroad Journey Across Hindostan.*

1. We had all expected to go by sea from Bombay to Calcutta, but, almost at the last moment before our steamer left the harbor, Dr. Edson decided to go by land; and half a dozen of our party, together with Henry and myself, embraced the opportunity to accompany him.

2. So, taking passage on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, we were rapidly whirled away through the vast territory known on our maps as Hindostan', but called, by our English cousins, British India. This is a British dependency, comprising an area equal to that of one-half of our own United States and their territories, and embracing a population of two hundred millions of people; while our boasted "Universal Yankee Nation," as Dr. Edson says, claims less than one-fourth of that number! Perhaps it is because I am so far away from home,—but, whatever may be the cause, my own country does not seem quite so prominent among the nations as it once did.

3. "Everything, indeed, in this far-off India," says Dr. Edson, "seems to be on so vast a scale, that it is perfectly bewildering to the imagination! The highest mountains in the world are on the northern borders of Hindostan; it is the seat of an ancient civilization, the beginnings of which, like those of Egypt, are unknown; and scattered

all over this land are splendid monuments of a by-gone age,—temples, and palaces, that were built long before the Christian era." But he closed his description of the wonders of this strange land by informing us that there are in India, yearly, some fourteen thousand deaths from the bite of poisonous reptiles; while unknown numbers of persons are destroyed by tigers and other wild animals that infest the jungles and the dense forests!

4. One hundred miles north-east of Bombay we stopped a couple of hours at the town of Nassick, one of the many sacred cities of the Hindoos, who go there, as pilgrims, in great numbers. We saw here numerous Hindoo temples, built of black basalt rock, lining both sides of the river on which Nassick stands.

5. Three hundred and fifty miles farther eastward we came to Nagpore. As we approached what we supposed to be the site of the city, there seemed to be nothing before us but a vast low forest; but we found on our arrival that the great number of trees throughout the city entirely shuts out the view of the buildings.

6. After riding seven hundred miles beyond Nagpore, we reached Calcutta, thus making a journey of about twelve hundred miles by rail. We were carried directly to our lodgings at the Great Eastern Hotel, which stands opposite the Government House, the residence of the Viceroy of India.

7. Six days later, we were joined by Prof. Howard and the rest of our party. On the voyage they had stopped several days at the English island of Ceylon, where they visited the cinnamon plantations, and the banks along the western coasts where the celebrated pearl-fisheries are. It was not the time of year in which the pearl-divers carry on their work; however, Prof. Howard obtained for me a shell containing several small but beautiful pearls, which I intend to place in the Lake-View Museum, so that Mr. Agnew can use it to illustrate a lecture on pearls and pearl-fisheries.

8. India, or Hindostan', Dr. Edson tells us, may be said to have three capitals. These are—Delhi, in the north, in which city once reigned the "Great Mogul," as the Mongol emperor was called, and which is still the centre of the Mohammedan faith;—Benä'res, also in the north, the "most holy" city of the Hindoos, with its one thousand Hindoo temples still standing;—and Calcutta, the capital of the modern British empire of the East.

II.—*Calcutta, As We Saw it.*

1. I shall not give you any detailed description of Calcutta, further than to say that it is one hundred miles up the low banks of the Hoogly River, the great western arm of the Ganges; that it is a city of about half a million inhabitants,—mostly Hindoos and Mohammedans, there being only about twelve thousand Europeans; that it has some pleasant suburbs; that just below the city the river approach is defended by the extensive but low fortress of Fort William, which has cost, from first to last, ten millions of dollars; that the water-supply of the city is contained in tanks, and is distributed in *bags* that are borne about by carriers; that vultures, kites, crows, and storks, are the principal scavengers of the streets by day,—and foxes, jackals, and wild dogs, by night.

2. We learned that the climate is a terrible drawback to a residence in Calcutta, the mercury, in the hot season, often rising to one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade. Such is the heat that, during half the year, it drives nearly all the government officials out of the city, northward, twelve hundred miles, to the first range of the Himalayas. It is as if the President of the United States and his cabinet should leave Washington on the 1st of May, and transfer the seat of government to some high point in the Rocky Mountains. Fortunately, our visit to Calcutta was in the late autumn and winter season.

3. In the Professor's last talk with us while in Calcutta, he gave us much information about the priestly Hindoo caste—the Brahmins. Their whole life, he tells us, is spent in the study of the sacred Hindoo writings; and our missionaries have found them very shrewd disputants. But Brahminism, he says, has of late years grown into a great number of sects, that are constantly disputing with one another upon abstruse metaphysical dogmas that none can comprehend, and disputation seems to have become the chief occupation of the learned among the Hindoos.

4. Then the Professor read to us, from an American poet, the following humorous piece, which, he said, is an excellent satire upon much of the disputation that people engage in,—even in countries more enlightened than Hindostan.

III.—*The Blind Men and the Elephant.*

1. It was six men of Hindostan,
 To learning much inclined,
 Who went to see the elephant,
 (Though all of them were blind,)
 That each, by observation,
 Might satisfy his mind.
2. The first approached the elephant,
 And, happening to fall
 Against his broad and sturdy side,
 At once began to bawl,
 " Oh, bless me! but the elephant
 Is very like a wall!"
3. The second, feeling of the tusk,
 Cried, " Ho! what have we here,
 So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
 To me 'tis very clear,

This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

4. The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake :
" I see," quoth he, " the elephant
Is very like a snake !"
5. The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee :
" What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is mighty plain," quoth he :
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree !"
6. The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, " E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most :
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan !"
7. The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
" I see," quoth he, " the elephant
Is very like a rope !"
8. And so these men of Hindostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong !

MORAL.

9. So, often in the logic wars,
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each man may mean,
And prate about an elephant
Not one of them has seen.—*John G. Saxe.*

IV.—*Onward to Rangoon.*

1. Having already seen much of the Mohammedans of India, and the Hindoos, we were now desirous to learn something about that other great division of the people of Asia, known as Buddhists, whose religion, we were told, is an important offshoot from that of the Brahmins. We therefore decided to make our next stop at Rangoon, across the Bay of Bengal, eight hundred miles south-east from Calcutta, but directly on our homeward route.

2. So, bidding adieu to Calcutta, on the last day of December we took our departure down the Hoogly channel of the Ganges. We found that the great sacred river of the Hindoos—the Ganges—has very numerous channels, like the lagoons of Venice; and that between its extreme eastern and western mouths is a low coast region of more than seven thousand square miles, cut up into thousands of islands, known as the Sunderbunds, that are overgrown with dense jungles of woody thickets and tall reedy vegetation, the home of tigers and other wild beasts, of serpents, and crocodiles, and various slimy and deadly creatures, the monsters of land and sea.

3. It was not an inviting passage to make; but we passed safely through, and then across the broad waters of the Bay. On the third day of our voyage we entered the eastern channel of the river Irrawaddy, and, twenty-five miles from the sea, came in sight of the spires and turrets of Rangoon, the capital of British Burmah.

CHAP. XXXIV.—MORE OF MR. BARDOU'S PHILOSOPHY.

I.—*Life and its Duties.*

1. It is time for us to recur to the old gentleman, Mr. Bardou, whose visits to the Hall, notwithstanding his great age, were still frequent. These visits were welcome, not only to those of us who, having already attained life's meridian, could catch glimpses of the valley into which we were so soon to descend, but to the young people of our household, also, who were still ascending the mountains, hoping to behold, from the summits thereof, golden visions of the great world before them.

2. Mr. Bardou's reflections upon life and its duties were not only imbued with the deepest spirit of Christian philosophy, but they were cheerful in the extreme; and if they seemed, at times, to throw a cloud over the bright anticipations of the young, it was a cloud that had its silver lining. As we have already stated, he was not one of those who, wedded to the past, saw no good in the present, and bemoaned the future of humanity.

3. "The worshippers of past ideas," said he, "who crouch beside tombs instead of smiling over cradles, who refuse to believe that youth has still its sunshine and its illusions, should not complain that their latter years are cold and cheerless. Let us, who, on the contrary, do not mourn over all that has been, and is no longer, but who look cheerfully upon the present good, and hopefully to the promises of the future,—let us stop, to the last, upon the deck of life's vessel, sympathizing in the hopes and fears of the sailors, and not go below to sleep, predicting shipwreck. When life begins to ebb within us, let us not shrink from any of its duties and responsibilities, but let

us borrow life from others, be strong in their strength, and happy in their joys."

4. In speaking of those people who claim that they are the wise of the earth, and that "wisdom shall die with them," he remarked that this is the philosophy of the worldly wise, who distrust God's providence and care over his people. "In the evening of a declining day," said he, "when the daylight is nearly gone, those who do not look beyond themselves might declare that the sun has set forever; but the man who reflects a moment knows that, when the night descends upon his own eyes, other eyes have already caught sight of the dawn. So, God's bounty never ends; the sun of his righteousness never sets."

5. Some allusion having been made to Mr. Bardou's very *long* life, he remarked that, in youth, the days, months, and years, do, indeed, seem to be long; and we picture to ourselves a life journey that stretches far—very far away, into an almost illimitable future; but that, the longer we live, the more rapidly time passes, until, in old age, as Job says, our days are "swifter than a weaver's shuttle;"—and the Psalmist says, they are "as an hand-breadth;" they "are consumed like smoke;" they are "like a shadow that declineth."

6. "And yet it does not grieve me," he remarked, "that my days now seem to flee—as one of your English poets has said—on wheels swifter than eagles' wings."

Lulu whispered to Mr. Agnew that she knew what poet wrote the line that Mr. Bardou had quoted, and that the book was in the library.

7. When Lulu's remark was repeated to Mr. Bardou, he said he should be pleased if she would get the book and read the piece; "for," he continued, "it is one of the most agreeable things of the kind in the English language."

Lulu then brought the book—one of the volumes of the *English Poets*,—and, at Mr. Bardou's renewed request, read the following:—

II.—*The Brevity of Human Life.*

1.

Behold
How short a span
Was long enough, of old,
To measure out the life of man!
In those well-tempered days his time was then
Surveyed, numbered, and found but threescore years and
ten.

2.

Alas!
And what is that?
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The posts of Time are swift, which having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived task is done.

3.

Our days
Begun, we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end:
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give
To unrecovered loss—we rather breathe than live.

4.

We spend
A ten years' breath,
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death:
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys,
Which please our sense awhile, and, waking, prove but toys.

5.

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short, at longest ; few, at most ;
They are but bad, at best ; yet lavished out, or lost.

6.

They be
The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagles' wings :
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike with
death.

7.

How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon !
And this, how soon to gray-haired night !
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast
Ere we can count our days,—our days they flee so fast.

8.

They end
When scarce begun ;
And, ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done :
Man, count thy days, and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.*
Quarles.

* Caunter, in his *Poetry of the Pentateuch*, speaks of this poem as "one of the most exquisite things of its kind in the English language,—full of the chastest sobriety of feeling and elevation of thought."

9. Mr. Bardou remarked that the reflections of this good old English poet should not be taken as a gloomy view of a well-spent life, and that the fifth verse very properly limits the wretchedness that is spoken of, to the man who remains a *slave* to "childish dreams" and "painted joys."

III.—*Devout Philosophers.*

1. In speaking of those who have made the greatest advances in knowledge, he said, "Such men measure their attainments by what they can see of the vast unknown that is still before them, and hence they feel, the most keenly, their own ignorance. It was so with your great philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton, who, after he had attained the very height of worldly wisdom, thus spoke of himself:—'I seem like a child playing on the sea-shore, and finding, now and then, a more beautiful pebble than ordinary, while the great ocean of knowledge lies all unexplored before me.'

2. "It is with somewhat similar feelings," he remarked, "that I look back upon my very brief life, and forward to the eternity beyond; and I love, more and more, to dwell upon whatever proclaims the infinitude of the Creator. One of the poets of my own country draws the following beautiful picture of a Christian philosopher, alone at sea, in a frail bark, on a starry night, absorbed in contemplating the heavens above and the waves around him, and giving expression to the eternal truth which they proclaim—'It is the Lord God! It is He!'"

3. Then the old gentleman repeated the following lines with very good effect, although his voice was thin, and piping in its tones:—

Alone with the waves, on a starry night,
My thoughts far away in the infinite,—

On the sea not a sail, not a cloud in the sky,
And the wind and the waves with sweet lullaby
Seem to question in murmurs of mystery
The fires of the heavens, the waves of the sea:
And the golden stars of the heavens rise higher,
Harmoniously blending their crowns of fire;
And the waves, which no ruling hand may know,
'Midst a thousand murmurs, now high, now low,
Sing, while curving their foaming crests to the sea,—
“It is the Lord God! It is He!”—*Victor Hugo.*

CHAPTER XXXV.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 18.

I.—*Rangoon, and the Buddhists.*

1. I closed my last letter, as you will recollect, just as we were coming within sight of Rangoon. As we approached the city, the Great Pagoda,—or “Temple of Dagon,” as good Christian people have named it,—rising to a height of nearly three hundred and fifty feet above the rocky eminence on which it stands, was the most conspicuous object that met our view. It reminded us that not only was the country new to us, but that its religion, also, was unlike any other,—not Brahmin, but Buddhist,—a religion which, including its Chinese corruptions, is said to number more adherents than any other on the globe, and whose towering pagodas, with their gilded roofs, take the place of Hindoo temples and Mohammedan mosques.

2. Although the old city of Rangoon was a collection of low bamboo huts, yet the modern town has greatly improved under British rule. The streets are still narrow, but they are generally clean and well paved. The country

around is not a region of vast plains, like Egypt and Hindostan, but of mountains, and valleys, and springs, and brooks, and rivers that run among the hills; and, though so near British India, it is a country with a different people, and another language, as well as another religion. Rangoon, as we learned from Prof. Howard, has long been the centre of the American Baptist missions in Burmah, which were planted here nearly seventy years ago by our countryman, the Rev. Dr. Judson.

3. We visited the Government House, which is a little out of the city, and surrounded by a natural forest. The latter was alive with monkeys, that were perched in the trees, or leaping from branch to branch. I noticed that one species of them had a very plaintive cry, almost like that of a human creature in distress. One result of this visit was, that we were entertained a whole evening, by Prof. Howard and the Doctor, with amusing stories and anecdotes of monkeys.

4. The Great Pagoda, which we visited, we found to be a colossal structure, round at the base, and tapering upward to a slender cone; and, as the whole is covered with gold leaf, it presents a most dazzling appearance when it reflects the rays of the sun. It has no inner place of worship; but the devout Buddhist regards it as a worship in itself.

5. The tall spire has, for its extreme point, a kind of umbrella covering, made of a series of gilded iron rings, from which hang numerous little silver and brass bells, swinging to and fro with every passing breeze, and giving forth musical sounds that may well be likened to the symphonies from a thousand æolian harps.

6. "The Buddhist's idea of *prayer*," says Prof. Howard, "is not limited to human speech: it may be expressed by an offering of flowers, or the tinkling of a bell. It is at least a pretty fancy which leads them to suspend on every point and pinnacle of their pagodas these tiny bells, whose

soft, aerial chimes sound sweetly in the air, and, floating upward, fill the ear of heaven with a constant melody."

7. "How charmingly Poe could have introduced the *pagoda* bells into his famous poem *The Bells*, if he had known anything of them!" one of our party remarked.

"I will read to you something about these bells, written by an American poetess," said the Professor. "When Mrs. Emily Judson—better known as 'Fanny Forester'—was residing in Burmah with her husband, the celebrated missionary, the sweet music of these pagoda bells was peculiarly charming to her. This is what she wrote about them:—

The Pagoda Bells.

8. "On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circles in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are ringing
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's^a distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.

9. "Then, in her anxiety for her husband, whom she was watching on his sick-bed, she changes to a sadder strain:—

"And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly;

^a *Sepoy* (from an Indian word meaning *soldier*), a native of India employed in the military service of a European power.

The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky ;
More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall ;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air ;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like solitary moan ;
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerful doubt, alone."

10. Within the grounds that enclose the Great Pagoda is an enormous bell, which is kept sounding almost constantly ; for each worshipper, before saying his prayers, wishes to strike it, so as to attract the attention of the recording angel, and get due credit for his devotions ! The people also attach written prayers to water-wheels, and windmills, by which they think that a great amount of praying can be done in a little time, and without much labor !

11. Besides the Great Pagoda, there are smaller ones around it, some of which are decorated with great magnificence. But the Buddhists have some places for actual worship ; and we were allowed by the good-natured people to walk about freely in them. It is true that these people have idols, supposed to represent Buddha "The Sage," the reformer, the founder of their religion, who is said to have appeared on the earth about six hundred years before the Christian era, when the corruptions of Brahminism had become intolerable.

12. Prof. Howard gave us a detailed account of this great reformer, and of his doctrines, as gathered from the ancient Buddhistical writings. "These writings," he says, "although overlaid with corruptions, inventions, and misconceptions, agree in this : all that they record is indicative of the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher,

who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr."

13. "How cheering it is to find, in this far-off heathen land," says the Professor, "even the *remnants* of a religious creed that has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion of human freedom ever made!" Then he read to us numerous extracts from Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, and among them the following, showing the teachings of the great reformer Buddha on the subject of a future state of rewards and punishments:—

"That Which ye Sow ye Reap."

14. The angels in the heavens of gladness reap

Fruits of a holy past. . . .

The devils in the under worlds wear out

Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince,

For gentle worthiness and merit won ;

Who ruled a king may wander forth in rags

For things done and undone.

15. Higher than Indra's^a ye may lift your lot,

Or sink it lower than the worm or gnat :

The end of many myriad lives is this,

The end of myriads that.

Only, while turns this wheel invisible,

No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be ;

Who mounts may fall, who falls may mount : the spokes

Go round unceasingly.

16. The books say well, my brothers ! each man's life

The outcome of his former living is ;

^a *Indra*, the ever-youthful god of the firmament, and the ruler of the elements, according to Indian fable.

The by-gone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
The by-gone right breeds bliss.
That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Was corn. The silence and the darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born.

17. He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth,
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar
Him and the aching earth.
If he shall labor rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,
And rich the harvest due.
18. If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt, for ancient evils done,
In love and truth alway ;—
If, making none to lack, he thoroughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood,
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good ;—
19. If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true ; and rend
Desire from where it clings, with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end ;—
He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

II.—*Onward to Singapore.*

1. After we had seen as much of this Buddhist city and people as we desired to see, we became impatient to con-

tinue our voyage, and, on the 27th of January, we sailed for the British settlement of Singapore, twelve hundred miles south-east of Rangoon.

2. On the fourth day out, as we were sailing through the Strait of Malacca, a group of our party were standing on the deck, watching the shores on each side, when Captain Gray, coming up to us, and pointing eastward, said, "Do you see, yonder, that low point of land, with the trees upon it, coming down into the water? That is the most southern point of Asia."

3. The great continent, that we first saw a year and a half ago, when we entered the Dardanelles, on our way to Constantinople, ends here. An hour later, as we rounded the southern point of the Malayan peninsula, and saw the city of Singapore before us, a voice beside me said, "We are now entering the waters of the Pacific Ocean." "Yes," said Dr. Edson, "what is here called the China Sea is but a part of the great ocean that rolls its waters from Asia to America."

4. Here, on an island about thirty miles in length, and fifteen in breadth, at the very extremity of the continent, and less than a degree and a half north of the equator, England has planted one of those colonies by which she keeps guard along the coasts and over the waters of Southern Asia. Close by the southern shore of this island of Singapore, and in full view of the city of the same name, is the great commercial highway between the eastern and western portions of maritime Asia; and whoever goes around the world in the great channel of trade, must pass by Singapore.

5. Here one is sure to meet travellers, mostly English and American, who are passing to and fro between China and India, and making the Grand Tour. "Singapore is a good resting-point for Americans," said Dr. Edson,— "a convenient half-way house, as it is almost exactly on the opposite side of the globe from New York." Only think

of it, school-mates at home! As we stand erect, our heads point in opposite directions; but the heavens are above us all, and the earth is still beneath our feet.

6. The climate of this tropical island is said to be delightful, throughout the year. The society in which we found ourselves was, somewhat to our surprise, highly intelligent and agreeable; although, out of a population of a hundred thousand, mostly Chinese and Malays, there are only about a thousand Europeans. But we heard of one slight drawback to a country residence here, and that is, that tigers cross the strait from the mainland of Malacca to the island, and carry off, on an average, a Chinaman every day!

7. It has been a question with us, here at Singapore, whether we should start at once on our homeward voyage, by way of China and Japan, or visit the great Indian Archipelago south of us,—and, especially, the Dutch island of Java. Prof. Howard tells us, that, in turning north from this point, we shall turn away from a beauty of which we had never dreamed,—from islands covered with palm groves, and crowned with all the luxuriance of a tropical clime,—a world with an interest all its own, such as we have seen nothing of in our wanderings through the British Indies.

8. We were reminded that we had visited the Indies in the dry season, when vegetation withers, and the plains are desolate and dreary; but, should we now turn southward, we might be in Java, or in some other island of the Great Indian Archipelago, when the rainy season in that region would be just over, and tropical vegetation would be in all its glory.

9. But most of our party were now anxious, after our long journeyings, to lessen the distance between us and home; and so it was finally decided that we should here take the homeward route. We even voted against turning slightly aside to visit the capital of Siam, the

"Land of the White Elephant." We expect to leave here about the last of February; and when you next hear from us, it may be from Canton, or, perhaps, from a harbor of Japan.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—HOME SCENES AND INTERESTS.

I.—*Ralph Duncan.*

1. It need not be supposed that we have lost sight of our early acquaintance, Ralph Duncan. Not only in the city of Philadelphia, in which, taking his friend Phil Barto with him, as a law student, he opened an office soon after his admission to the bar, but in neighboring cities also, where his business has often called him, this young lawyer is fast acquiring a high reputation as an eloquent pleader and wise counsellor. While he gives much attention, in the United States' courts, to practice under the patent laws, he evidently prefers those cases in which he can defend the innocent and oppressed against wrong and injustice.

2. It is said by some of his fellow-members of the profession,—as was said of the celebrated Irish lawyer and patriot, Thomas Addis Emmet,—that his well-known integrity of character, and his determination never to engage in a case in which he is not convinced that *justice* is on his side, have given him an undue advantage with courts and juries. If this be so, it is certainly a beautiful instance of the respect paid to virtue; and *the right* is not likely to suffer by this example of so-called "undue advantage."

3. Ralph is as fond of reading as ever. Unlike most professional men, he does not entirely neglect the studies of his youth, and he makes a practice of indulging, from time to time, in some pleasant writing. This he regards as a profitable relaxation from the graver duties of his profession, for he finds that, while it occupies the mind, it also

serves to refresh and invigorate it. Occasionally a paper of his is read at one of the Saturday Evening Readings at the Hall. The scene of the following—which is another “moon story,” after the manner of Hans Andersen—is laid in the vicinity of Niagara Falls, where Ralph has recently been spending a few days in viewing, for the first time, that great wonder of this Western World.

Another Moon Story.

1. Last night, said the moon, as I was sailing through the heavens over your continent, on my westward way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I chanced to look down upon that grand scene, the Falls of Niagara. Along the margin of the broad river, just above the falls, on the Canada side, was a grove of oaks and beeches, fresh and fragrant, where, with every return of spring, a hundred birds mingle their songs with the deeper melody of the waters.

2. The road lies between this grove and the river. Carriages roll past, one after another, but I heed them not: my glance rests upon one spot in the thickest of the shadows, where a soldier fell, and where his body lies buried,—one of the victims of the stern conflict at Lundy’s Lane. The brambles that have grown up over the stones that mark the spot have long ago choked out the trailing vines that loving hands planted there. The place is full of the poetry of nature: but how do men read it? Diversely, according to their characters and education. Listen, and I will tell you what I saw and heard last evening.

3. First came two well-to-do farmers, jogging along in their lumber-wagon. “Splendid trees those!” said one; “every tree would yield at least three cart-loads of fire-wood;—and we shall have a hard winter. What is the use of these trees by the roadside? If they were mine, I should cut them down, and sell the wood in the village.” So saying, they passed on.

4. "What a dreadful road!" said another man, driving past in his carriage. "This all comes from those useless trees, that are allowed to stand there by the roadside," said his companion. "They keep the ground wet and springy, and the road muddy. I would cut them down." And they drove on.

5. The stage-coach now came along; all the passengers were fast asleep, just in the loveliest part of their journey. They saw neither the grove on the one side, nor the tumbling, foaming waters, bathed in moonlight, on the other. The driver blew his horn; but he only thought to himself, "What a capital ocho there is just here! But what do those sleepy folks inside care for it? They'll go right to sleep again." And the stage-coach was soon out of sight.

6. Then came two lads, galloping along on horseback, with all the fire and spirit of youth. They looked with a smile upon the green hills near by, and the dark thicket, and the rushing waters. "What a grand place this would be for a picnic!" said one. "I should like well enough to be walking here with pretty Christina, the miller's daughter, on such an evening as this," said the other; and off they rode.

7. Then another coach rolled past, in which were six persons. Four were asleep. The fifth, a young gallant from the city, was deep in thought—but about what? He was reflecting how his new summer coat would become him, and whether he should wear a buff vest and lavender gloves at the next party.

8. The sixth passenger popped his head out of the window, and asked the coachman if there was anything remarkable in the heap of stones by the roadside. "Why, no," said the man; "'tis nothing but a heap of stones;—but the *trees* yonder—they are, indeed, worth looking at."

9. "How so?" asked the passenger: "tell me about them." "Well," said the coachman, "in the winter, when

the snow is so deep that it is hard to keep in the road, the trees are sign-posts to me, so that I am able to find my way, and keep from driving into the river. That is *something*, I think." And, so saying, he drove on.

10. Next came a man who said he was from down East. He was full of the Yankee spirit of enterprise, and knew equally well how to file a handsaw and to run a locomotive. He saw, in the grove, only a few forest-trees, such as he had seen thousands of before; and here they were occupying ground for nothing;—and why notice a heap of stones that would be of more use in a stone wall? But he did see the rushing, foaming water of the river, and this is what he thought of it.

11. "The biggest water-power in the world!" said he. "And what a pity that it is all wasted! Why, it could run a thousand saw-mills! What a place for woollen-mills, and cotton-mills, and factories of all kinds! And some day we shall use all this power; and the hum of a thousand million spindles will drown the roar of the cataract yonder; and here will be the grand centre of the manufacturing interests of a vast continent. Old England will then have to stand in the background." And he went away filled with thoughts of the future greatness and glory of the universal Yankee nation.

12. Next came a landscape-painter. His eyes sparkled; he spoke not a word, but only whistled to himself as he walked along. A whippoorwill was singing in the grove, just over the soldier's grave; and a little distance away his mate was answering back. Their notes added harmony to the scene. The artist noticed all the colors and tints in the landscape. "The greenish tint of the water in here," said he,—"the moonlight flashes out there—the hills beyond—and the blue, purple, and dark brown of the foreground—what a glorious picture this would make!"

13. His eye took it all in at a glance, and his mind received it just as a mirror does a picture; and he whistled

from time to time a march of Rossini's. And he went away and painted—"The Rapids by Moonlight;" and you



"I SAW THAT HER HANDS WERE CLASPED IN PRAYER."

may see the picture—a splendid work of art—now owned by one of your wealthy New York merchants.

14. The last that came upon the scene which I have been describing—and it was now late, toward morning—was a poor maiden. She had passed a night of watching by the bedside of the sick and dying, but had left for her own

home just as the early dawn had heralded the coming day. She sat down to rest on one of the stones that marked the soldier's grave. The scene impressed her with feelings of solemnity and awe; her lovely, pallid face was turned first toward the roaring waters, then toward the grove, as if studying the mysteries of the world around her; and her eyes sparkled, and she raised them heavenward, as if communing with the great Author of nature.

15. I saw that her hands were clasped. She prayed, repeating, I believe, the Lord's Prayer. Perhaps she did not fully comprehend the feeling of adoration and religious awe that pervaded her breast; but well do I know that, year after year, that moment of prayer will in memory invest that scene with more beautiful—yea, and with richer hues than the colors in which the artist painted it. The remembrance thereof will be sweet until her dying day. My beams followed her until the morning twilight kissed her brow.

II.—*Daisies.*

From the other pieces drawn from the "Cabinet," and read on the same occasion as the foregoing, we have room here for only the following:—

1. How bare the garden borders lie
Beneath a changeful, dappled sky!
The snow has passed away;
But sudden gusts of sleet and rain
Beat hard against the window-pane
This February day.
2. Yet in the pauses of the storm
The mellow sunshine flickers warm
On mossy garden ways;
The thrush we fed the winter long
Pours forth at intervals his song
Of love and lengthening days.

3. The plot of freshening grassy sward
In all its length is thickly starred
 With daisies gold and white,
That skyward lift, in fearless grace,
Through sun and shower each smiling face,
 With equable delight.
4. They crave not culture's cunning care,
But blossom brightly everywhere,
 With spring's first breeze and beam;
Coeval with the thrush's song
They bloom the sunny summer long,
 By meadow, lawn, and stream.
5. We tread them down with hasty feet,
To pull some fairer blossom, sweet
 With coveted perfume;
But from the pressure rough and rude
They gayly spring, afresh endued
 With honest, hopeful bloom.
6. They mind us, in their silent way,
Of love that blesses every day
 Our pathway on the earth;—
Of love that wakes while calm we sleep,
Of love that aches wheno'er we weep,
 Yet counted little worth;—
7. Of love we trampled down to reach
A lighter love, that will but teach
 Our hearts a dreadful care;—
Of love that springs, as daisies do,
Forever strong, forever new,
 In rapture or despair.

8. They mind us in their humble guise
Of homely duties that arise
In every human life;
We tread these lowly duties down,
And grasp at shadowy flowers to crown
A vain ideal strife.
9. Yet in each path, like daisies set,
These humbler duties still are met:
God guide our feeble will!
That, when our wild ambitions fade,
We, turning humbly to the shade,
May find our daisies still.

All the Year Round.

III.—Among Books.

In the account which we have given, in Chapter XXX., of some new features lately introduced into the *Saturday Evening Readings* at Wilmot Hall, we have omitted to mention that the young people are accustomed to write down such gems of thought, briefly and happily expressed, as they meet with, and that the reading of these selections, and remarks on them, form a part of the exercises of the evening.

The literary "Gems" that were given to the pupils of Mr. Agnew's school to be memorized, were of the teacher's choosing; but as those now referred to are selected by the young people themselves, after their school-days are over, they pleasantly extend the teachings of the school-room, and direct them to a more thorough culture of the judgment, the taste, and the imagination.

From the selections that were read at one of these very pleasant gatherings at the Hall, we here give the following, which will show both the general character of these

extracts, and the varied sources from which they were obtained.

1. *Perseverance.*

Incessant drops, as proverbs say,
Will wear the hardest stones away.

This is a translation from the Greek poet *Bion*, who was born about one hundred and seventy years before the Christian era. But even then this proverb was old.

2. *A Safe Rule of Conduct.*

If you wish to recommend yourself to a wise man, take care that he quits your society with a good opinion of *you* : if your object is to please a vain and foolish man, take care that he leaves you with a good opinion of *himself*.

Colton.

3. *Benevolence and Civility.*

As there are none so weak that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there are none so low that they may not at some time be able to repay an obligation. Therefore, what benevolence would dictate, prudence would confirm.

He that is cautious of insulting the weakest, and not above obliging the lowest, will have attained such habits of forbearance and civility as will secure him the good will of all that are beneath him, and teach him how to avoid the enmity of all that are above him. For he that would not bruise even a worm, will be still more cautious how he treads upon a serpent.

Colton.

4. *Twofold Knowledge.*

That is a twofold knowledge which profits alike by the folly of the foolish, and the wisdom of the wise. It is both a shield and a sword : it borrows its security from the darkness, and its confidence from the light.

Anon.

5. *Ignorance and Error.*

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but Error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still, with her back to the truth; but Error is more presumptuous, and proceeds on her way. Ignorance has no light, but Error follows a false one. The consequence is, that Error, when she retraces her steps, has further to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than Ignorance.

Colton.

6. *Advice to an Author.*

Would you the reader's just esteem engage?
Correct with frequent care the blotted page,
Nor strive the wonder of the crowd to raise,
But, of the better few to win the praise. *Horace.*

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. *Pope.*

7. *The Path to Perfection.*

The sculptor arrives at perfection, not by what he adds to his work, but by what he takes away. It should be the same with the writer. He should lop off all extraneous matter, and prune away all redundancies of expression. The following anecdote well illustrates the principle that we refer to.

A friend called on the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterward he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, on looking at the figure, exclaimed, "Have you been idle since I last saw you?" "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these

are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

Colton.

8. *The Sword and the Pen.*

The triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theatre of his own age; but those of a SCOTT, or a SHAKESPEARE, will be renewed with greater lustre in ages yet to come, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel, and the page of the chronicler.

Prescott.

9. *We Reap as We have Sown.*

The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted: they have torn me, and I bleed.
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a
seed.

Byron.

10. *Against Borrowing Trouble.*

Be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For—grant they be so—while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!

Milton.

11. *Self-Inspection.*

Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
An' ev'n devotion!

Burns.

12. *Honor to the Hammer.*

"By hammer and hand all arts do stand," was the ancient motto of mechanics' guilds or associations.

In the hammer lies the wealth of a nation. Its merry clink points out the abode of industry and labor. By it are alike forged the glittering sword of contention and the dusty ploughshare of agriculture, the ponderous engines that almost shake the world, and the tiny needle which unites alike the costly silks and satins of a queen and the rough homespun of a laborer.

Not a house is built, not a ship floats, not a carriage rolls, not a wheel spins, nor an engine thunders, not a press speaks, nor a bugle peals, not a spade delves, nor a banner floats, without having endured the blows of the hammer. The hammer teaches us that great ends and large results can be accomplished only by good, hard, vigorous blows; that, if we would attain usefulness, and reach the full perfection of what we are capable of becoming, we must not shrink back from the hardships, buffetings, and hard knocks of life, but early learn to cultivate the power of patient endurance.

London *Economist*.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 19.

FROM SINGAPORE TO JAPAN.

I.—*The Great Indian Archipelago.*

1. We sailed from Singapore, for Hong-Kong, on the 1st of March. Much of our time during the passage of six days was occupied in listening to Prof. Howard's account of an excursion that he made, six years before, among the islands of the great Indian Archipelago, with a party quite similar to that which accompanied him on the present

voyage. His vivid descriptions showed us that there is, in those tropical regions, an "island world" perfectly swarming with animal life, and far richer in luxuriance of vegetation than any we had yet visited,—filling the earth, the air, and the water, with a prodigality unknown in temperate climes.

2. But it seems, from what the Professor told us, that this universal life of nature, which is the glory of the tropics, is not altogether favorable to man's better and higher development. I will give you his closing remarks on this subject, as nearly as I can write them out from my notes taken at the time.

3. "We are therefore led to consider," said he, "what effect this marvellous production must have upon man. Too often it overpowers him, and makes him its slave, since he cannot be its master. It is the real terror of the tropics, that, while a vertical sun quickens the earth, it often blasts the strength of man and subdues his energy, if it does not destroy his life.

4. "It is found, therefore, that the best region for human development and energy is the temperate zone, where nature stimulates, but does not overpower, the energies of man; where the winter's cold does not benumb him, as in Arctic regions, and make him sink into torpor, but only pricks him to exertion, and makes him quicken his steps.

5. "Though the heat of the tropics induces a languor which is a most serious obstacle to both physical and mental effort, yet it makes the blood boil. So we find that the natives of the tropics have most fierce and varying passions—love and hate in their extreme alternations. The poet Byron pictures this forth in the following question:—

' Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?'

6. "So I think," he concluded, "we may be reconciled to that North to which we are about returning. If we should linger a year in those dreamy tropical climes, we should weary of the unrelieved monotony of perpetual summer; we should long for some more marked change of seasons,—for the autumn leaves and the winter winds, and the gradual coming on of spring, and all those insensible gradations of nature which make the glory of the full round year."—*Rev. H. M. Field.*—[Adapted.]

II.—*Hong-Kong, Canton, and the Cantonese.*

1. In the afternoon of the sixth day from Singapore, after having passed among numerous islands for several hours, we saw in the distance one which, as we drew nearer, rose up so steep and so high that it appeared almost like a mountain. This was the peak of Hong-Kong—a signal-station from which men, with their glasses, spy, at a great distance, the approach of the regular steamers, when they run up a flag and fire a gun to convey the news to the city below. Hong-Kong is a British colony.

2. As we swept around the island, we saw before us, on the north side, a large town, finely situated on the side of a hill, street rising above street, and overlooking a wide bay shut in by hills, so that the town is sheltered from the storms that sweep over the China seas. And this town is the city of Victoria—a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, ninety-five thousand of whom are Chinese. Hong-Kong, the name of the island, is the name by which this city of Victoria is best known.

3. The harbor, when we entered it, was full of foreign ships; and among them we quickly detected a noble man-of-war, which was flying the American flag. With pride and affection our eyes rested upon that emblem of our

country's power and glory! We saluted the old flag as we passed, and were saluted in return.

4. At the landing there were no horses to take us into the city; no donkeys, as in Alexandria; no little oxen, as in Bombay; but each one of our party was quickly caught up by a couple of lusty, barefoot fellows, with straw hats, as large as umbrellas, on their heads. In their odd array they stood as straight as grenadiers; and as soon as we took our places in the chairs which they offered us, they lifted the bamboo poles to their shoulders, and walked off with us on the double-quick.

5. We stayed only two days in Hong-Kong, and then steamed up one of the many channels of the river to Whampoa, eight hours distant, the landing-place of foreign ships for Canton, and twelve miles below this great Chinese walled city of nearly a million and a half of people. As we ascended the river we found it covered with junks,—strange craft, high at both ends, and ornamented at the bow with huge round eyes, that stand out as if from the head of some sea-monster or terrible dragon that keeps watch over the deep.

6. For a mere trifle we readily obtained boats at Whampoa to take us up to the city, and from point to point around the shores. Near the city we passed a part of the great Boat Town, a town of forty or fifty thousand covered boats, which are the constant and only homes of three hundred thousand people,—a strange race, who have thus lived on the water for generations.

7. These people subsist by fishing, carrying goods and passengers, and various other occupations,—such as the rearing of ducks, chickens, puppies, and other animals that are favorites of the epicures of Canton. Some of these boats are quite small, with bamboo coverings, while others are immense rafts of timber on which several families live. A few of these floating houses, which some of our party visited, are really handsome residences.

8. Some distance above the steamboat landing, on an island, is the European quarter, in which the hong^a merchants reside. There are no good hotels in Canton,—the two “European” houses being as bad as the rest,—and, as there were too many of us to accept the hospitalities of any of the American merchants, we kept our residence on the water, in our own floating home, making frequent excursions in and around the city in the daytime.

9. It was a singular sight to witness our progress on land. For our party of forty, a hundred and twenty coolie carriers were required, two at a time for each person; and we made quite a procession as we filed through the narrow streets of the city. We soon found it most convenient, however, to form our party into several divisions.

10. The streets of Canton are generally from seven to ten feet wide, and the houses are often connected, across the top, by bamboo or other coverings, to keep out the sun. Wherever we went the people would gather around, to gaze at us; and in the crowded streets our bearers would keep up a constant shouting, to warn the people to get out of our way, and they would quickly part right and left, as if some great dignitary were coming.

11. We could not help noticing how good-natured these people were, and how readily they yielded the way to us. Dr. Edson remarked, on our return to the steamer after our first excursion, that if we were thus to push through a crowd in New York, and the policemen were to shout to the “Bowery Boys” to “get out of the way,” we might receive a “blessing,” in reply, that would be anything but agreeable. But the Chinamen only stared at us meekly with their almond eyes, and hastily made way for us.

12. The Chinese call their country, by way of pre-eminence, “the flowery land,” and give their emperor the title

^a *Hong* is the Chinese name for a foreign factory at Canton; hence, “*hong merchants*” are those Chinese who are permitted to trade with foreigners.

of "son of heaven." In like manner, flattering and complimentary names and titles everywhere abound; for the Chinese, in their own country, are an exceedingly polite people. The Cantonese call all the streets of their city "heavenly streets." We found such names of streets as the "Street of Benevolence and Love," "Bright Cloud," "Early Blessings," "One Thousand Grandsons," "Refreshing Breezes," "The Saluting Dragon,"—and one mercantile street was named "Golden Profits." But we found that names, here as elsewhere, do not always correspond with the realities; for in the narrow, swarming street of "A Thousand Beatitudes," we saw a great amount of filth and misery; and travellers say that the Cantonese are the most deceitful people on the face of the earth,—an imputation that the Cantonese may well smile at, if familiar with the "tricks of trade" among "enlightened" foreigners. "Throwing stones" is easy, but not always safe amusement.

13. On board of our steamer, during the evenings of nearly an entire month that we remained at Canton, we were entertained and instructed, by the Professor and Dr. Edson, with accounts of the manners and customs of the Chinese, interspersed with some poetic *character* sketches of Chinese social life, that served to give additional zest to the more matter-of-fact details.

14. Among these portraiture was Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese," as told in "Plain Language from Truthful James," beginning,—

"Which I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar:
Which the same I would rise to explain."

There was also the following illustrative character sketch,

by another American writer, which I think good enough to be quoted entire :—

III.—A Chinese Story.

1. Two young, near-sighted fellows, Chang and Ching,
Over their chop-sticks idly chattering,
Fell to disputing which could see the best :
At last, they agreed to put it to the test.
2. Said Chang, " A marble tablet, so I hear,
Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,
With an inscription on it. Let us go
And read it, (since you boast your optics so,)
Standing together at a certain place
In front, where we the letters just may trace ;
Then he who quickest reads the inscription there,
The palm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."
3. " Agreed," said Ching, " but let us try it soon :
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."
" Nay, not so soon," said Chang ; " I'm bound to go,"
To-morrow, a day's ride from Ho-ang-ho,
And sha'n't be ready till the following day :
At ten A.M. on Thursday, let us say."
4. So 'twas arranged ; but Ching was wide awake :
Time by the forelock he resolved to take ;
And to the temple went at once, and read,
Upon the tablet, " To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang."
Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,
Who read the same ; but, peering closer, he
Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see—
The words, " This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

5. So, on the appointed day—both innocent
As babes, of course—these honest fellows went,
And took their distant station; and Ching said,
“I can read plainly, ‘To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.’”
“And is that all that you can spell?” said Chang;
“I see what you have read, but furthermore,
In smaller letters, toward the temple door,
Quite plain,—‘This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.’”
6. “My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!” said
Ching.
“They’re there,” said Chang, “if I see anything,
As clear as daylight.” “Patent eyes, indeed,
You have!” cried Ching: “do you think I cannot read?”
“Not at this distance as I can,” Chang said,
“If what you say you saw is all you read.”
7. In fine, they quarrelled, and their wrath increased,
Till Chang said, “Let us leave it to the priest;
Lo! here he comes to meet us.” “It is well,”
Said honest Ching; “no falsehood he will tell.”
8. The good man heard their artless story through,
And said, “I think, dear sirs, there must be few
Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear:
There’s no such tablet or inscription there!
There was one, it is true; ’twas moved away
And placed within the temple yesterday.”

Christopher P. Cranch.

IV.—*Chinese Peculiarities.*

1. We found, from personal observation, that in the manners and customs of every-day life the Chinese differ so greatly from what we have been accustomed to, that everything seems to be, with them, strangely topsy-turvy. “The

Chinaman," Prof. Howard remarked, "is unlike any other people. He is the very opposite of the Turk. He does not wear a turban, nor even a long, flowing beard. His face, chin, and most of his skull are shaved; and instead of the flowing beard before him, he carries only a pig-tail behind. Those of the women who are above the common rank have their feet compressed in infancy, so that they hobble about on their little stumps in a manner both ludicrous and painful to behold.

2. "A Chinaman would deem it rude to take off his hat in company; he shakes hands with himself, instead of with the friend whom he meets; he mounts a horse on the right side, instead of the left; he whitens his shoes instead of blacking them; he pulls his wheelbarrow instead of pushing it; when an old man, he plays marbles and flies kites, while his children look gravely on; he puts on white garments for mourning, and a coffin is a very acceptable present to a rich parent in good health;—and so on, to the end of the catalogue.

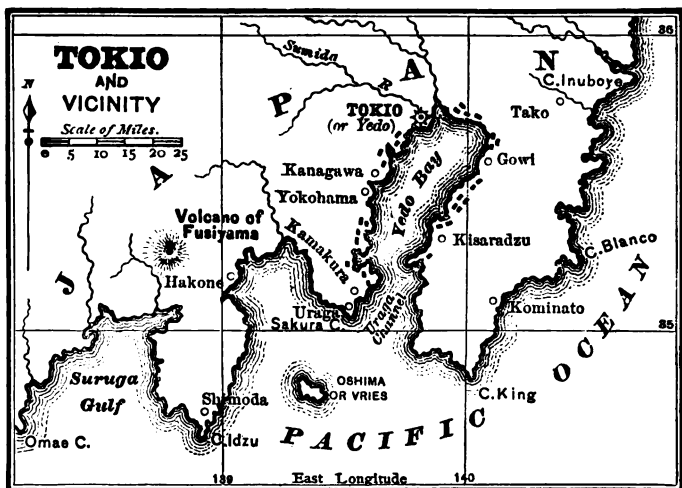
3. "And yet, notwithstanding all these strange peculiarities," says the Professor, "the Chinese are, in many respects, a highly civilized people. They invented the art of printing and made gunpowder long before either was known in Europe. They manufacture the finest kinds of jewelry and porcelain; they are exquisite carvers in wood and ivory, and are superior workers in bronze. They are a very old nation, and were far advanced in the arts when our ancestors, the Britons, were barbarians. The religion of the masses—what little there is of it—is a low kind of Buddhism. They have numerous temples, and they seemingly worship idols; but their greatest veneration is given to those of the family, or household."

V.—*Onward to Japan.—The Japanese.*

1. But I must hasten on, for I see that my letter is already becoming quite too long. We remained at Canton,

and in the vicinity, nearly an entire month, and when we left Whampoa we sailed direct for Yokohama, the principal seaport of Japan,—a five days' sail to the north-east, and more than fifteen hundred miles from Canton.

2. As we steamed up the Bay of Yedo—a gulf extending fifty miles inland—we could see the shores, on both sides,



sprinkled with Japanese villages. Some thirty miles from the sea we passed "Mississippi Bay," and, rounding "Treaty Point," we saw before us in the distance a forest of shipping, and soon cast anchor in the deep and capacious harbor of Yokohama. Taken off in a boat, we landed on the quay—a sea-wall which keeps out the waves, and furnishes a broad terrace for the front of the town.

3. Here is a wide street, called "The Bund," and here we found excellent accommodations at the Grand Hotel, with our rooms looking out directly on the harbor. Among the steamers from foreign ports were a number of ships of war, and here was the Tennessee, the flag-ship of our

American squadron. Dr. Edson informs us that six lines of steamers now call at this important port, and that some twenty million pounds of tea are annually shipped from Japan to our own country.

4. A new race of people, with new features, new manners, and new customs, is here brought to our notice; for the Japanese is not Mongolian, nor Malayan, nor Indian; neither is he a "mild Hindoo," nor a "heathen Chinese." Our first experience with him was singular, and, to us, quite ludicrous. A stout native was harnessed to a kind of big, two-wheeled, baby-carriage, in which we took our places; and then the stout fellow, standing where the pony or donkey ought to be, trotted off with us at a good pace, making about four miles an hour.

5. Prof. Howard told us that, when he first visited Tokio, (then called Yedo,) at the head of the Bay, eighteen miles farther up than Yokohama, he was taken thither by this same kind of conveyance. We, however, went by the recently built railroad, as the bay is too shallow for vessels of heavy draught to ascend to the great city.

6. Arriving at Tokio, we again took the man-vehicle; and, wishing to appear in the capital with becoming dignity, we took two men, instead of one, to each carriage, so that each one of our party had a full team. In this manner, in a grand procession of more than forty carriages, and eighty Japanese to draw them, we entered Tokio, which has broad and clean streets; however, a great part of the town, like Canton, seems to be a mere wilderness of houses on a dead level. Like Venice and Amsterdam, Tokio is intersected by numerous canals.

7. We first paid our respects to the resident American minister, who had been informed of our visit, and who received us with much courtesy. He also sent for the interpreter of the Legation, an American missionary, who kindly offered to be our guide about the city, and devoted a couple of days to our entertainment. Prof. Murray, an



OUR GRAND PROCESSION.

old acquaintance of Prof. Howard, who has been placed by the government at the head of the educational department of Japan, called upon us the next day.

8. Under the guidance of the interpreter we first visited the summer palace of the Mikado, as the Emperor is called. Next we rode to the tombs of the old military governors, the Tycoons, where, under gilded shrines, beneath temples and pagodas, sleep the royal dead. Riding on through apparently endless streets—for Tokio, with its one million inhabitants, and its walls within walls, and intervening gardens and groves, is spread out over an area of sixty square miles—we came to a high hill, on the top of which,

in an open space, stand a temple, an arbor, and a tea-house, from which we had a grand view of the surrounding country.

9. We made frequent excursions into the interior, always in the man-power vehicles,—for horses and carriages are, as yet, but little known here. Everywhere we saw wayside shrines, at which people stop to offer their short prayers; and we were told that it is not long since pious pilgrims were accustomed to make the tour of the empire, visiting and praying at every one of these holy places.

10. We saw numerous Buddhist temples in all the cities and villages that we visited. We were told that there are more than four hundred and fifty thousand in all Japan; that in Kioto, the old capital, there are many of them that are capable of seating five thousand persons; and that some of them contain as many as three thousand images of sages, saints, and deities, all of life-size. What a religious people these Japanese were!

11. "But it is very apparent," says Prof. Howard, "that although Buddhism is still the popular religion of Japan, yet the higher classes reject idol-worship entirely; and that, with the introduction of modern science and modern civilization, the old religion is slowly but surely passing away. And yet it can scarcely be said that it is giving place to any other; for the educated Japanese, on throwing off the old superstitions, are at first inclined to reject all religion."

12. Wherever we went, even far out into the country, we were much struck with the politeness of the people. Even the peasants were always kind, obliging, and attentive to the least expression of our wishes. Our interpreter told us that the study and practice of politeness form an important part of Japanese education; and that the people speak of cheating and lying as not being *polite*.

13. We were surprised to find, that in this far-off land—until recently so little known to the civilized world—printers

and booksellers are numerous, and books abundant. Indeed, it was not uncommon to see, in the cities, men carrying circulating libraries on their backs, and going around from house to house.

14. And yet there is still a great amount of ignorance and superstition among the common people. "And where is there not?" asks Dr. Edson. One day, when we were out in the country, we felt a vibration in the earth over which we were passing, reminding us that earthquakes are not uncommon in Japan. We asked a peasant whom we met, to tell us the cause of it. Pointing to a conical mountain on the right, and to another on the left, he replied, with great solemnity of manner, that there was a huge catfish, with his head under one mountain, and his tail under the other, and that, in his anger and in his struggles to get free, he often shook the whole island!

15. But I must not weary you further with accounts of this wonderful people, who, as Professor Howard says, have so recently opened their doors to the rest of the world, but who are rapidly solving all the great problems of modern civilization.

VI.—*An Episode.*

1. When we had reached this point in the reading of Freddy's letter, Mr. Wilmot remarked, "It is an old saying, that history repeats itself—a statement that is especially true of the fables and traditions of the early ages. In Southern Europe it was the giant Encel'adus whose writhings, as he lay imprisoned under Mount Etna, caused the eruptions of the volcano. According to the poets, the flames of Etna proceeded from his breath, and, as often as he turned his weary sides, the whole island of Sicily felt the motion, and shook from its very foundations. In Eastern Asia it is a monstrous fish, whose attempts to free itself from confinement cause the frequent shocks of

earthquake throughout the Japanese islands. It is probable that these, and similar fables relating to other volcanoes, had a common origin.

2. "But," he continued, "when Freddy wrote about Mount Etna, I think he might have introduced, to advantage, the poet Longfellow's beautiful version of the fable of Encel'adus. I do not doubt that Prof. Howard brought it to his notice."

As those present expressed a desire to hear the poem, Mr. Wilmot read it from a volume that he took from the library, prefacing the reading with the following remarks:—

3. "The fable of Enceladus is connected, in the ancient Grecian and Roman myths, with that of the Giants who conspired against Jupiter, the king of the gods, and attempted to dethrone him. Enceladus, the most powerful of the giants, was struck by Jupiter's thunderbolts, and overwhelmed under Mount Etna. The poet Longfellow makes him the representative of the oppressed among mankind; and while the 'austere oppressors stand aghast and white with fear,' Enceladus struggles to free himself from the chains of tyranny and wrong. The spirit of Freedom may seem to slumber for a while, but it is not dead."

Enceladus.

1. Under Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.
2. The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard,—and he is not dead.

3. And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes ;
They talk together, and say,
"To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise !"
4. And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear,
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, " At length !"
5. Ah me ! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair !
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air ;
6. Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.
7. See, see ! the red light shines !
'Tis the glare of his awful eyes !
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines
Of Alps and Apennines,
" Enceladus, arise !"

After some comments on this poem, the reading of Freddy's letter was resumed.

VII.—*Telegraphing Home.*

1. As we are about to start on our homeward journey
across the great Pacific, and are now less than five

thousand miles from San Francisco, we have thought it best to telegraph to our friends there that we are coming. So, standing in the little telegraph office of Yedo, we set the lightning in motion; and away it goes on its errand, regarding neither space nor time! As quick as thought it is at Hong-Kong; then onward it flies to Singapore,—from Singapore to the British island of Penang at the northern entrance of the Straits of Malacca; thence to Madras—to Bombay—to Aden, in Southern Arabia—to Suez; thence onward to England. Diving under the Atlantic, it comes up on the shores of America; and then onward! onward it speeds across the continent, to San Francisco!

2. Dr. Edson says, "What a wonderful thing is the lightning! and how well it has been trained to do man's behests!" That little message of ours might have gone just as quickly by way of the great Siberian telegraph line—through Asia and Europe—to England: but it can travel as well in the depths of ocean as on the land; and neither heat nor cold can stay its progress.

On returning to our hotel, Prof. Howard read to us the following little poem on

Thought and the Telegraph.

3. Thought awakens: now before us
Lies the world in one embrace;
Quickly nation after nation
The electric wires enlace;
Land to land is nearer drawing,
City unto city bound;
Space becomes annihilated,
Thought begirts the world around;
Thought hath scaled the lofty mountains,
Valley unto valley chained;
Now it darts through ocean's caverns;—
Thought triumphant is proclaimed.

4. Thought outflies the light of morning!
Not on fancy's aimless car,
But in real earnest language
Sends intelligence afar;
Seated bold in lightning chariot,
Thought delighted flies away,
Earth's broad journey seems a plaything—
Thought no longer brooks delay;
It forsakes accustomed channels—
Draws most distant empires near;
Thought is now but just awaking;—
Who can tell its grand career?—*G. A. Hamilton.*
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CHAP. XXXVIII.—PHILOSOPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

I.—*Mr. Bardou's Philosophy Again.*

1. One evening, while Mr. Bardou was visiting at the Hall, and Mr. Agnew and Mr. Raymond were there, Colonel Hardy brought in a new book on his return from the city. Sitting down at the table, he was soon deeply absorbed in the perusal of the volume, while the conversation went on around him. As was very natural, when Mr. Bardou was present, ere long the conversation of the company turned upon one of the old gentleman's favorite topics.

2. "One of the greatest enjoyments that my advanced age has brought to me," he said, "has been the pleasure of reconciliation,—the pleasure of becoming reconciled with many of the honorable men with whom I have had personal or political differences during those times of civil commotion through which my country has passed since I came upon the stage of active life; for I myself have participated in the war of passions by which my country has

been torn; I have had many personal controversies, and have indulged in many bitter animosities. But they are all over now; and the reconciliations which have buried them are now, to me, the brightest spots in memory's waste."

3. "But is it natural—is it easy, even in old age," asked the teacher, "for even honorable and Christian men so to bury the animosities of a lifetime, that reconciliation shall be entirely cordial and complete?"

4. "Judging from my own experience," the old gentleman replied, "I think it is. As old age dims the fires of youth, softens the asperities of manhood, calms the passions, and leads the mind to tranquil contemplation, it shows us the folly of much of our own past conduct, and thus inclines us to charity toward those who differ from us, and who have even abused and insulted us. So it is comparatively easy, in old age, for all honest and Christian men to become reconciled with one another; and wretched, indeed, must be the old man who goes down to the grave with the burden of his animosities and resentments still upon him."

5. "But how is it," asked Uncle Philip, "as to our being reconciled with those who not only have knowingly injured us, but who still reject and spurn all reconciliation?"

6. "You yourself can tell us what *duty* requires in a case of this kind," he answered. "Take the first steps yourself; and if you are the injured party, your conduct will be all the more noble. But probably you also have been in the wrong. However that may be, if you are prompt in making full and cordial advances toward reconciliation, there are nine chances out of ten—if not ninety-nine out of a hundred—that you will be met in the same cordial spirit."

7. "Yes," remarked Mr. Raymond; "forgiveness of wrong is what our religion teaches: and if we could truly feel as the Saviour did when he cried, 'Father! forgive them, for

they know not what they do,' all resentment would give place to pity; for those who wrongfully injure us, injure themselves still more."

8. "As our friend Mr. Bardou," said Uncle Philip, "has been a busy actor upon the shifting stage of French politics, over since the closing scenes of the French Revolution, perhaps he will relate to us some incidents in his own history, that will be of interest in this connection."

"Not now, not now," he replied;—"I feel that I have hardly strength for the task at present."

9. Then the Colonel, who had closed his book to listen to what Mr. Bardou was saying on the subject of reconciliation, remarked that he had just been reading something that he thought could be appropriately introduced in connection with their present conversation,—“a narration of some very interesting incidents,” he said, “in the lives of two of our great statesmen,—Daniel Webster, and Thomas Benton.”

10. Being requested to read part of it aloud, for the benefit of the company, he said he should be very happy to do so. “It is something,” he said, “that I hope the young people present—Frank, and Eddie, and Lulu, and Willie, and Nellie—will lay up in their memories, as valuable contributions to their knowledge of American history.” Then, opening the book, he read as follows:—

II.—*Webster and Benton in their Declining Years.*

1. A year or two before Mr. Webster's death, he related to a friend an incident which illustrated the great change that came over Mr. Benton at one period of his life. Mr. Benton, as is well known, carried his political and party prejudices to the extreme.

2. “We had had,” said Mr. Webster, “a great many political controversies; we were hardly on bowing terms. For many years we had been members of the Senate

of the United States, had passed in and out of the same door without even bowing to each other, and without the slightest mutual recognition; and we never had any intercourse except such as was official, and therefore unavoidable. There were no social relations whatever between us.

3. "At the time of the terrible explosion on board the Princeton, during Mr. Tyler's administration, Mr. Benton was on board; and he related to me with tears this incident. He said he was standing near the gun, in the very best position to see the experiment. The deck of the steamer was crowded; and, in the scramble for places to witness the discharge of the gun, his position was, perhaps, the most favorable on deck.

4. "Suddenly he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and turned; some one wished to speak to him, and he was elbowed out of his place, and another person took it, very much to his annoyance. The person who took his place was Ex-Governor Gilmer, of Virginia, then Secretary of the Navy. Just at that instant the gun was fired, and the explosion took place. Governor Gilmer was killed instantly. Mr. Upshur, then Secretary of State, was also killed, as was one other man of considerable prominence.

5. "Colonel Benton, in relating this circumstance to me, said, 'It seemed to me, Mr. Webster, as if that touch on my shoulder was the hand of the Almighty stretched down there, drawing me away from what otherwise would have been instantaneous death. I was merely prostrated on the deck, and recovered in a very short time. That one circumstance has changed the whole current of my thoughts and life. I feel that I am a different man, and I want in the first place to be at peace with all those with whom I have been so sharply at variance. And so I have come to you. Let us bury the hatchet, Mr. Webster.' 'Nothing,' I replied, 'could be more in accordance with my own feelings.'

6. "We shook hands, and agreed to let the past be past.

From that time our intercourse was pleasant and cordial, and there was no person in the Senate of the United States of whom I would have asked a favor—any reasonable and proper thing—with more assurance of obtaining it than of Mr. Benton.”

7. “There is another very interesting incident,” said Colonel Hardy, “connected with these two great men, bearing upon the same subject on which our friend Mr. Bardou was speaking; and I will read this also, in the words of Mr. Webster himself.”

8. “One day, after dinner,” said Mr. Webster, “as I was seated in my library, in Washington, the servant announced ‘Mr. Wilson, of St. Louis;’ and John Wilson came into the library. I at once rose and greeted him; and we sat down in friendly conversation as usual.

9. “This Mr. Wilson was a gentleman whom I had known more or less for a quarter of a century; a lawyer of pretty extensive practice, and with a good deal of talent; a man of very violent prejudices and temper, who had spent most of his public life, after he reached manhood, in violent opposition to Colonel Benton. It was not so much an opposition to Colonel Benton’s Democracy, as it was a personal feud, as bitter and malignant as any that ever existed between two men.

10. “It was notorious in St. Louis, that, when Colonel Benton went on the stump, John Wilson would always be there to meet him, and to abuse him in the most virulent terms; and that Mr. Benton would return the fire. I had never met Mr. Wilson except occasionally, in court; and for many years I had not seen him even there. He came to me now, a broken man, prematurely old, with a wrecked fortune; and, after some conversation, he said,—

11. “‘I am going to emigrate to California in my old age, Mr. Webster. I am poor; I have a family; and, although it matters but little to me, for the short time that I

may have to live, if I am poor, yet there are those who are dear to me, whose condition I might improve by going to a new country and trying to mend my fortunes. My object in calling on you is, to trouble you for a letter to some one in California; merely to say that you know me to be a respectable person, worthy of confidence.'

12. "After expressing my regret that he should feel obliged to emigrate to such a distance,—for then it looked like a formidable undertaking to go to California,—I asked him if he was fully determined.

" 'Yes,' said he, 'I have made up my mind.'

13. "Then I set about thinking what I could do for him. I saw no way to give him assistance. I had no particular influence with the government at that time; and finally I said,—

" 'I am sorry, Mr. Wilson, to say that, so far as I am aware, there is not a human being in California that I know. If I were to undertake to give a letter to any one in California, I should not know to whom to address it.'

" 'That makes no difference,' said he: 'everybody knows you, and a certificate that you know me will be the most valuable testimonial I could have.'

14. " 'I will write one with great pleasure,' I replied,— 'although you probably overrate the influence of my name in California. I want to do you a service. I want to give you something that will be of benefit to you. Let me see, Mr. Wilson. Colonel Benton almost owns California; and he could give you a letter to his son-in-law Fremont, and others, that would be of first-rate service to you.'

15. "He looked me in the face, half astonished and half inquiringly, as much as to say, 'Can it be possible that you are ignorant of the relations between Colonel Benton and myself?'

16. "I said, 'I understand what you mean: I am perfectly well aware of the past difficulties between you and Mr. Benton, and the bitter personal hostility that has existed.

But I want to say to you, that a great change has come over Colonel Benton since you knew him. His feelings and sentiments are softened. We are all getting older. Our fiery hot blood is getting cooled and changed. It is hardly worth while for men, when they are getting up pretty near the maximum of human life, to indulge in these feelings of enmity and ill will. It is a thing that we ought to rid ourselves of.

17. "Colonel Benton and I have been engaged in a war of words, as you and he have; and, up to two or three years ago, we went out of the same door for years without so much as saying "Good-morning" to each other. Now, I do not know a man in the Senate to whom I would go with more certainty of having a favor granted than to Colonel Benton. He feels that age is coming upon him, and he is reconciled to many of his bitterest opponents.'

18. "'Is thy servant a dog,' replied Wilson, 'that he should do this thing? I would not have a letter from him—I would not speak to him—I would not be beholden to him for a favor,—not to save the life of every member of my family! No, sir! The thought of it makes me shudder. I feel indignant at the mention of it. I take a letter from Mr. Benton? I——'

19. "'Stop, stop!' said I: 'that is the old man speaking in you. That is not the spirit in which to indulge. I know how you feel.' And while he was raving, and protesting, and declaring, by all the saints in the calendar, his purpose to accept no favor from Colonel Benton, I turned round to my desk, and addressed a note to Benton, something like this:—

20. "'DEAR SIR,—I am well aware of the disputes, personal and political, which have taken place between yourself and the bearer of this note, Mr. John Wilson. But the old gentleman is now poor, and is going to California, and needs a letter of recommendation. I know nobody in California to whom I could address a letter that would be of any service to him. You know everybody, and a letter

from you would do him a great deal of good. I have assured Mr. Wilson that it will afford you more pleasure to forget what has passed between you and him, and to give him a letter that will do him good, than it will afford him to receive it. I am going to persuade him to carry you this note, and I know you will be glad to see him.'

21. "Wilson got through protesting, and I read him the note. Then I said,—

"'I want you to carry it to Benton.'

"'I won't!' he replied.

22. "I coaxed, and scolded, and reasoned, and brought every consideration—death, eternity, and everything else—to bear; but it seemed to be of no use. Said I,—

"'Wilson, you will regret it.'

23. "After a while he got a little softened, and some tears flowed; and at last I made him promise, rather reluctantly, that he would deliver the note at Colonel Benton's door, if he did not do any more.

24. "He told me, afterwards, that it was the bitterest pill he ever swallowed. Colonel Benton's house was not far from mine. Wilson took the note, and, as he afterwards told me, went up with trembling hands, put the note, with his own card, into the hand of the girl who came to the door, and ran away to his lodgings. He had been scarcely half an hour in his room, trembling to think what he had done, when a note came from Colonel Benton, saying he had received the card and note, and that Mrs. Benton and himself would have much pleasure in receiving Mr. Wilson at breakfast, at nine o'clock, the next morning. They would wait breakfast for him, and no answer was expected!

25. "'The idea!' said he to himself, 'that I am going to breakfast with Tom Benton! John Wilson! what will people say! and what shall I say! The thing is not to be thought of. And yet I must. I have delivered the note, and sent my card; if I don't go now, it will be rude. I

wish I had not taken it. It does not seem to me as if I could go and sit there at that table.'

26. "'I lay awake,' said he afterwards to me, 'that night, thinking of it; and in the morning I felt as a man might feel who had had sentence of death passed upon him, and was called by the turnkey to get up for his last breakfast. I arose, however, made my toilet, and, after hesitating a great deal, went to Colonel Benton's house. My hands trembled as I rang the bell.

27. "'Instead of the servant, the Colonel himself came to the door. He took me cordially by both hands, and said, 'Wilson, I am delighted to see you; this is the happiest meeting I have had for twenty years. Give me your hand. Webster has done the kindest thing he ever did in his life.'" Leading me directly to the dining-room, he presented me to Mrs. Benton, and then we sat down to breakfast.

28. "'After inquiring kindly about my family, he said, 'You and I, Wilson, have been quarrelling on the stump for twenty-five years. We have been calling each other hard names, but really with no want of mutual respect and confidence. It has been a mere foolish political fight, and let's wipe it out of mind. Everything that I have said about you I ask your pardon for."

29. "'We both cried a little, and I asked his pardon, and we were good friends. We talked over old matters, and spent the morning till twelve o'clock in pleasant conversation. Nothing was said of the letter until I was just about departing. He turned to his desk, and said, 'I have prepared some letters for you to my son-in-law and other friends in California,' and he handed out *nine sheets* of foolscap!

30. "'It was not a letter, but a ukase; a command to 'every person to whom these presents shall come, greeting;'" it was to the effect that whoever received them must give special attention to the wants of his particular

friend, Colonel John Wilson, of St. Louis. Everything was to give way to that. He put them into my hands, and I thanked him and left.' "

31. Mr. Webster continued the narrative to his friend, as follows. "Colonel Benton afterwards came to me, and said, 'Webster, that was the kindest thing you ever did. God bless you for sending John Wilson to me! That is one troublesome thing off my mind. That was kind, Webster. Let us get these things off our minds as fast as we can; we have not much longer to stay; we have got pretty near the end; we want to go into the presence of our Maker with as little of enmity in our hearts as possible.'

32. "I told him," remarked Mr. Webster, in conclusion, "how much pleasure it gave me to reconcile persons who had been alienated. It was better than a great senatorial triumph."

III.—*Poetry and Philosophy.*

1. As Colonel Hardy concluded, and laid down the book, Mr. Bardou remarked, "That is good." Then turning to the young people, who had listened to the narrative with very great interest, he said, "You see what a happy thing it is for those who have been at variance to shake hands over past enmities, to bury old animosities, and to allow kind feelings again to take the place of angry resentments."

2. "Willie," said Mr. Agnew, "please step to the library and bring me that book of Poetical Quotations that I saw there."

Willie brought the book, when Mr. Agnew selected the following extracts from leading poets, which Willie read aloud :—

"When headstrong passion gets the reins of reason,
The force of nature, like too strong a gale,
For want of ballast, oversets the vessel."

Higgins.

3. His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On passion's changeful tide was tossed;
Nor vice nor virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour:
And, oh, when passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to virtue's share!"

W. Scott.

4. Oh, how the passions, insolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
Make us the madness of their will obey;
Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey!

Crabbe.

CHAPTER XXXIX—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 20.

FROM JAPAN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

I.—*Homeward Route.—Change in our Calendar.*

1. On the 3d of May, after a kindly parting with our many friends in Yedo and Yokohama, we passed down the Bay of Yedo in our noble steamer, and then, bearing away to the south-east, bade a final adieu to that great Asiatic continent which comprehends one-third of the solid land of the globe,—the early home of mankind, and still the abode of three-fifths of the human family.

2. Before starting "for home," we held a council to consider what route we should take across the Pacific. The Captain told us, that as San Francisco is nearly in the same latitude as Yokohama, we might sail directly westward;—or we might take a circuitous route to northern latitudes, "cut across" where the degrees of longitude are shorter, and then drop down to San Francisco.

3. "By this latter route," said he, "we take advantage of the great ocean current that flows up the eastern coast of Asia, crosses over below the Aleutian Isles, and then

flows down the western coast of North America." But we decided that we would take a more southerly route, and stop on the way at Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands.

4. But little of importance occurred during the passage to Honolulu, except what was, to many of us, the singular change of *time* that we were obliged to make in our reckoning, when we crossed the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude—half-way around the world from London.

5. You will recollect that, in my first letter, I spoke of the curious fact that we lost time as we sailed eastward, and that more than five hours had dropped out of our reckoning, on the way from New York to Liverpool. Each day, during the passage, had been but little more than twenty-three hours long, instead of twenty-four.

6. Dr. Edson has explained to us that this loss has been accumulating all the time that we have been going eastward, and that by the time we have made the entire circuit of the globe we shall have lost an entire day in point of *time*, but shall have gained one day in point of *name* and *number*. "Would it not be strange," said the Doctor, "if we should get home on what we call Monday, and find that our friends are keeping Sunday?" How, then, are we to make our reckoning agree with the reckoning kept at home? I will tell you what happened in *our* case.

7. On a Sunday evening, a little past nine o'clock, at the close of the religious services of the day, Captain Gray came into the cabin and informed us that we had just crossed the line of the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude. "Although it was Sunday evening only a few minutes ago, on the other side of the line," he remarked, "yet it is now *Saturday* evening on *this* side of the line; and to-morrow we shall have another Sunday."

8. Dr. Edson informed us that the meridian of the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude is the line agreed upon, by all civilized nations, for making this change in reckoning. "If we should not make the change when we

cross that line," said he, "when we arrive at Honolulu, *our* days would not agree in name with those that we should find there." So we kept two Sundays in succession on ship-board,—the one, the Sunday of the Eastern hemisphere; the other, the Sunday of the Western world. But the second Sunday was not to be found in our old almanacs.

II.—*Honolulu.—Volcanoes and Earthquakes.*

1. On the fourteenth day from Yokohama, and four days after we had made the change in our calendar, we reached the island of Oahu,^a and dropped anchor in the excellent harbor of Honolulu, which is a deep basin within the coral reef that surrounds the island. The Hawaiian or Sandwich Island group, which is under a constitutional monarchy, consists of twelve islands, but only seven of them are inhabited. All are of volcanic origin; and on Hawaii,^b the largest of the islands, Mauna Loa,^c an ever-smoking, active volcano, rises to the height of nearly fourteen thousand feet.

2. We found the harbor of Honolulu, which has substantial and capacious wharves, quite full of shipping; the tropical scenery of the island was perfectly charming; and the foreign society—principally American and English—was very pleasant; while a hotel, a theatre, a bank, several newspapers, and four Christian churches, show how the character of the Hawaiian Islands, since the time of Captain Cook who first discovered them, has been entirely modernized by the advancing tide of Christian civilization.

3. We remained at Honolulu only three days, and on our departure turned southward and passed around the southern coast of Hawaii, more than two hundred miles from Oahu, for the purpose of seeing the great volcano, Mauna Loa, which was said to be in a state of violent eruption. When we were a hundred miles away, the heavens were lighted

^a Pronounced *wah'hoo*; ^b *hahwi'ee*; ^c *mow'na lo'a*.

up at night by this burning mountain; and, as we came nearer, we could see the red-hot lava spouting from the summit in a stream estimated to be two hundred feet in diameter and three or four hundred feet high, and then flowing in a mighty, burning river, down the sides of the mountain.

4. On passing around to the eastern coast of the island we saw where, a few years ago, the side of another volcanic mountain, the Kilauea, had burst open, and a vast river of boiling lava, sixteen miles in width, had flowed down to the ocean, thirty-seven miles distant, entirely changing the outline of the coast. When I said to Dr. Edson, "So vast a quantity of matter as that mountain poured forth must have come from the very bowels of the earth," he replied, "O no! for the *greatest* of volcanoes is only a minute pimple on the face of Mother Earth, and the matter it discharges is proportionately trifling."

5. As we sailed on our homeward course, and while the "pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night," from Mauna Loa, gradually sunk beneath the horizon, "Volcanoes and Earthquakes"—their origin, character, and extent—became the chief topic of conversation in our party, and formed the subject of several lectures by Dr. Edson. He also read a vivid description, by the Younger Pliny, of that first known eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 79, when the Elder Pliny lost his life, and Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried beneath the falling ashes.

6. He then handed a book to Henry, who read from it a thrilling account of the almost total destruction of the city of Lisbon, by an earthquake, on the 1st of November, 1755, when all Europe was shaken, and even the West India Islands were affected by the shock. At Lisbon the earth opened, engulfing most of the shipping in the harbor; and sixty thousand people perished in the space of five minutes.

7. But I cannot dwell upon these subjects now, for we are all talking about what we shall do when we again set

foot on our native shores. It is expected that our pleasant group of voyagers will be much broken up when we reach San Francisco; for Captain Gray is to take in a cargo there, and take the steamer homeward around Cape Horn: eight or ten of our party are to remain with him; some will stop a few days in San Francisco; while others—probably including myself—are to push on as rapidly as possible, over the Central and Union Pacific Railroads, for their Eastern homes.

III.—*Approaching Land.—Parting Scenes.*

1. We are approaching land, and Prof. Howard has just given us a pleasant talk upon the objects and results of our three years' voyage,—a voyage in which we have seen so much, and which promises to end so happily, without the death or serious sickness of any one of our number.

2. "Going around the world," said he, "is in itself an education of much value. It is not a mere pastime. It is often a great fatigue; but it is a means of gaining knowledge that can be gained in no other way. In traversing other continents, and mingling with other races, we find that, however great America may be, it is *something* to add to it a knowledge of Europe and Asia. He who has travelled much will gain in modesty: he will boast less of his own country, though perhaps he will love it more.

3. "There is beauty in every country, and in every clime. Each zone of the earth is belted with its peculiar vegetation; and there is beauty alike in the pines on Norwegian hills, and the palms in African deserts. So with the diversities of the human race: there is good in all. Even the turbaned Orientals may teach us a lesson in dignity and courtesy—a lesson of repose, the want of which is a defect in our national character.

4. "In every race there is some touch of gentleness that makes the whole world kin. Those that are strangest,

and farthest from us, show, upon nearer view, qualities that win our love and command our respect. All have the same attributes of humanity,—and under a white or a black skin beats the same human heart.”

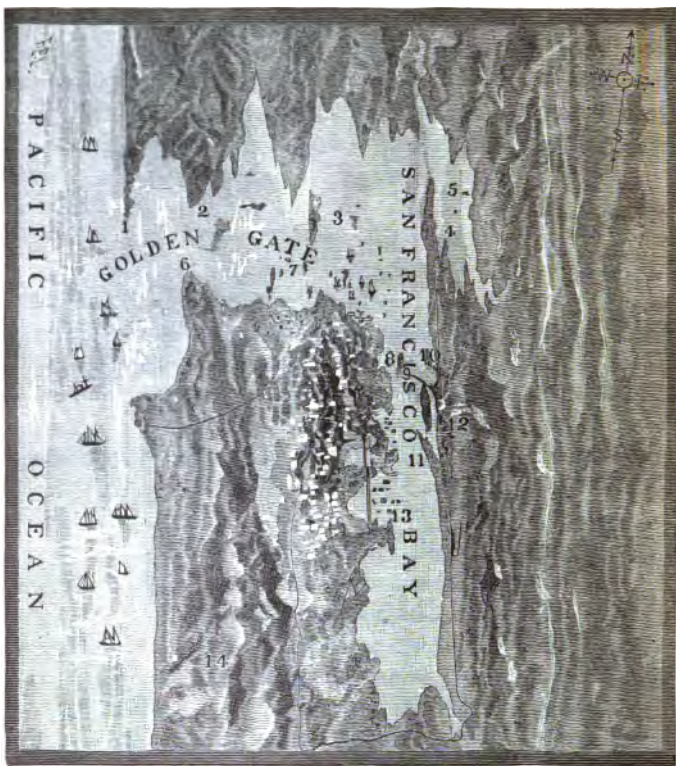
5. Then he went on to speak of that universal passion—love of country and love of home—which prevails among all people, and in all lands; and he quoted the words of that accomplished scholar and writer, Sydney Smith:—

6. “The most friendless of human beings has a country which he admires and extols, and which he would, in the same circumstances, prefer to all others under heaven. Tempt him with the fairest face of nature; place him by living waters under the shadowy trees of Lebanon; open to his view all the gorgeous allurements of the sunniest climates; yet he will love the rocks and deserts of his childhood better than all these, and you cannot bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity.”

7. Then, in closing his remarks, he gave us the following beautiful extract from Sir Walter Scott:—

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“This is my own, my native land !”
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathes, go mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

8. After this we united in singing "My Native Land";—and I think it was never sung with a heartier enthusiasm.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO AND VICINITY.

1. Point Bonita.—2. Lime Point.—3. Angel Island.—4. San Pablo.—5. San Pablo Bay.—6. Fort Point.—7. Alcatraz.—8. Yerba Buena.—9. Central Pacific Railroad.—10. Oakland.—11. Alameda.—12. Clinton or Brooklyn.—13. Hunter's Point.—14. Southern Pacific Railroad.

But as I am writing these closing words of my letter, in the afternoon of this delightful first day of June, we have already heard the cry of "Land! land ahead!" from the

lookout, and we know that we are approaching the Golden Gate, the noble entrance to the bay and harbor of San Francisco. Henry is calling me, and I go on deck to view the approaches to the city, and to give a hearty, loving greeting to

“My own! my own! my native land!”

CHAPTER XL.—ELOQUENCE AND ORATORY.

I.—*The Road to their Attainment.*

1. Exercises in declamation receive much attention in the school at Lake-View; and they are there made something more than the mere “mouthing” of unconnected, unexplained, and, hence, too often, unappreciated, extracts from the writings or speeches of great authors.

2. “True *eloquence*,” says an able writer, “is a term more comprehensive than oratory. Its noble object is to inform the mind, to convince the judgment, to move the feelings, to influence the conduct, to persuade to action; and he who writes or speaks so as to adapt his words most effectually to these ends, is the most eloquent man.”

3. “You will see, from this view of the subject,” remarked the teacher, “how erroneous are the too prevalent ideas of the nature of eloquence. You must disabuse your minds of the idea, if you have ever entertained it, that eloquence is a trick of speech, the mere tinsel of words, the art of plausibly varnishing weak arguments, or of speaking so as to please and tickle the ear. These are but counterfeits, and do not attain the end in view.

4. “Genuine eloquence is always the offspring of deep feeling. A man who feels deeply, who is moved by strong passion, and who still acts under the influence of reason,

utters loftier sentiments, conceives nobler designs, and exerts a far greater influence than he would otherwise be capable of. Hence a skeptical man, a cold man, or a cunning man, whose sincerity is suspected, cannot be eloquent; hence labored declamation, and affected ornaments of style, gesture, or pronunciation, fail of their object, because they are not the faithful language of passion."

5. In connection with such remarks, the teacher would bring forward numerous examples to show, that, while eloquence is a high talent, requiring natural genius, it may be greatly improved by art; and that seldom, if ever, has any one become a great orator without the most diligent application to study, with oratory in view. Then he would cite the case of the timid, lisping Demosthenes, who by study, persevering effort, and daily practice—even declaiming on the sea-shore to the roaring waves, and with pebbles in his mouth—brought himself to address, without embarrassment, and with complete success, the turbulent multitudes of the Athenian democracy. After Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, had entered the Roman senate, he listened, and studied, and wrote upon rhetoric and oratory, for seven years, before he ventured to raise his voice in public.

6. Other prominent examples cited by the teacher were those of the great English orators,—the elder Pitt, the younger Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Lord Mansfield,—together with Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, of our own country. It is said of the elder Pitt, who afterward became so distinguished as the Earl of Chatham, that he spared no effort to add to his natural abilities everything that *art* could confer.

7. It is known, of the younger Pitt, that his whole soul, from boyhood, was absorbed in one idea—that of becoming a distinguished parliamentary orator; and his entire education was directed to that end. When, at the age of seven, he heard that his father had been raised to the

peerage with the title of Earl of Chatham, he exclaimed, "Then I must take his place in the House of Commons." His desire to become a great orator led him to labor untiringly in the acquisition of profound and extensive knowledge.

8. Unremitting industry and perseverance in study were the most striking traits in the character of Burke, the great *philosophical* orator of the English language. His whole life was one of the severest mental labor; and he so disciplined his memory that it became a vast storehouse of facts, principles, and illustrations, ready for use at a moment's call. Fox excelled in *argument*; and, from boyhood, *discussion* formed the staple of all his thoughts. With extraordinary natural genius, and strong powers of mind developed and perfected by the closest application to study, he rose, says Burke, "by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw."

9. Sheridan made a disastrous failure in his first speech in the House of Commons; and when, with much anxiety, he asked Woodfall, the reporter, what he thought of his speech, the latter replied, "I am sorry to say that I do not think this is in your line: I advise you to return to your former pursuits." Sheridan rested his head on his hand for some moments, and then exclaimed with vehemence, "It is *in* me, and it shall *come out* of me." And his was the voice that afterward, in the language of Byron, "shook the nations,"

"Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised."

10. Such were the examples that Mr. Agnew brought forward to interest his advanced pupils in the study of eloquence and oratory,—whether it be the eloquence of the bar, of the pulpit, or of popular assemblies. Further than this, he often required the young men to write out an explanatory *proem*, as he called it,—an introduction to each

piece which they selected for declamation. This proem was designed to explain the nature of the piece selected, or to make known the occasion and circumstances under which it was supposed to have been written or spoken. The peculiar advantages of this exercise were, that it rendered study and preparation necessary on the part of the speaker, and enabled him to acquire a more thorough appreciation of his piece.

11. The following selections, and their introductory *proems*, which we listened to on a recent occasion, will best show the character of this new feature in the declamatory exercises of the school.

II.—*Hamlet's Instruction to the Players.*

THE PROEM.

1. In Shakspeare's play of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," it is represented that Hamlet's father, the late king, has been murdered by Hamlet's uncle, brother to the king. The uncle then marries the Queen, and ascends the throne.

2. The ghost of the murdered king appears to Hamlet, and reveals to him the terrible deed, when Hamlet, only half convinced that the revelation is a true one, and fearing that he may be imposed upon by a false spirit, feigns madness, the better to deceive his uncle and mother, but resolves to ferret out the wicked deed, if there had been one, by every means in his power.

3. At this juncture a company of strolling players arrives at Elsinore, the royal residence, and Hamlet directs them to perform a certain play, at which the king and the queen shall be present. He introduces, in the play, the scene of a murder like that which the ghost had revealed to him, believing that he could ascertain, from the impression that it made upon the king, whether he were guilty or not. He says:—

4. "I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;

I'll tent^a him to the quick ; if he do blench,^b
 I know my course. . . .
 . . . The play's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

5. When the play is ready, Hamlet instructs the players in their several parts, in the following speech, which is an admirable criticism upon the common faults, either of overdoing, or of slighting, those properties of speech and action that are best suited "to hold the mirror up to *nature*."

THE SELECTION.

6. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings;^c who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise: I would have such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:^d pray you, avoid it.

7. Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image,

^a "*Tent*," search; probe.

^b "*Blench*," shrink or start.

^c "*Groundlings*," the lower class of people; those who stood, literally, on the ground, in the theatre.

^d "*Herod*."—Herod's character, in the old plays, was always violent.

and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.*

8. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance,^b o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

9. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

In connection with the foregoing selection was the following, of a somewhat similar character. It is a brief extract from "The Actor," a poem written by an English author more than a hundred years ago. The entire poem gives much good advice upon the proper management of the voice in reading and in speaking.

III.—*Natural Modulation in Reading.*

1. 'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear;
'Tis MODULATION that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,

* "Pressure," impression, resemblance.

^b "Allowance," approbation; acknowledgment.

The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress ;^a
But none emphatic can that speaker call
Who lays an *equal* emphasis on *all*.

2. He who *in earnest* studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl ;
A single look more marks the internal woe
Than all the windings of the lengthened O !
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes :
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions,—all the *soul*, is there.

IV.—*Alaric the Visigoth.*

THE PROEM.

1. The Visigoths, or Western Goths, were rude Germanic tribes, who, in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era, inhabited an extensive territory lying along the southern banks of the Danube. In the year 402, under their king, Al'aric, they first invaded Italy, and in the year 410 they appeared before Rome for the third time. The historian Gibbon says, "At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet; and eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the founding of Rome, the imperial city, which had subdued and civilized so considerable a portion of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia."

2. At the end of six days Alaric abandoned Rome, and marched into Southern Italy, with the ulterior design of passing over into

^a That is, "The voice that marks the proper word with proper stress, can express all modes of passion."

Africa, and subjugating the Roman provinces there, when his conquests were suddenly terminated by death. Both history and tradition relate that, in accordance with his dying request, his body was interred in the bed of a small stream, the Busentinus, which had been diverted from its natural course for the purpose; and it is said that the captives who prepared his grave were put to death, that the Romans might never learn the place of his burial.

8. In the following lines the Gothic chieftain is represented as delineating his own barbarian character and conquests, and designating the place and directing the manner of his burial. He also makes a prophetic allusion to Attila^a, the Hunnish chief, who forty years later ravaged Greece, Gaul, and Italy, and carried devastation throughout the Roman world.

THE DIRGE OF ALARIC.

1. When I am dead, no pageant train
 Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
 Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.
2. Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
 Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
 Lay down the wreck of power to rest,
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."^b
3. But ye the mountain-stream shall turn,
 And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
 A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings;

^a See "*Attila the Terrible*," p. 164.

^b This title has been more generally bestowed upon At'tila, king of the Huns; and sometimes upon Gen'seric, king of the Vandals.

And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.

4. My gold and silver ye shall fling
 Back to the clods that gave them birth ;
The captured crowns of many a king,
 The ransom of a conquered earth :
For, e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the capitol.
5. But when beneath the mountain tide
 Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
 Pillar or mound to mark the spot :
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look ;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.
6. My course was like a river deep,
 And from the northern hills I burst
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
 And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.
7. See how their haughty barriers fail
 Beneath the terrors of the Goth !
Their iron-breasted legions quail
 Before my ruthless Sabaoth !
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.
8. Not for myself did I ascend
 In judgment my triumphal car ;
'Twas God alone on high did send
 The avenging Scythian to the war,

To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

9. With iron hand that scourge I reared

O'er guilty king and guilty realm :
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

10. Across the everlasting Alp

I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hilled towers ;
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

11. My course is run, my errand done ;

I go to Him from whence I came ;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name ;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

12. My course is run, my errand done—

But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient, round the eternal throne
And in the caves of vengeance wait ;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of *Attila*.

Edward Everett.

V.—*Speech of Rienzi to the Romans.*

THE PROEM.

1. In the early part of the fourteenth century the Roman Republic was a prey to contending factions of the nobles, who, dwelling in fortified castles, kept the people in constant terror, and subjected them to the worst indignities. In this condition of affairs a young enthusiast of humble origin, but well educated, of imposing presence, and gifted with extraordinary powers of eloquence,—Rienzi by name,—despairing of any alleviation of the miseries of the people through the ruling orders, determined to lead his countrymen to liberty.

2. Accompanied by twenty-five sworn confederates in full armor, followed by a guard of one hundred men-at-arms who had espoused his cause, and escorted by shouting multitudes of citizens, Rienzi repaired to the capitol in Rome, where he addressed the people in a forcible and pathetic speech, in which he contrasted their deplorable condition with the happiness enjoyed under their ancient liberties; and such was the effect of his eloquence that the people immediately elected him tribune, with supreme power.

3. The nobles, awed by this sudden uprising, surrendered their fortresses and gave in their submission; and the revolution, for a time, was complete. Rienzi is known in Roman history as “the last of the tribunes.” The speech which he is supposed to have delivered in the capitol, on the occasion referred to, has been admirably rendered in Miss Mitford’s tragedy of Rienzi. It is a speech full of power, and, at the same time, of the deepest pathos.

THE SPEECH.

1. *Friends,*

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave:—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,

Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell—a name.

2. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
3. I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,—
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope—
Of sweet and quiet joy—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance!—Rouse, ye Romans!—Rouse, ye slaves!
4. Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored, and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,
That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans.

Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free. *Miss Mitford.*

CHAPTER XLI.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 21.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, HOME!

I.—*Carl Hoffmann Again.*

1. It is now the second day since we landed at San Francisco, and most of our party are at the Palace Hotel, which is said to be the largest building of the kind in the world, and the most complete in its appointments. Certainly, I have seen nothing to compare with it in the *Old World*. It is said that it can accommodate twelve hundred guests, and that it cost, with land and furniture, three and a quarter million dollars. Indeed, everything seems to be done on a grand scale in this, our great Western metropolis.—But I am not going to describe this wonderful, busy, growing city, now.

2. Almost immediately on my arrival, I set out to look up my old friend, Carl Hoffmann, knowing that he lived in Taylor Street; and I was so fortunate as to find him in his office, which had the sign “Dr. Hoffmann” on the door. I could not help smiling to think that this must be the same Carl—“good-natured Carl”—that I had first known as a very poor boy, a gatherer of roots and herbs for the druggist at Lake-View.

3. You may imagine, but I cannot describe, the cordial greeting with which he received me. He called in his mother “to share his enjoyment,” as he said; and the good woman was so overcome at seeing me, that she laughed and wept by turns. But how proud she was of “her boy Carl”! and, as she kept her white apron employed in wiping

the happy tears away, I could not help recalling Mr. Bookmore's account of the first interview he had with the poor washer-woman, in her cottage home by the river-side. Carl and I talked of my long voyage, of our friends at Lake-View, and of the Lake-View *Museum*, to which he had just sent a collection of the plants and minerals of California, gathered by his own hands.

4. Carl modestly informed me that he was a member of the Board of Education from his ward, a director in the Mercantile Library, and the corresponding secretary of the City Temperance League. His mother added that he belonged to a medical society, and had read a lecture before it, about "roots and herbs, or something of that sort"; and another on "something else before some other society." Carl said that the first was on "The Medicinal Plants of California," and the other, before the Academy of Sciences, on "The Contrasts in Climate, Vegetation, and Scenery, between the Atlantic and the Pacific States."

5. Carl had been what the world calls *fortunate*,—that is, there had been a gradual and marked improvement of his condition and prospects ever since he had been old enough to do anything for himself; but it was a good fortune acquired by his industry, sound judgment, fair natural abilities, and the most sterling integrity. He had now a good home for his mother in her declining years, and a good medical practice,—but, above all, an unblemished name, and an honorable career before him.

II.—A Surprise.

1. And now, to be frank with my Lake-View friends, perhaps I ought to say something about a possible change in my own prospects, though I may risk the imputation of vanity in doing so. Without further preface, then, I will say, that we had scarcely been settled in our quarters at the hotel, when Captain Gray came in, and handed me a

formidable-looking envelope, dated at New York three weeks before, and addressed to "Mr. Frederic Jones, care of Steamer Dolphin, San Francisco." What could it mean?

2. It was found to contain a letter from the proprietor of one of the prominent New York daily journals, offering me a liberal salary and expenses if I would become a regular correspondent of his paper, and travel wherever he might wish me to, whether in this country or abroad.

3. Greatly surprised at receiving such a letter, I handed it to Prof. Howard. He smiled on reading it, and then informed me that while we were at Hong-Kong, he had received a letter on the subject, from the same party, making inquiries about my health, energy of character, and capability of enduring exposure and fatigue; and that he had replied to it, advising the party to address me at San Francisco, in anticipation of our arrival there. Prof. Howard advised me to accept the offer.

4. When I remarked to him that the letters which I had written home were not wholly my own,—that all had passed under his critical revision,—and that I feared they had given too flattering an impression of my abilities as a writer, he replied that I was all the time making improvement, both in the acquisition of ideas, and in facility of expressing them; and that he would now trust me, with constant diligence and study on my part, to improve much upon what I had hitherto done.

III.—*The Press.—Newspaper Correspondents.*

1. Then we had a long and pleasant conversation, and the Professor had much to say about the growing power of the newspaper press of the present day, the great responsibility that attaches to it, the higher and higher character of the correspondence required in it, and the ever-widening field which it embraces,—not confined to politics and the mere chronicling of news, but extending to litera-

ture, science, and art, and taking in everything that goes to make up the civil, social, intellectual, and moral progress of the age.

2. To show that an able writer for a prominent journal occupies a position of influence and responsibility, he cited the letters of Russell, the war correspondent of the *London Times*, who was with the English army in the Crimea, where, amid the din and tumult of battle, he wrote those thrilling sketches of the siege of Sebastopol that were telegraphed daily to London, and read throughout the civilized world while the siege was progressing.

3. "And our newspaper correspondents are now found," said he, "wherever important civil or political events are occurring, and wherever great public enterprises are carried on; and they are not only sent throughout our own country to gather news, but to foreign lands, also. Thus, one of them may receive an order to join, forthwith, some European army that is about to invade a neighboring state and report the progress of the war; or he may be required to visit the 'sick man of Europe,' and report his condition; or, like the explorer Stanley, he may be suddenly ordered away to the *Dark Continent* to find another Livingstone, or on some similar errand in which the reading world is interested."

4. But I have thought it best to withhold my decision until I reach the city. Possibly, three years of so careful training as I have received from Prof. Howard, in addition to Mr. Agnew's valuable instruction, may make me a passable writer at least; and, if the blessing of health be continued, energy and fidelity are within my own control.

IV.—On the Iron Road.

1. Again we are on our homeward way,—except those of our party who are to remain a few days longer in San Francisco. When we left this latter city we crossed San

Francisco Bay, seven miles, in a steam ferry-boat, to Oakland, a beautiful city, which is the western terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad. As we were rounding up to the pier, I was struck with the appearance of the long train coming in slowly from the East,—the monster locomotive of a thousand-giant power, covered with the dust of travel, panting, puffing, blowing, but still obedient to the hand of man.

2. Behold, smoke-panoplied, the wondrous car!

Strong and impetuous, but obedient still;
Behold, it comes, loud panting, from afar,
As if it lived, and of its own fierce will
Ran a free race with wild winds blowing shrill:
Fire-bowelled, iron-ribbed, of giant length,
Snake-like it comes. . . . *Mackay.*

3. We occupy a palace car by ourselves; and now, as I write, we have already passed over eight hundred and eighty-one miles of our land journey to Ogden, the point to which the Central Pacific Railroad was built, eastward, from its western terminus; and the point to which the Union Pacific was built, westward, from the Missouri River, a distance of ten hundred and twenty-nine miles.

4. Here, at Ogden, the two roads were spiked together, in what was declared to be "an indissoluble iron bond of union;" and at this very point the officials of the two roads, borne by opposing trains, met in honorable rivalry on the 10th of May, 1869, to celebrate the grand event,—the opening of railroad communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean, across the very breadth of the continent.

5. While we were delayed at Ogden, an hour and a half, by some obstruction in advance of us, Dr. Edson gave us an account of the building of this great national highway; and Prof. Howard read to us the following humorous account

of the meeting of the opposing locomotives here, at the time of the formal completion and opening of the road :—

What the Engines Said.

1. What was it the Engines said,
Pilots touching—head to head
Facing on the single track,
Half a world behind each back?
This is what the Engines said,
Unreported—and unread.
2. With a prefatory screech,
In a florid Western speech,
Said the Engine from the West,
“I am from Sierra’s crest;
And, if altitude’s a test,
Why, I reckon it’s confessed
That I’ve done my level best.”
3. Said the Engine from the East,
“They who work best talk the least.
Listen! Where Atlantic beats
Shores of snow and summer heats,—
Where the Indian autumn skies
Paint the woods with wampum dyes,—
I have chased the flying sun,
Seeing all he looked upon,
Blessing all that he has blest,
Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivifying heat,
All his clouds about my crest;
And before my flying feet
Every shadow must retreat.”
4. Said the Western Engine, “Phew!”
And a long, low whistle blew.

"Come now, really that's the oddest
Talk for one so very modest.
You brag of your East! *You* do?
Why, *I* bring the East to *you*!
All the Orient, all Cathay,
Find through me the shortest way;
And the sun you follow here
Rises in my hemisphere.
Really,—if one must be rude,—
Length, friend, isn't longitude."

5. Said the Union, "Don't reflect, or
I'll run over some Director."
Said the Central, "I'm *pacific*;
But, when angered, quite terrific.
Yet, to-day we shall not quarrel,
Just to show these folks this moral,—
How two Engines—in their vision—
Once have met without collision."

6. This is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread;
Spoken slightly through the nose,
With a whistle at the close.

Bret Harte.

7. With this letter, which I must carry with me until I have an opportunity to mail it,—perhaps at Chicago, but possibly not until we reach the Falls of Niagara, where we expect to stop a couple of days,—I close my "Around the World" series. I hope my letters have given some additional interest to the "Saturday Evening Readings" of my Lake-View friends; and I *know* that the writing of them has been a great pleasure to myself, as well as a profitable employment of the time devoted to them.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE WELCOME HOME.

PART I.—*Introductory.*

1. The anticipated arrival of Henry Allen and Freddy Jones at Lake-View, after a three years' absence, was looked forward to by their many friends and relatives with no small degree of interest. Preparations were early made to give the returned voyagers a cordial welcome.

2. Several boxes of geological and other specimens that Freddy had collected during the voyage, for the Lake-View Museum, and that had been sent overland from San Francisco, were received a couple of days before Henry came; and three days later Freddy arrived, having made a short visit in New York, where he called upon the proprietor of the paper already referred to, and then spent the Sabbath with his father.

3. On the day after Freddy's arrival, the young people had a grand picnic on Fairy Island; then they visited the old familiar school-room, where the large and varied collections in the museum were examined, including Freddy's donation. Among the latter were the geological specimens from the granite hills of Scotland; the beautiful minerals which the "Jewel-Hunter," Mr. Delmar, had presented at Moscow; relics from the battle-fields of Inkerman and Balaklava; the herbarium begun in Palestine, and greatly enriched from the flora of Teneriffe and the Madeiras; choice bulbs from the Cape;—and, on opening a small package done up with much seeming care, there was the delicate little mummy hand from the catacombs of Thebes! On the outline maps that covered the walls of the school-room Mr. Agnew had very plainly marked the route of the voyagers, and also on a large and beautiful map of Palestine, which Mr. Raymond had presented to the school.

4. On the evening of the next day, which was Thursday, a large party assembled at the *Hall*, at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot. Some exercises had been prepared for the occasion; but the entire arrangements had been left to those who were, or who had been, pupils of Mr. Agnew's school.

5. The large front hall had been handsomely fitted up, and at one end a platform had been erected for the accommodation of those who were to take part in the exercises. As Mr. Agnew's pupils were allowed to invite their friends, the room was crowded. Several young people from the Village Academy were there, and some from the Mountain Glen school; and I observed that "Tony," the miller's son, now a handsomely dressed young man, was present, and that "Taddy Ducklow," who had secured an invitation through Mr. Raymond, had pushed himself forward, with characteristic energy, to a front seat, where he strenuously maintained his advanced position.

6. Letters were read from several former members of Mr. Agnew's school, who had been invited to be present. Eddie had received one from Bertie Brown; there was one from Ralph Duncan, addressed to Lulu, which she blushing handed to Mr. Agnew to read. I could not understand why this letter—merely expressing Ralph's regrets that some important law business rendered it impossible for him to be present—should cause such a ripple of excitement, in smiles and whisperings, among the audience.

7. Philip Barto was present, to his sister's great delight; and his friends were glad to learn that his habits are now irreproachable, and that, having nearly finished his law studies, he is about to become a member of the law firm of *Duncan and Barto*. It has been intimated—and, indeed, pretty boldly affirmed—that this scion of an aristocratic family is about to form still another partnership, and that the principalship of our Kindergarten school will, ere long, pass into other hands than those of our gentle friend, Miss

Mary. May some other young lady be found equally worthy of this trust.

8. Some of Mr. Agnew's younger pupils having requested permission to take part in the exercises of the evening, Mr. Agnew had allowed them to select one of their number to give a declamation. Those who knew that all the country around Lake-View had been obtained by treaty from the Minsi Indians, an offshoot from the great tribe of the Delawares,—that the "Old Oak" commemorates the treaty,—that Fairy Island was one of the favorite resorts of the natives,—and that Minsi River derives its name from them, deemed this opening piece, which was well spoken, and which we give here, very appropriate to the occasion.

PART II.—*The American Indian.*

1. Not many generations ago, where you now sit encircled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over *your* head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for *you*, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring.

2. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and, when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit.

3. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their *hearts*. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the *universe* he acknowledged in everything

around. He beheld him in the *star* that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the *sacred orb* that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the *flower* that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty *pine* that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind, adoration. And all this has passed away.

4. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The *former* were sown for *you*; the *latter* sprang up in the path of the simple *native*. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and almost blotted from its face a whole peculiar people. *Art* has usurped the bowers of *nature*, and the anointed children of Education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors!

5. The Indian, of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone; and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west.

6. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away: they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever.

Charles Sprague.

7. Next came an English dramatic scene, in the form of a dialogue between the *inflexible* Mr. Leslie, and his wife the Lady Mary. The two characters were taken by Mr. Irwin and Miss Kate Barto. We deem it proper to remark here, that the young Georgian, Mr. Irwin, has found it agreeable to spend much of his time in Lake-View, during the past year; and that arrangements have been made for him and Frank Wilmot to take charge of a cotton-factory, soon to be established in Atlanta.

8. We could not understand why these arrangements should require the presence of Mr. Irwin here, so long—studying the workings of the Factory; but recently some new light has dawned upon us, and made it all clear to our mind. Rumor, however, is not reliable authority, and it shall not lead us to discuss a subject that is altogether beyond the scope of the present narrative.

PART III.—*The Inflexible Mr. Leslie.*

1. THE PROLOGUE,*—SPOKEN BY MR. PHILIP BARTO.

1. Colonel Leslie and his brother James had married sisters,—the two daughters of Lord Herndon, who resided at Herndon Castle, fifty miles from London; and, as was customary, the daughters and their husbands had been invited to spend Christmas at the old family mansion.

2. In the mean time, however, the two Leslies and their wives had received invitations from Lord and Lady Carberry, at Vallons, to join a select party at their house on the same day, and to take part in some private theatricals that had been arranged for the occasion.

3. The two sisters had met and talked the matter over; and both were very much set upon going to Vallons. The

* *Pro'logue*, an introduction to a dramatic performance; generally in the form of a short poem.

Colonel's wife declared that they *must* go there, and that she had told the Colonel so, and that point was settled. "He knows," said she, "that it is of no use to resist when I am determined. I wish you had half my spirit."

4. "Perhaps," said her sister, "you would not succeed so well with my husband, who is very determined in having his own way. A little management succeeds best with him;—and a besieged fortress is not always the most readily taken by storm, you know. There are such ways and means as sapping and mining."

5. "Well," replied the other, "just as you please: manage it your own way; only—*manage* it."

6. Soon after Mrs. Colonel Leslie had left, Mr. James Leslie entered in great indignation, when occurred the dramatic scene between Mr. Leslie and his wife, which we now introduce to you.

2. THE DRAMATIC SCENE.

[When the curtain rises, Mrs. Leslie is seen sitting, in apparent meditation. Mr. Leslie enters in haste, and in a vexed manner, when the following scene occurs.]

Mr. Leslie.—Upon my word, it's too bad! My brother is a fool!—an absolute fool! I declare! if I had such a wife— Lady Mary! Of course your arrangements are all made for a visit to the old people at Christmas. I will not start a minute later than ten o'clock to-morrow, remember—you know we must be there by half-past five the next day; for I make it a point never to infringe upon any of Lord Herndon's good old-fashioned rules and customs, and he keeps to his six-o'clock dinner-hour.

Lady Mary.—Rather hurried, to be sure; but you know I have no will but yours, my dear. I suppose Colonel and Mrs. Leslie will be equally punctual?

Mr. Leslie.—Colonel Leslie's a fool;—and his wife—my brother really makes himself too contemptible. That w

of his leads him like a puppy dog, by a string. Would you believe it?—they are actually sending down excuses to Lord and Lady Herndon, and are going to Vallons!

Lady Mary.—Is it possible? What could have induced them to change their minds so suddenly?

Mr. Leslie.—I'm out of all patience. I believe Mrs. Leslie never intended to go to Herndon: and as for my brother—his weakness is inconceivable!—pitiable!—absolutely pitiable! A woman's cat's-paw!—nothing better, upon my soul! Really, Lady Mary, it would be charity on your part to give that sister of yours a few hints on conjugal duty. I must say, *you* set her a very different example.

Lady Mary.—Poor thing!—one must make allowance. Perhaps, if Colonel Leslie were more like you, dear! But Mrs. Leslie and I have drawn very different lots.

Mr. Leslie.—My dear Lady Mary, I knew you would feel the impropriety of such conduct, exactly as I feel it. So very improper—so inconsistent—so trifling—so ill bred—so disrespectful to your good parents, Lord and Lady Herndon, and their party! And there were very particular reasons, very important reasons, for Lord Herndon's wishing us to be all down there this Christmas,—I would not absent myself for the universe. It's not a mere Christmas party. Some of the leading men of the country will be there;—and private arrangements, involving the most important results, may be entered into. That is—we may form—you understand me.

Lady Mary.—Indeed! but you know, my dear Mr. Leslie, I make it a rule never to pry into State secrets:—whom shall we meet, though?

Mr. Leslie.—The Duke of Dunder, Lord Wigblock, Sir Archibald Widgeon, and Lord Paul Pop—(the Duchess and Lady Wigblock, of course); and then—you'd never guess—you'll be astonished!—we're to be joined by—(the King's a profound secret, remember)—by—(quite unexpectedly, you understand)—by—whom do you think?

Lady Mary.—Oh, I am such a simpleton at guessing political riddles! By—by—

Mr. Leslie.—Let me whisper it in your ear—by Mr. Secretary Humbug!!!

Lady Mary.—Is it possible! Oh, I'm so delighted!

Mr. Leslie.—All an arranged thing! Understood on both sides; though, till the meeting has actually taken place, we observe the most profound secrecy. Such measures are in agitation—such a coalition! And my brother to absent himself at so momentous a crisis! A man must have very little patriotic feeling, very little sense of his duty as an Englishman, and his dignity as a man, to suffer himself to be so wound about a woman's finger. And I more than half suspect, Mrs. Leslie will drag him down to Vallons, where they say the Carberrys are getting up private theatricals, or some such nonsense.

Lady Mary.—Ah! that reminds me—I'd forgotten to tell you—we've had an invitation, too, and to take part in the theatricals; and they wanted you to accept. How lucky you mentioned it! I must write our excuses directly.

Mr. Leslie.—Me!—I accept!—What did you say?—I take part in their confounded mummery! That's too good!—when the vital interests of the country are at stake, and my mind absorbed in— My brother may do as he pleases, —play Jerry Sneak, if he likes it.

Lady Mary.—Oh! Colonel Leslie is to take the part of a senator, for the play will be "Venice Preserved."

Mr. Leslie.—Good! good!—a senator! Ha, ha! a senator! His Gandersfield constituents will find him a rare senator!—When I take my seat for Cackletown—

Lady Mary.—Shall you bring in the Cackletown Enclosure Bill next session?

Mr. Leslie.—My dear Lady Mary! though I know your discretion, yet on these subjects—you understand me—one cannot be too cautious—too scrupulous.

Lady Mary.—Oh! I would not, for the world, intrud-

on your confidence. I spoke heedlessly; for the fact is, I really hardly thought of what I was saying, for—[*looking at Mr. Leslie with great anxiety*]*—Are you quite well to-day, my dear Mr. Leslie?*

Mr. Leslie.—Yes; quite well—I think. At least, I—But why do you ask, eh?

Lady Mary.—Oh! nothing—I only fancied; to own the truth, I've been a little anxious about you this last day or two. I fancied I saw something about your eyes—your general appearance—indicative of a return of those horrid spasms, that—but,—I must be mistaken, as you feel so perfectly well.

Mr. Leslie.—Why, to tell the truth, now I think of it, I'm not—exactly; I've had some odd feelings of late—[*walks to the glass*]*—I certainly look very unwell.—Unlucky! unlucky! just as we're off to Herndon.*

Lady Mary.—Why, as to that, if an attack should come on, you know we could send off an express, and Dr. Halford might be with us in three days.

Mr. Leslie.—Three days, Lady Mary!—why, I might be dead in three hours! You're very considerate—very kind—I'm infinitely obliged to you.

Lady Mary.—Nay, my dear Mr. Leslie!—If I only consulted my own feelings,—but alas! I know too well what yours are; and that you will run all risks, rather than break engagements so important as—

Mr. Leslie.—Why, my dear, they are, to be sure, of the greatest importance; but when one's life is at stake, there is a greater duty which a man owes to himself, and to his family. And when I think of our darling boy, and of yourself, my dear Lady Mary, I—[*Mr. Leslie takes out his pocket-handkerchief; Lady Mary applies hers to her eyes*]*—However, do not distress yourself, my dear. I do not feel very ill; and I hope there is no great danger of an immediate attack. It is of the utmost importance that I should meet the party at Herndon.*

Lady Mary.—And I am sure I would not, for the whole world, attempt to influence you in a matter of such moment,—yet—

Mr. Leslie.—[Smiling, and adjusting his cravat and collar with conscious importance.] No, my dear, you know any attempt to influence me on any point would be too absurd—perfectly ridiculous.—But what were you about to add?

Lady Mary.—Oh! nothing of any consequence: only I was just going to observe, that if anything could have reconciled me to give up Herndon, and accept the Carberrys' invitation, it would have been that their place is so near town we could have had Dr. Halford down in a few hours in case of—but I really think there is no danger. By the bye, I do wish, though, their theatricals had been put off till our return; you would have acted the part of Jaffier^a admirably.

Mr. Leslie.—Oh! they'll find Jaffiers enough without me; and besides, really, with a mind so absorbed as mine is at present, in matters that concern the vital interests of the nation—I wonder whom they'll get to do Jaffier?

Lady Mary.—Why, I heard, that in case you could not be prevailed on to take the part, it was to be offered to Harry Dormer: he's rather a favorite of Lady Carberry, you know.

Mr. Leslie.—Harry Dormer! a rare Jaffier he'll make! I wish them joy! I wonder what the women see in that fellow to make such a fuss about. As for Lady Carberry's taste!—between ourselves—her ladyship was never much to my liking. Harry Dormer act Jaffier! I could have shown them how it ought to be acted; but, thank my stars! I shall be very differently occupied at Herndon.

Lady Mary.—By the bye, my dear Mr. Leslie, do be cautious about your diet, while we are there. Do you know,

^a *Jaffier*, a character in Otway's admirable tragedy of *Venice Preserved*.

they say that since Lord Herndon has parted with that Frenchman, Little John, he has picked up some English cook, who sends up the most atrocious dishes!

Mr. Leslie.—Parted with Little John!—Lord Herndon parted with Little John!—you're not serious, Lady Mary!

Lady Mary.—Why, did you not know it, dear? I was astonished!—and all about a paltry hundred a year, that poor Little John asked, in addition to his very moderate salary. He only stipulated for that, and to be allowed French wines at his table, (how could Lord Herndon expect him to set his throat on fire with port and sherry?) and yet his very reasonable demands were refused. So the invaluable creature was suffered to depart, and the Carberrys secured him instantly, on his own terms.

Mr. Leslie.—Lord Herndon's mad!—actually insane! Better have cut off his right hand, than parted with Little John! I wonder who'll eat his dinners now!—There's not a man in England, besides Little John, who can send up a relish, or a turtle soup. Lord Herndon must take the consequences. If the Duke and Lord Wigblock hear this, I should not be surprised if—and who could blame them? Carberry's a lucky man!

Lady Mary.—Yes; and everything at Vallons is in the best taste—the high *ton*. So exclusive—no odd people ever get in there; and whatever you may say, my dear Mr. Leslie, Lady Carberry is an enchanting woman, though rather too fastidious. She has settled, by the bye, that you are the only person who can take Jaffier.

Mr. Leslie.—Oh! there's Harry Dormer, you know;—ha, ha, ha! Harry Dormer!—why, the fellow's not five feet six.

Lady Mary.—And you are just six feet!—that's what Lady Carberry said,—“such height,” said she, “such a figure to set off the dress,—and then, such a moustache!” You know how enthusiastic she is.

Mr. Leslie.—A fascinating creature, certainly, at times,

and not without considerable tact; but, will not Harry Dormer's moustaches do?—ha, ha, ha! they might drop off, to be sure—

Lady Mary.—I hear he does nothing, from morning to night, but practise before a pier-glass,—and says you're just six inches too tall for the part.

Mr. Leslie.—Good; excellent; capital!—he makes quite sure of it, then?

Lady Mary.—Oh, yes! for when I was sounded on the subject, I gave no hope whatever of breaking the Herndon engagement.

Mr. Leslie.—Confound the Herndon engagement!—you might have consulted me, Lady Mary. I never give definite answers—always to be avoided, if possible; and I hate a decisive tone in women. My brother may be led by the nose, if he pleases; but I— However, my life! I know your intention was admirable; but another time—are you sure they have Little John at Vallons?

Lady Mary.—Oh, positive! Lord and Lady Cormorant are just come from there, and they fairly *rave* about the new cook; and poor Marchmont, who has been down at Herndon—with your sister, you know, and is really devotedly attached to her—told me, the other day, he was absolutely obliged to run up to town to get a decent dinner. Such a table at Herndon now!—he declared he could not stand it a day longer.

Mr. Leslie.—Nor will I try the experiment, by all that's good. Lord Herndon must take the consequences; for, in my state of health—under existing circumstances—taking everything into consideration—I know how wretched you would be on my account, my dear Lady Mary—and there's a certain duty a man owes to himself—and—and all that sort of thing—and therefore— Do you think the part of Jaffier is open yet?

Lady Mary.—Oh, I'm sure of it—or if it were not, Lady Carberry would not hesitate a moment to discard Harry

Dormer and make room for you. But consider a moment: what will Lord and Lady Herndon say? What will people think? They may fancy you are influenced by me.

Mr. Leslie.—Oh, no! they know me too well—that would be vastly too absurd; but when a man's life's at stake, (and I really do not feel well,) and as my Lord Herndon pleases to forget what is due to his family and friends, and—and then, Vallons being near town, all things considered, you may accept Lady Carberry's invitation, and I will arrange the other matter. Poor Dormer! ha, ha, ha! "six inches too tall;" capital! [*Exit, laughing.*]

This dramatic scene was followed by charades^a and tableaux,^b after which there was a recess of fifteen minutes, for refreshments. Then the company again assembled in the large room, when it was announced that the former members of the botanical classes in Mr. Agnew's school would submit, through one of their number, an entertaining novelette,^c which treats of the scenes and incidents of Mrs. Rose's Tea-Party. Miss Mary Atkins then read the following account of the party, which the fair writer herself is supposed to have attended.

PART IV.—*Mrs. Rose's Tea-Party.*

1. The *Roses* were a very nice people, of refined and cultivated tastes, and elegant manners. They were everywhere highly respected, and were on intimate terms with the most distinguished families in the country.

^a A *charade* (sha-rād') is a syllabic puzzle. It is based upon a word, the parts of which are to be discovered by dramatic representation.

^b A *tableau* (tab-lō'), plural *tableaux* (tab-lōz'), is a vivid representation of some scene, by means of persons grouped in a proper manner and remaining perfectly still.

^c *Nov-el-ette*', a small novel.

2. The present Mrs. Rose, of the old homestead, was as much admired, and quite as popular, as any of her predecessors; and although many younger and gayer rivals had appeared in the neighborhood, she well maintained the position which she had early acquired by her exceeding grace and beauty.

3. If she had *sharp points* in her character, she very seldom showed them; so that many warm admirers considered her a perfect lady, and looked up to her as a sort of queen. The truth is, she was universally admired. Her portrait had been painted times without number; and almost every poet had sung her praises.

4. Her many charms had been inherited by her daughters, who made themselves beloved wherever they were known,—and not less in the mansions of the wealthy than in the cottages of the poor. One of them, who once moved in the most fashionable circles of a Southern city, where she had many admirers, was there known as the *Baltimore Belle*; but she lost none of her loveliness when transplanted to the humble scenes of a country life. Another of the daughters, who had early married and settled in the West, was universally acknowledged there as the *Queen of the Prairies*.

5. The elder Mrs. Rose's husband was said to be a distant cousin on the maternal side,—one of the *Moss Roses*; and certainly his features bore a striking resemblance to those of his wife; only he wore whiskers and a moustache, which gave him quite a military air.

6. It had long been customary with the "Homestead Roses," as they were called, to have an annual Summer

Verse 4.—Among the most beautiful of the climbing roses are the *Baltimore Belle*, which is a blush white, and the *Queen of the Prairies*, which is a deep crimson.

V. 6.—*Venus's Looking-Glass* is a pretty, bell-shaped flower. The form of the blue corolla resembles a small, round, concave mirror. (*Specula'ria spec'ulum.*)

Reunion of the different branches of the family from all parts of the world; and it was on an occasion of this kind that the elder Mrs. Rose, one lovely summer evening, had invited her neighbors to an out-door garden party, which she thought the young folks, at least, would enjoy. I happened to pay her a visit on the evening in question, and found her in full-blown beauty,—fresh from “Venus’s Looking-Glass,” awaiting the arrival of her guests.

7. I was surprised to find, among the cousins already there, such varieties of complexion, form, and feature; but I suppose the differences were owing to the varying influences of climate, different habits, and different modes of living. Moreover, as if to make these differences the more striking, some of the lady cousins were dressed in white, some in pink,—one short and fat lady in damask silk,—and one of the cousins had, actually, the very richest of golden yellow hair!

8. I was introduced to one of the country cousins, a *Miss Eglantine*, who was rather stout and tall, and not particularly prepossessing; but I was told she was noted for the sweetness of her disposition. A cousin just returned from China, and one from Japan, were thought to grace the company with the manners they had acquired from abroad.

9. Scarcely had the neighbors begun to assemble when the elder Mrs. Rose entreated me to remain by her side, as

Verse 7.—The Roses are divided into some ten or twelve large families, such as the *June Roses*, *Hybrid Perpetuals*, *Provence*, *Damask*, *Moss*, *Climbing*, *Japan*, *Bourbon*, *Tea Roses*, etc., whose differences, like those of the human family, are doubtless “owing to the varying influences of climate, different habits, and different modes of culture.”

V. 8.—The young stalks of the *Eglantine*, or “Sweet Brier,” a member of the Rose family, are very tender and sweet to the taste.

V. 9.—The *Evening Primrose*, (*Æ-no-the’ra bi-en’nis*), having large, yellow, fragrant flowers, which open by night only and close the next day, is found over nearly all North America. There are several cultivated varieties.

Mr. Rose, she declared, had fairly *planted* himself by the side of the pretty Miss Primrose, who appeared in her loveliest evening dress. I did not hesitate to comply with Mrs. Rose's request; and, indeed, I found it impossible to resist the fascinations of her society.

10. Among the earlier arrivals were the *Misses Campan'u-la*, from a neighboring village. They wore very large crin'olines, and double skirts of lilac and blue. Tall, showy girls they were; and Mrs. Rose said they were generally called the *Canterbury Belles*. I believe the family came, originally, from a celebrated English cathedral town.

11. Miss *Polly Anthus* came next, in ruby velvet edged with gold. She looked very nice, although her figure seemed a little short and dumpy beside the other ladies.

12. Then entered Miss *Ann Tirrh'num*, very gay, in a crimson-and-white striped silk. Her appearance was striking and fashionable; but I noticed she had an ugly habit of opening her mouth when a little excited, and that she had, decidedly, a *snappish* manner.

13. It is *too* bad—how people *will* gossip! I was told, privately, (and I was really *shocked* to hear it,) that the old lady, her mother, was so *very* excitable, that the rude boys used to call her *Old Snap-dragon*!

14. Mrs. Rose received all her guests with marked respect and dignified courtesy. Mrs. *Mary Gold*, an elderly English lady, brought in her two nieces, from foreign countries;

Verse 10.—The *Canterbury Bells*, (Cam-pan'u-la me'di-um.) This is a showy, ornamental plant, of many varieties; flowers blue, red, purple, and white;—supposed to have been named from the English city of Canterbury, so celebrated for its great cathedral.

V. 11.—The *Polyanthus*, or Cowslip, one of the day Primroses, (Prim'u-la gran-di-flo'ra,) has, when in cultivation, double flowers of red, white, pink, purple, orange, etc.

V. 12 and 13.—The *Snap-dragon* (An-tir-rhi'num ma'jus) has a large, pink-colored and often striped flower, with lower lip white, and the mouth yellow.

and as both had the same name, she introduced them as belonging, the one to the *African* and the other to the *French* branch of the family.

15. They were all dressed in yellow satin. The girls had rather *brown* complexions, (not at all surprising for the *African* lady,) but Mrs. Rose said people considered their society worth *cultivating*, as they were very *rich*.

16. Lady *Saxifrage*, another English lady, swept in with a stately air, in rosettes and feathers. She was accompanied by two of her daughters. Mrs. Rose just whispered, "*London Pride*," and advanced to meet them with her usual sweetness and grace, taking especial notice of *Pretty Nancy*.

17. An old lady, well preserved, and with a curious name which I have forgotten, was dressed in something which looked like white cotton velvet. Mrs. Rose said she was always peculiar. I overheard one of the Misses Campan'ula remark, that she was always *the same* respectable body, —and she really believed that the flowers in her head-dress were *Everlasting*.

18. Miss *Delphy Larkspur*, with Miss *Diana Pink* and her sisters, entered next, all dressed in the greatest imaginable variety of colors; and then came little May and Miss *P. Blossom*, and a whole family of the wealthy *Asters*. But,

Verses 14 and 15.—The *Marigold* (Ta-ge'tes) is a showy garden plant, of two species, French and African, having yellow, orange, or brownish flowers.

V. 16.—The *Saxifrage* (Sax-if'ra-ga), common in American gardens, sends up, in very early spring, a thick stalk about a foot high, with a large cluster of rose-colored flowers. One species, the *London Pride* (S. um-bro'sa), of which *Pretty Nancy* is a variety, has small pink flowers, and is common in English gardens.

V. 17.—There are several species of the *Everlasting* plants,—among them the French *immortelles*. They are so named on account of the permanence of the color and form of their dry flowers. They are *woolly-leaved* shrubs or herbs.

V. 18.—The *Larkspur* (Del-phin'i-um), the *Pink* (Di-an'thus), and the *Asters* are all well-known plants.

really, the arrivals became so numerous, and the ladies crowded in so fast, that I could not distinguish individuals: but I caught, now and then, very sweet names,—such as *Rose Mary*, *Violet*, *Pansy*, etc.; and I felt certain the owners of them were all lovely and interesting.

19. Besides those near neighbors of the *Roses*, Mr. and Mrs. *Lily*,—the lady dressed in the purest white,—it seemed to me that all the numerous branches of the distinguished *Lily* family were represented, for there was a Miss *Lily* from *Philadelphia*, one of the family from *Orange*, New Jersey, and, actually, one gentleman with a yellow turban and checkered pantaloons, who, it was whispered, had aspirations to the *Crown Imperial* of Persia!

20. Among the gentlemen, Mr. *Auric'ula*, though no “Dandy,” was the “Lion” of the evening. He was splendidly “got up,” in a court suit of purple velvet, and wore powder. I thought his manners were exceedingly stiff. He seemed as if he could not bend to any one; but Mrs. *Rose* told me he was nearly related to the “Grand Turk,” and we must make some allowance.

21. *Major Convolvulus* was quite different. He was fond of waltzing, and was never more in his *glory* than when he was twisting himself around every one he could lay hold of. He even attacked Mrs. *Scabiosa*, the *Mourning Bride*;

Verse 19.—The *Philadelphia* lily, with reddish-orange flowers, is common in meadows, and the *Orange* lily in gardens. The *Crown Imperial* is a *Persian* lily, now common here.

V. 20.—The *Auricula* (Prim'u-la au-ric'u-la), appearing in early spring, about the time of the *Dandelion*, is one species of the primrose. The most common colors in its wild state are yellow and red, sometimes purple; but those of the cultivated varieties are innumerable, and powdery, and some of them of exquisite beauty and fragrance.

V. 21.—The common *Morning Glory* (Con-vol'vu-lus ma'jor, or Phar'bi-tis) is a well-known annual twining plant, of easy culture.

The *Mourning Bride*, one species of the *Scabiosa*, has dense heads of beautiful dark-purple flowers. One variety is sometimes called *Pincushion*.

but she was as stiff as a "Pincushion," and frowned so darkly upon him that he went off to another quarter.

22. Every one remarked upon Mr. *Wallflower's* appearance. He really looked old, and dreadfully seedy, for a gentleman of his standing. Good Mrs. Rose made an apology for him, and said it was so late in the season he was quite used up with being so much *out*.

23. "But oh!" she exclaimed, "here comes, as trim and neat as possible, little Mr. Box. I declare, you are an *Evergreen*, Mr. Box."

"Ah, madam," said he, politely bowing, "may we not say the same of *Yew*?"

"Capital, Mr. Box!" the lady replied, gracefully acknowledging the pun and the compliment;—"now *edge along*, and see if you can keep my young folks in order."

24. "What a plain little dwarf he is!" continued she, looking after him; "and yet he is exceedingly useful at times, particularly in putting little *plats* and *designs* into shape."

25. The music, by an admirable arrangement, seemed to proceed from the neighboring trees and shrubbery; and I heard Miss *Katy Did* mentioned as one of the performers, and Mr. *Cricket* as another. The lights were furnished by the beautiful lamps of heaven, which merrily twinkled through the foliage.

26. As the evening advanced, the young people got into excellent spirits, and indulged in *Hops* and *Capers*. Indeed,

Verse 22.—The *Wallflowers* (*Cheiranthus*), beautiful garden flowers, and very fragrant, especially at evening, have yellow, orange, and dark-purple blossoms. They become very dingy and faded when left standing *out* too long.

V. 23.—The dwarf *Box*, used for the edging or borders of garden beds, is an evergreen, like the *Yew*.

V. 26.—The *Hop* is a well-known plant.—*Capers* are the flower-buds of the caper plant, and are used for pickling.—The true *Pol-y-anthus*, commonly called *Primrose*, and sometimes *Cowslip*, is a fine

all formality seemed to wear off. I heard prim little Polly Anthus call her partner "Sweet William;" and Tom At'o really proposed to one of the Canterbury Belles—"Would she accept a *Love-Apple*?" Even Mr. Auric'ula condescended to act the "Dusty Miller" in a charade.

27. Major Convolvulus asked Miss *Mimo'sa* to take a turn down the walk: but she said she was sure the *Night Shade* was deadly; and, looking timidly around, she said, in a hushed voice, she was afraid of seeing the "Devil in a Bush!" Whereupon he whispered, that she was a little *Sensitive Plant*, and that no one should touch her.

28. Captain Heath had chosen Miss Lily (of the Valley) for his partner. I heard him whispering to her of the delights of living on the Scottish hills, among the grouse,—of climbing the rocks, and hanging over the edge of a precipice. He wished to goodness he could transplant her there,—the *belles* in his country were so unpleasantly *blue*. Upon which she hung down her head, and said she preferred the *shade*; but if there was any little glen where she could live *near* him, she thought she should like it very much.

29. Everybody seemed happy, except Miss *Amaranth*, who drooped her head the whole evening; nor did I wonder after overhearing a conversation between her and sweet Miss Violet, under a beautiful "Virgin's Bower." Her dearest friend, she said, had met with a terrible accident,—had been blown down in a hurricane, and had been

spring border flower, with yellow and brown colors.—The *Sweet William* is one of the cluster, or bunch Pinks.—The *Tomato*, when first introduced, was called *Love-apple*.—The *Dusty Miller* is one of the powdery white foliage plants.

Verse 27.—The *Mimosa* is the well-known *Sensitive Plant*.—The *Nightshade* of this country has black berries, that are said to be poisonous. The Deadly *Nightshade* of Europe is the poisonous *Belladonna*.—The *Devil-in-a-Bush*, (Ni-gel'la,) also called *Ragged Lady*, is a handsome annual of the gardens.

so injured, she was sure he could never hold up his beautiful head again!

30. He was only her cousin, she said, and people called him a *Coxcomb*. Alas! she never could have *Heart's Ease* again: his last words had been "Forget me not." "Oh!" she cried, "my poor Love lies bleeding!"

I heard sobs: I saw "Lovers' Tears," and hurried away, unwilling longer to intrude on their privacy.

31. The supper was quite beautiful. Mrs. "Thrift," the housekeeper,—“Sage,” the cook,—and “King Cups,” the butler, had exerted themselves to the very utmost; and the footmen, in their handsome new livery, were perfect *Scarlet Runners*.

32. The ladies sipped *nectar*; and sherbet of raspberry, strawberry, or vanilla; but old Mrs. Scabiosa remarked that of all beverages “Peko tea” was the *pink* of perfection;—while the gentlemen indulged in “Partridge Eggs,” “Butter Cups,” and a little—“Shrub.”

33. At last the company began to disperse,—and it was time; for Mrs. Rose was looking very tired. Many of the musicians had fallen asleep. I waited till the last of the guests had departed;—and it was quite amusing to talk it all over.

34. Of course, several of the neighbors were not there.

Verses 29 and 30.—The *Amaranths* are an extensive genus of annuals, of which the rich crimson *Cockscomb* is one species, and the dark-purple *Love-lies-bleeding* another.—*Heart's-ease* is the Pansy.—The *Forget-me-not* (*My-o-so'tis*) is a well-known sentimental plant, with delicate blue flowers.

V. 32.—The *Picotees* (“Peko tea”) are varieties of pinks closely allied to the carnations.

V. 34.—The *Amaryllids* (*Am-a-ryl'lis*) are a splendid family of ornamental bulbous plants from the Cape of Good Hope, with lily-shaped flowers of a great variety of colors.

(Other botanical allusions found here are too numerous to be explained.)

Little *John Quill* and Miss *Amy Ryllis* were expected, but did not come. None of the *Bramble* family had been invited; and as for *Elder Berry*, I don't suppose he ever attended a tea-party in his life.

35. We took a stroll through the deserted garden—and *such* a scene as it was! Dear me! It seemed as if the young people had been called away in the middle of a charade, or had been getting up an impromptu masquerade.

36. The whole place was strewn with such articles as "Ladies' Slippers," "Ladies' Tresses," "Queen's Needlework"—and we found a "Monk's Hood," a "Turk's Cap," an "Old Man's Beard," and "Golden Rods," and ever so many "Bachelor's Buttons." I afterward heard it whispered that the *Dutchman's Breeches*, which Captain Heath had worn in a charade, had been picked up under an Alder bush, where they had been hastily thrown aside!

37. Good Mrs. Rose said to me, sighing, she thought she should give up these noisy parties until her grandchildren (the *Rosebuds*) had come out. She thought the next entertainment would be a few months hence, when the *Christmas Roses* would be in the country. "But, dear me!" she continued, "how many changes may happen before then! The gayest of my guests to-night may be dead—even I myself!"

38. I saw the *dew* gathering in her eyes, and, bidding her a most affectionate farewell, I sauntered home.

The breaking up of Mrs. Rose's tea-party closed *our* evening's entertainment also.

XLIII.—A SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

A Kansas Letter.

1. We had thought to end this volume with the closing scenes of the entertainment described in the preceding

chapter; but since that time several years have passed away, and now, from distant Kansas comes a letter which is of too much interest to be omitted. Fortunately for our purpose, however, it seems to be a fitting sequel to the events that we have been recording.

2. We might have much to say, here, about what has occurred since the breaking up of Mrs. Rose's tea-party—or was it Mrs. Wilmot's party? We might speak of Mr. Jones's published South American letters relating to the Chilian and Peruvian war,—of his crossing the Andes from Peru, and his voyage down the Amazon River to its mouth,—of Mr. Irwin and his charming lady, and of the success of the great Atlanta cotton-factory of *Irwin and Wilmot*,—of the rising fame of the scientist and physician, Dr. Hoffmann,—of the growing reputation of the law firm of Duncan and Barto, and of the delightful city homes of the two partners, at which we are always a welcome visitor.

3. At our Lake-View home, *some* changes have occurred, as may be inferred from the foregoing; but others have come so gradually that they seem to be of little marked importance. The long-familiar teacher of the school is still at his post,—and why should he give place to another? Mr. Edward Wilmot and Henry Allen are among the directors of the Lake-View factories, which are still under the superintendency of Uncle Philip; Mr. Raymond is as highly esteemed as ever; and good Father Bardou sleeps the sleep of the just.

4. But—to the letter that we spoke of. It is from *Bertie Brown*; and this announcement, we know, is sufficient to induce our readers to give it a careful perusal. After speaking of the greatly improved prospects of his father's family, and of the rapid growth, in population, of the section of Kansas in which they reside, he says:—

5. "But I must not dwell on these things now, for I wish to give you an account of some incidents that occurred during my last summer's journey on a cattle-purchasing

expedition to Texas, as I know they will interest you, and others of my Lake-View friends; and if you think my letter worthy of it, you may drop it into the "Cabinet," and give it a place among the "*gleanings*" for your next meeting. If you choose, you may enter my letter on your list of contributions, as "The True Story of the Volunteer Counsel."—The letter then proceeds as follows:—

The Volunteer Counsel.

1. My route having led me by the way of North-eastern Texas, I had crossed the Red River at Fort Towson, and was on my way to Clarksville, the county seat of Red River County, when I first heard rumors of a great criminal trial that had just taken place at the court-house; and I learned, that although the accused had been acquitted he was about to be tried on another charge, and that the whole country was greatly excited about it.

2. On reaching Clarksville, early in the forenoon of the next day, I proceeded directly to the court-house, which I found crowded to overflowing. From those with whom I had travelled that morning I had learned the following history of the case which was attracting so many of the country people to town.

3. It seems that one George Warner, a wealthy planter, had offered a gross insult to Mary Allston, the young and beautiful wife of the foreman of his plantation. The indignant husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Warner went to the house of Allston, and, as the latter opened the door, shot him dead on the spot. The murderer was arrested, and was allowed to give bail to answer the charge.

4. The occurrence produced great excitement; and Warner, in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated false reports about Mrs. Allston's character, and she sued him for slander; but the former suit had been

tried before I reached Clarksville, and, strange to say, Warner had been acquitted.

5. It was the current talk among the people, however, that the acquittal was wholly owing to the immense wealth of Warner, who had been able to retain, by enormous fees, the celebrated lawyers, Barry of Shreveport, Frazer of Kansas, and Colonel Perkins, the renowned wit of the New Orleans bar. The Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

6. Following the acquittal on the charge of murder, the slander suit was ready for trial as I entered the courthouse; and the throng of spectators that was crowding in from the country was constantly growing in numbers, as in excitement. The same array of able counsel appeared for Warner in the slander suit. The result of the former trial had somewhat changed public opinion, which was now setting in for the accused—or, rather, few believed in the possibility of his conviction. His money had procured witnesses, as in the former case, in which they had all too well served his powerful advocates. When the slander suit came up, it was left without an attorney for the plaintiff;—all had withdrawn.

7. An intense and almost unaccountable interest in the proceedings impelled me forward, and I pushed my way to a chair which a polite official had procured for me, in front of the judge on the bench, and very near to the jury.

8. "Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, kindly, of the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the judge, glancing around the bar. The twenty old lawyers were silent.

9. After a pause, which already, from its stillness, began to be oppressive to the eager, expectant throng in that

crowded house,—“I will, your honor,” said a voice from the crowd outside of the bar. Something in the tones with which those words were spoken thrilled me like an electric shock, and with a sudden start I turned toward the speaker.

10. He stood there, facing the judge, a pale, thin-visaged man, of, seemingly, about thirty years, with eyes intensely black, but of the mildest dreamy expression, and with a countenance as calm as if it had never been ruffled by a breath of passion. There was something in his appearance that seemed to stir up in my bosom vague memories of the past, as if I had seen him before; but I could not recall him. His clothes looked so poor, covered as they were with the dust of travel, that the judge hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

11. “Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?” demanded the judge. “It has not been,” mildly answered the stranger; “but perhaps this license from the highest tribunal in America will be deemed a sufficient guarantee for my legal standing;” and he handed the judge a broad parchment, bearing on it the seal of the Supreme Court of the United States.

12. The trial went on. The volunteer counsel suffered the witnesses to tell their own story; and, in the brief cross-examination which he gave them, a novice would have supposed that he aimed to get greater explicitness in their statements, rather than to educe anything new; yet I noticed that Barry, the senior counsel of the defendant, seemed to be growing alarmed at the apparently simple, but really searching, character of the questioning.

13. The defence, as is customary, then led off. Barry spoke first, followed by Frazer and Perkins. The latter, abounding in wit and sarcasm, brought down the house in cheers, in which the jury joined,—an exhibition that was followed by a severe reproof from the judge.

14. It was now the stranger’s turn. He arose in front of the legal array opposed to him, and so near the wonder-

ing jury that he could almost touch the foreman with his long, bony finger. If the pale face, which seemed to wear an unearthly calmness, impressed every beholder with something like awe, the low and sweetly musical tones that fell from his lips charmed every ear into the deepest attention.

15. But the calm was of short duration. After a brief exordium, in which he portrayed the character and the demands of JUSTICE, as the bond that holds civilized beings and civilized communities together,—and a gentle rebuke of the timidity of the Clarksville bar, which had left the defence of female innocence to a stranger,—he proceeded, with gradually increasing warmth, to tear in pieces the arguments of Barry and Frazer, which melted away at his touch like frost before a sunbeam. Every one looked surprised at the boldness and eloquence of the stranger.

16. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the petted New Orleans lawyer, Perkins. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his pale face began to kindle up, his eyes to open, dim and dreamy no longer, but vivid as lightning, and glowing with the intensity of emotion. The whole heart beamed from his face; the whole soul was in his eyes. Then, without any allusion to the *argument* of Perkins, he turned short round on the perjured witnesses of Warner, tore their testimony into shreds, and hurled into their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspen, and two of them fled from the court-house.

17. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Pressing forward from every part of the house, filling the windows from the outside, and breathless with attention, they hung upon the burning words of the stranger, who had inspired them with all the power of his own passion. He seemed to have stolen nature's long-hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come.

18. His eyes began to glance at the assassin Warner, who was already nervous with apprehension as the lean

taper fingers of the speaker assumed the same direction. He enclosed the wretch within a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, and held up the slanderer to the contempt and scorn of all. Having thus girt him about, as with a circle of fire, he seemed to be preparing himself for the massacre of his victim.

19. Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful, to behold the orator. His actions, too, became as impetuous as the motions of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with whirlpools, deafening the ears with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with an undersong of sweetest cadence. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace; his countenance was haggard with the intensity of emotion; and ever and anon he flung his arms on high, as if grasping after a thunder-bolt.

20. He drew a picture of murder in the most appalling colors; he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such a monster. And then, fixing both portraits on the shrinking, trembling culprit, he fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience amounted almost to madness.

21. All at once the speaker descended from his lofty height. His voice wailed out to the murdered dead in an agony of grief; and then it melted into tones of the most touching sorrow for the living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster and faster—till men wept and sobbed like children.

22. He closed with a strong exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders, beseeching the panel, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it;—in other words, not to lynch the villain, but to leave his punishment to God.

23. The charge of the judge was brief, and strongly against the accused; and the jury promptly returned a

verdict of fifty thousand dollars for the plaintiff.—The night afterward, Warner was taken out of his bed by the indignant citizens, and beaten almost to death.—As the court adjourned, the stranger arose and said, "Ralph Duncan will preach here at early candle-light."

24. At this unexpected announcement I sprung to my feet, as if a mine had exploded beneath me. It was, indeed, my old friend and schoolmate,—*my* volunteer counsel in the first case that he ever defended, and whom I had failed to recognize, though at the very first the tones of his voice had thrilled me with their never-to-be-forgotten melody.

25. Making my way to him through the pressing crowd, that would almost have borne him off in triumph on their shoulders, I grasped his hand with emotion too deep for utterance; but he knew me, and arm in arm we walked to the hotel together. He had been called all the way from Philadelphia to Austin, the capital of the State, to argue an important case under the patent laws, and was passing through Clarksville on his return, when the excitement there led him, through curiosity, to enter the court-house.

26. Ralph Duncan did preach that evening, and the house was crowded, while hundreds could not obtain entrance. Said an intelligent old gentleman to me, "I have listened to Clay, Webster, Finney, and Maffitt, but I never heard anything in the form of sublime words that so impressed me as the moving, native eloquence of Ralph Duncan,—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire."

27. Make what allowance you will to boyhood's pleasant memories, yet there is enough of substantial merit in Ralph Duncan to meet my noblest ideas of a truly great and good man;—and on recalling that sermon I am not certain but that, after striking the balance of judgment, the able and brilliant lawyer will yield the palm to the profound and eloquent divine.

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING BRIEF SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS TO WHOM PROMINENT REFERENCE IS MADE, OR FROM WHOSE WORKS THERE ARE SELECTIONS OR ADAPTATIONS, IN THE FOREGOING PAGES.

ADDISON, *Joseph*,—born in 1672, died in 1719,—one of the most eminent of English authors. His contributions to the *Spectator*, especially his papers on Milton, and his "Vision of Mirza," are to this day among the masterpieces of English literature. [See pp. 26, 292.]

AKENSIDE, *Mark, M.D.*,—b. in 1721, d. in 1770,—an English poet, chiefly celebrated for his "*Pleasures of the Imagination*," which will be read as long as the English language endures. [p. 274.]

ALEXANDER, *Mrs. Cecil Frances*, wife of the Bishop of Derry, (Londonderry,) Ireland,—b. in 1830. She has published two volumes of original verse. [p. 235.]

ALISON, *Sir Archibald*,—b. in 1792, d. in 1867,—a celebrated English essayist, historian, and writer on criminal law. His *History of Europe*, from 1789 to 1815, is his most important work. [pp. 267, 271.]

ANDERSEN, *Hans Christum*, a Danish author,—b. in 1805, d. in 1875. His admirable fairy-tales for children have been translated into nearly every modern language. [p. 385.]

ARNOLD, *Edwin*, an English author,—b. in 1831. He is a voluminous writer both of prose and of poetry. His great poem, "*The Light of Asia*," has been called the *Iliad* of India. [p. 380.]

AYTOUN, *Prof. William Edmondstone*, a member of the Scottish bar, a political writer, and poet,—b. in 1813, d. in 1865. [p. 36.]

BENTON, *Thomas Hart*, an American statesman,—b. near Hillsborough, N.C., in 1782, d. in 1858. [pp. 414-421.]

BRASSEMERFELS, *J.*, an English writer. [p. 158.]

BION, a Greek pastoral poet, who wrote about 280 B.C. [p. 392.]

BLACKIE, *Prof. John Stuart*, a Scottish author, popular lecturer, and active contributor to periodicals and cyclopædias,—b. in 1809. [pp. 187-8.]

BROOKS, *Rev. Charles T.*, an American author and accomplished scholar,—b. in Salem, Mass., in 1813. [p. 97.]

BROWN, *Rev. John W.*,—b. in 1814, d. in 1849,—an American poet, wrote "*Christmas Bells and other Poems*." [p. 145.]

BRYANT, *William Cullen*, one of the most eminent of American poets,—b. at Cummington, Mass., in 1797, d. in New York in 1878. In his nineteenth year he wrote "*Thanatopsis*," one of the most impressive poems in the language. [pp. 13, 234.]

BULWER, *Sir Edward Lytton*, a celebrated English novelist and poet,—b. in 1805, d. in 1873. He was raised to the peerage, as Baron Lytton, in 1866. [p. 135.]

BURKE, *Edmund*, b. in Dublin, in 1730, d. in 1797. He was a famous statesman, writer, philosopher, and orator; and his renown, says Grattan, "can fear no death except what barbarity may impose on the globe." [p. 431.]

BURNS, *Robert*, a Scottish poet,—b. near Ayr, in 1759, d. in 1796. Though originally a ploughman, and humbly educated, his native genius raised him to high poetical fame. [p. 394.]

BYRON, (*Lord*) *George Gordon*, a celebrated English poet,—b. in London, in 1788, d. at Missolonghi, Greece, in 1824. It is said of him, that "few have ever called from the poetic lyre, tones so varied and seemingly incompatible." [pp. 75, 77, 78, 127, 129, 130, 187, 188, 191, 328, 330, 394, 396.]

CAMOENS, *Luiz de*, the most celebrated of Portuguese poets,—b. in 1524, d. in 1579. He lived and died in poverty, but after his death he was called the *Portuguese Apollo*, *Camoens the Great*; a monument was erected to his memory, and medals were struck in his honor. [pp. 318, 319, 323, 335.]

CHANNING, *William Ellery, D.D.*, an American clergyman and author,—b. at Newport, R.I., in 1780, settled in Cambridge, Mass., d. in 1842. [p. 334, 340.]

CLEMENS, *Samuel L.*, ("Mark Twain") an American humorist,—b. in Florida, Mo., in 1835. In early life he was an apprentice in a printing-office, then a pilot on the Mississippi; he worked in the mines, became an editor, and is the author

of "The Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," etc. [p. 91.]

COLERIDGE, *Samuel Taylor*, a distinguished literary character,—a poet and philosopher,—b. in Devonshire, England, in 1772, d. in 1834. Some of his most beautiful poems are "Christabel," the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," and "Ode to the Departing Year." [pp. 75, 112, 327.]

COLTON, *Caleb C.*, an English writer,—b. in 1780, d. in 1832. His "Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words," a collection of moral aphorisms, is the most popular of his works. [pp. 392, 393.]

COWPER, *William*, one of the most eminent of English poets,—b. in 1731, d. in 1800. His ballad of "John Gilpin" first gave him a wide renown. "The Task," and his translation of Homer, are highly popular to this day. [pp. 240, 360, 363.]

CRABBE, *George*, an English curate and poet,—b. in 1754, d. in 1832. His best poetic productions are "The Village," and "The Borough." [p. 421.]

CRANCH, *Rev. Christopher P.*, an American landscape-painter and poet,—b. at Alexandria, Va., in 1813. He has translated the *Æneid* in blank verse. [p. 401.]

CURRAN, *John Philipot*, an eminent orator, member of the Irish bar and Irish Parliament,—b. in 1750, d. in 1817. In his speeches "he was copious, splendid, full of wit, and life, and ardor." [p. 264.]

DALLAS, *Alexander James*, an American statesman, lawyer, and writer,—b. at Jamaica, W.I., in 1759, died at Trenton, N.J., in 1817. [p. 263.]

DERZHAVIN, *Gavriil Romanovitch*, a Russian lyric poet and statesman,—b. in 1743, d. in 1816. He holds the highest place among the bards of his country. [p. 70.]

DICKINSON, *Charles M.* [p. 50.]

ENGLISH, *Thomas Dunn*,—b. in Philadelphia in 1819,—author of "Poems," "American Ballads," etc., and a frequent contributor to periodical literature. [p. 329.]

EVERETT, *Edward*,—b. in Dorchester, Mass., in 1794, d. in 1865,—a learned and eloquent orator, and graceful writer,—successively Professor of Greek in Harvard College, Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, Secretary of State of the United States, and U. S. Senator. [p. 436.]

FENELON, *François de Salignac de la Mothe*, a French prelate and author,—b. in 1651, d. in 1715. His most celebrated work is the "Adventures of Telemachus," which has been translated into nearly all European languages, and has been versified in English, Latin, Greek, etc. [p. 338.]

FIELD, *Henry M.*, an American clergyman, editor, and author,—b. in Stockbridge, Mass., in 1822. [pp. 269, 271-8, 396, 426.]

FOX, *Charles James*,—b. in 1749, d. in 1806,—a famous English statesman and orator. Like Burke, he was a friend of the American colonies and of the wronged people of the East Indies. [p. 431.]

GIBSON, *Edward*, an English historian,—

b. in 1737, d. in 1794. His "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is generally admitted to be the greatest historical work in the English language. [pp. 339, 434.]

GILDER, *Richard Watson*, b. in Bordentown, N.J., in 1844,—author of "The New Day," "The Poet and his Master," etc. [p. 211.]

GOLDSMITH, *Oliver*, a celebrated English poet and miscellaneous writer,—b. in 1728, d. in 1774. "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" are his best-known poems, and "The Vicar of Wakefield" his most famous prose work. [pp. 35, 134.]

HALE, *Edward Everett*, an American clergyman, editor, and author of a number of ingenious and entertaining fictions and other works,—b. in Boston, Mass., in 1822. One of his most celebrated stories is "The Man without a Country." [p. 338.]

HAMERTON, *Philip Gilbert*, an English author, artist, and art critic,—b. in 1834. [pp. 246-250.]

HAMILTON, *George A.*, author of a volume of poems, 1860. [p. 411.]

HARTE, *Francis Bret*, an American prose writer, poet, and frequent contributor to periodicals,—b. in Albany, N.Y., in 1839. His "Luck of Roaring Camp," a story of California mining life, and his humorous poem "The Heathen Chinee," made him suddenly famous. [pp. 400, 445.]

HARVEY, *Peter*, author of "Reminiscences of Daniel Webster." [pp. 414-421.]

HAYGARTH, *William*, wrote "Greece, a Poem," with critical notes, 8vo, London, 1814. [p. 186.]

HEADLEY, *Rev. Joel T.*, an American author,—b. at Walton, N.Y., in 1814. He wrote "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Sacred Mountains," "Washington and his Generals," and numerous other works. [p. 230.]

HERSCHEL, *Sir John Frederick William*, an eminent English astronomer and writer on physics,—b. in 1792, d. in 1871. His great enterprise was the wonderful "gauging of the heavens" of the southern hemisphere. [p. 339.]

HEMANS, *Mrs. Felicia Dorothea*, an English poetess,—b. in 1794, d. in 1835. It may almost be said that she "lisped in numbers," as a volume of her poems was published before she was fifteen years of age. [pp. 186, 226, 267.]

HIGGINS, *John*, an English schoolmaster and divine, of the time of Elizabeth. [p. 421.]

HOMER, the supposed author of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and the "father of epic poetry." The prevailing opinion is that he was born near Smyrna, about 900 B.C. [p. 272.]

HOPKINS, *James Barron*, a native of Hampton, Va. He published in 1857 a volume of poems. His "Charge at Balaklava" has received high commendation. [p. 205.]

HORACE, *Quintus Horatius Flaccus*, a Roman poet,—b. 65 B.C., d. 8 B.C.,—is the most frequently quoted of all the writers of

antiquity. His "Odes," "Satires," and "Epistles" are exquisitely finished. [pp. 393.]

HUGO, *Victor Marie*, a French poet and novelist,—b. in 1802. His productions in both departments are numerous. His writings have had an immense circulation in France, and have been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. [p. 376.]

HUNT, *James Henry Leigh*, an English poet and prose writer,—b. in 1784, d. in 1859. Besides being the author of numerous works, he was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood* and other magazines. [pp. 320, 343, 348, 349.]

INGLIS, *Henry David* ("Derwent Conway"),—b. in Edinburgh in 1795, d. in 1835. He wrote numerous delightful sketches of travel through many countries of Europe. [pp. 57-69.]

IRVING, *Washington*,—b. in the city of New York in 1783, d. in 1859,—is, perhaps, one of the dearest names in the annals of American literature. He is eminent both as a historian and as a writer of tales and sketches. [pp. 141-2.]

JOHNSON, *Dr. Samuel*, an English author, one of the most distinguished literary characters of any age or country,—b. in 1709, d. in 1784. He was poet, essayist, lexicographer, and critic. His best-known works are the great English Dictionary that bears his name, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," "The Rambler," "The Idler," "Rasselas," and the "Lives of the Poets." [pp. 192, 280.]

JUDSON, *Mrs. Emily C.* ("Fanny Forester"), the third wife of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, Baptist missionary to Burmah,—b. in Eaton, N.Y., in 1817, d. in 1864. Her poetry is pure, delicate, and natural. [p. 378.]

LELAND, *Charles Godfrey*, an American writer of prose and poetry,—b. in Philadelphia in 1824.

LONGFELLOW, *Henry Wadsworth*, for many years Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College, one of the most popular of modern poets,—b. in Portland, Me., in 1807. "His verse is always melodious, tender, and delicate, unobtrusively winning its way to the heart." [pp. 147, 409.]

MACKAY, *Charles*, a popular British poet, journalist, and voluminous miscellaneous writer,—b. in Scotland in 1812. "One great purpose, from which he never deviates, is the promotion of human virtue and human happiness." [p. 444.]

MACLELLAN, *Isaac*, an American poet and miscellaneous writer,—b. in Portland, Me., in 1810. [p. 332.]

MARVELL, *Andrew*, an English poet, prose writer, political satirist, and member of Parliament,—b. in 1820, d. in 1878. His opposition to the corrupt practices of the time earned for him the name of "the British Aristides." [p. 337.]

MILTON, *John*, an English poet,—b. in 1608, d. in 1674,—"one of the most illus-

trious of his race for genius, philanthropy, learning, and virtue." His great works are "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." [pp. 150, 394.]

MITFORD, *Mary Russell*,—b. at Alresford, Hampshire, England, in 1786, d. in 1855. She wrote numerous stories, poems, dramatic scenes, tragedies, etc. "Her writings are distinguished by good taste, genuine simplicity, and natural feeling." [p. 439.]

MONTGOMERY, *James*, a British poet,—b. in Scotland in 1771, d. in 1854. "He is essentially a religious poet,—a steadfast advocate of whatsoever is true, just, pure, lovely, or of good report." [p. 329.]

MORE, *Hannah*, an English authoress,—b. in 1745, d. in 1833. "Her poems, religious, moral, and political tracts, promote virtue, and their repeated editions prove their worth and utility." [p. 254.]

MORRIS, *George P.*, an American journalist and popular song-writer,—b. in Philadelphia in 1802, d. in 1864. [p. 109.]

NEWTON, *Sir Isaac*, "the most illustrious of natural philosophers, and one of the most excellent of men,"—b. in Lincolnshire, England, in 1642, d. in 1727. His great work is the "*Principia*," embracing the mathematical principles of Natural Philosophy. [p. 375.]

NORTON, *Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Sarah*, an English writer of poetry and prose,—b. in 1808, d. in 1877. She has been called "the Byron of modern poetesses." [p. 79.]

OVERBURY, *Sir Thomas*, an English poet and prose writer,—b. in 1581, d. in 1613. [p. 341.]

PETRARCH, *Francesco*, an Italian poet of immense erudition,—b. in 1304, d. in 1374. He wrote both in Latin and in Italian. [p. 339.]

PIERPONT, *Rev. John*, an American poet, author of "Airs of Palestine, and other Poems,"—b. in Litchfield, Conn., in 1785, d. in 1866. "In his poetry he is a follower of Campbell." [pp. 234, 236.]

PINDAR, the "prince of lyric poets,"—b. 520 B.C., d. 440 B.C. Of his numerous works time has spared only four books of Odes. [pp. 138, 210.]

PITT, *William*, first Earl of Chatham, affectionately called by the people the "Great Commoner,"—b. in 1708, d. in 1778,—was an illustrious English statesman and orator. His distinguished son, William Pitt the younger,—b. in 1759, d. in 1806,—was Prime Minister at twenty-four years of age. [p. 430-1.]

POPE, *Alexander*, a celebrated English poet,—b. in 1688, d. in 1744. Most of his "Windsor Forest" was written at the age of sixteen, and he completed his great work, the translation of the "Iliad," at the age of thirty-two. [pp. 129, 175, 223, 224, 272, 293.]

PRESCOTT, *William Hickling*, an American classical historian,—b. at Salem, Mass., in 1796, d. in 1859. His chief works are the "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,"

"History of Philip II.," "Conquest of Mexico," and "Conquest of Peru." [p. 394.]

QUARLES, Francis, an English author of many books, both in prose and in verse,—b. in 1592, d. in 1644. "He is continually quaint in his poetry, but often eloquent, and often extremely pathetic." [p. 373.]

READ, Thomas Buchanan, an American artist and poet,—b. in Chester, Pa., in 1822, d. in 1872. "A poet painter, whose song has the vividness of picture, and whose canvas is painted with angels, fairies, and water-sprites, done to the ethereal life." [p. 133.]

ROBINSON, Edicard, an American Biblical scholar,—b. at Southington, Conn., in 1794, d. in 1863. The greatest of his works are his "Biblical Researches in the Holy Land," and his "Greek-and-English Lexicon of the New Testament." [p. 228.]

ROGERS, Samuel, an English poet,—b. in 1763, d. in 1855,—author of "Pleasures of Memory," "Voyage of Columbus," "Human Life," "Italy," etc. [pp. 112, 130, 161.]

RUSKIN, John, an English author,—b. in 1819. In such works as "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "The Stones of Venice," etc., he has created a new literature,—the literature of art. [p. 165.]

SAXE, John Godfrey, an American humorous poet,—b. in Highgate, Vt., in 1816. [p. 368.]

SCOTT, Sir Walter, a celebrated Scottish novelist, poet, and historical writer,—b. in Edinburgh in 1771, d. in 1832. His "Waverley Novels" gave him a world-wide reputation. [pp. 28, 29, 30, 421, 427.]

SHAKESPEARE, William, the greatest of dramatists,—b. at Stratford-upon-Avon, England, in 1564, d. in 1616. The mere titles of the books that have been written upon his life, genius, and the texts of his works, fill a volume of 89 octavo pages. [pp. 263, 286, 338, 360, 433.]

SHERIDAN, Richard Brinsley,—b. in Dublin in 1751, d. in 1816,—was a distinguished dramatist, politician, and orator. [p. 431.]

SIMONIDES, the most prolific and probably the most popular lyric poet that Greece ever produced,—b. in 556 B.C., d. in 467 B.C. [pp. 190, 191.]

SMITH, Horace, an English author, both of prose and poetry,—b. in 1779, d. in 1849. The brothers James and Horace were associated in most of their literary labors. [p. 275.]

SMITH, Rev. Sydney, a prolific English author, one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, celebrated as a good preacher, a brilliant wit, an unsparing critic, and a great master of ridicule,—b. in 1771, d. in 1845. [p. 427.]

SOUTHEY, Robert, an English poet and prose writer, and poet-laureate,—b. in 1774, d. in 1843. His literary life was marked by untiring and cheerful labor,

and by repeated acts of generosity. [pp. 32, 55.]

SOUVESTRE, Emile (d-mee'), a French author,—b. in 1806, d. in 1854. He excelled as a writer of instructive novels and tales. Two of his works, "The Pleasures of Old Age," and "The Attic Philosopher," are highly celebrated. [pp. 102-107, 161-157, 195-201, 371.]

SPRAGUE, Charles, an American poet and prose writer,—b. in Boston in 1791, d. in 1875. "For his terseness, his finished elegance, his regularity of metre, and his nervous point, he has been called the American Pope." [pp. 341, 450.]

STERNE, Laurence, a British writer of prose fiction,—b. in 1713, d. in 1768. [p. 193.]

TAPPAN, William Bingham, the author of several volumes of pleasing poems,—b. in Beverly, Mass., in 1794, d. in 1849. [p. 421.]

TASSO, Torquato, one of the greatest of Italian poets,—b. in 1544, d. in 1595. His great work is the "Jerusalem Delivered,"—an epic on the delivery of Jerusalem by the Crusader, Godfrey of Bouillon. [p. 201.]

TENNYSON, Alfred, who succeeded Wordsworth as poet-laureate of England in 1850,—b. at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1809. "He is the first poet of our time."—*London Times*. [p. 86.]

TROWBRIDGE, John Townsend, a favorite contributor to some of our magazines, and a writer of numerous popular poems and stories,—b. at Ogden, N.Y., in 1827. [pp. 294-317.]

VIRGIL (or, Publius Virgilius Maro), the greatest of the Roman poets,—b. 70 B.C., d. 19 B.C. His principal works are the "Eclogues," the "Georgics," and the "Æneid." [p. 138.]

WALLACE, Miss. [p. 84.]

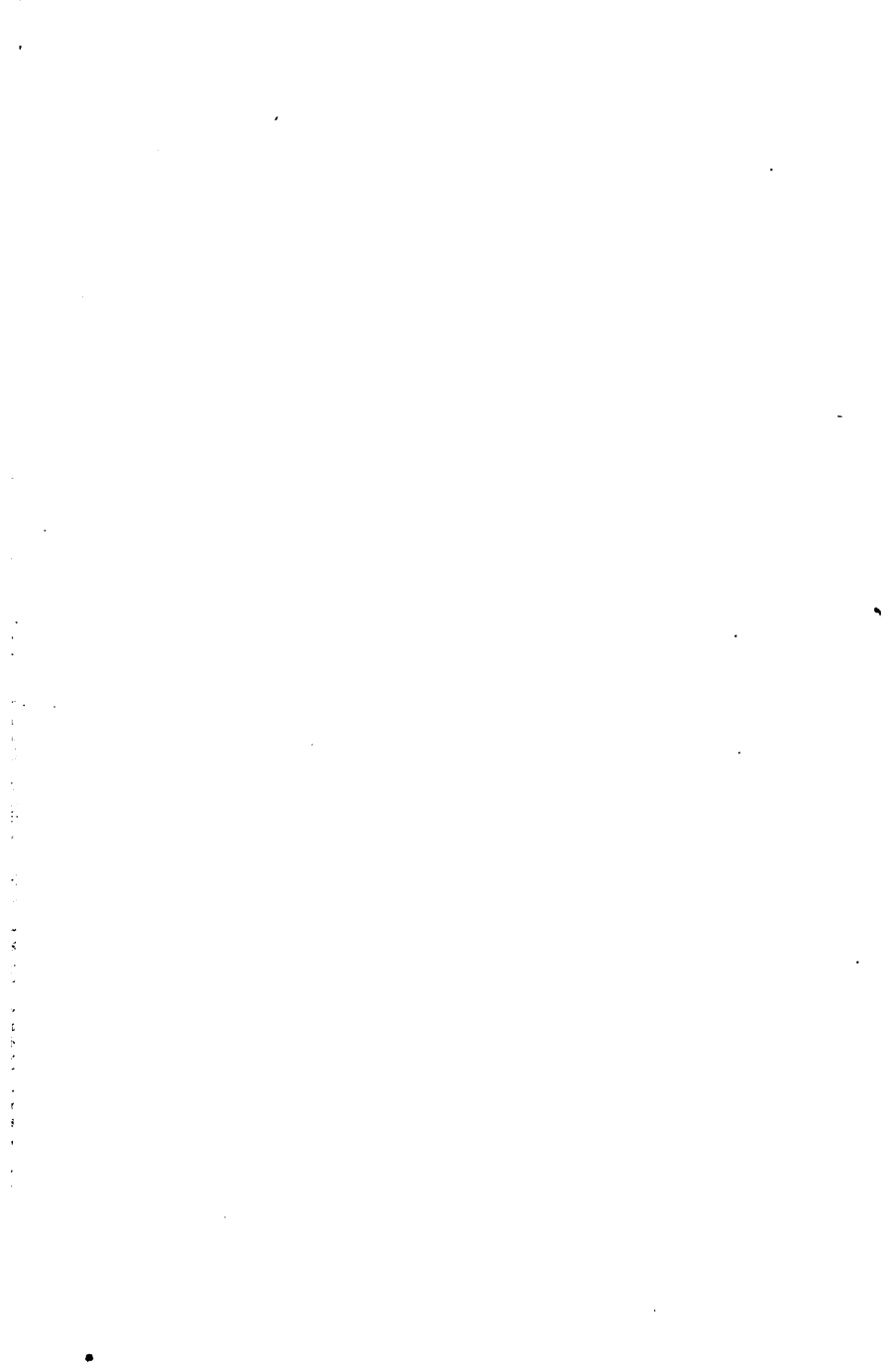
WALLER, Sir William, an English general and author,—b. in 1597, d. in 1668. [p. 338.]

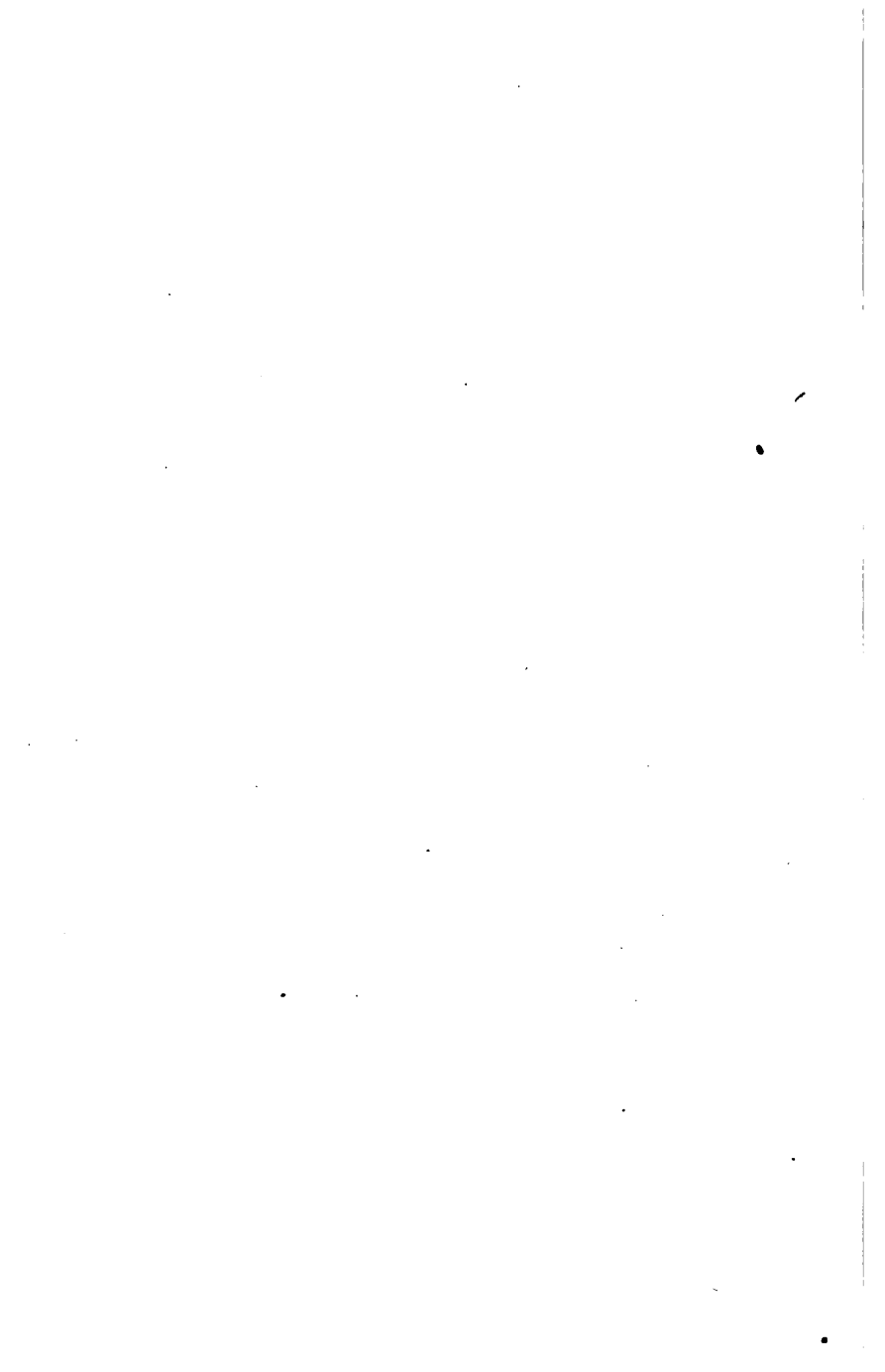
WEBSTER, Daniel, a great lawyer, statesman, and orator, and a master of the best English,—b. at Salisbury (now Franklin), N.H., in 1782, d. at Marshfield, Mass., in 1852. [pp. 26, 414-421.]

WHITTIER, John Greenleaf, called "the Quaker poet,"—b. in Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. He is our leading lyric poet, and is more peculiarly American than any other of equal fame. His "Maud Muller," "The Barefoot Boy," "Barbara Frietchie," etc., are familiar to almost every school-boy in the land. "Snow-Bound" is one of the best of his poems. [pp. 224, 225, 229, 236, 240, 242.]

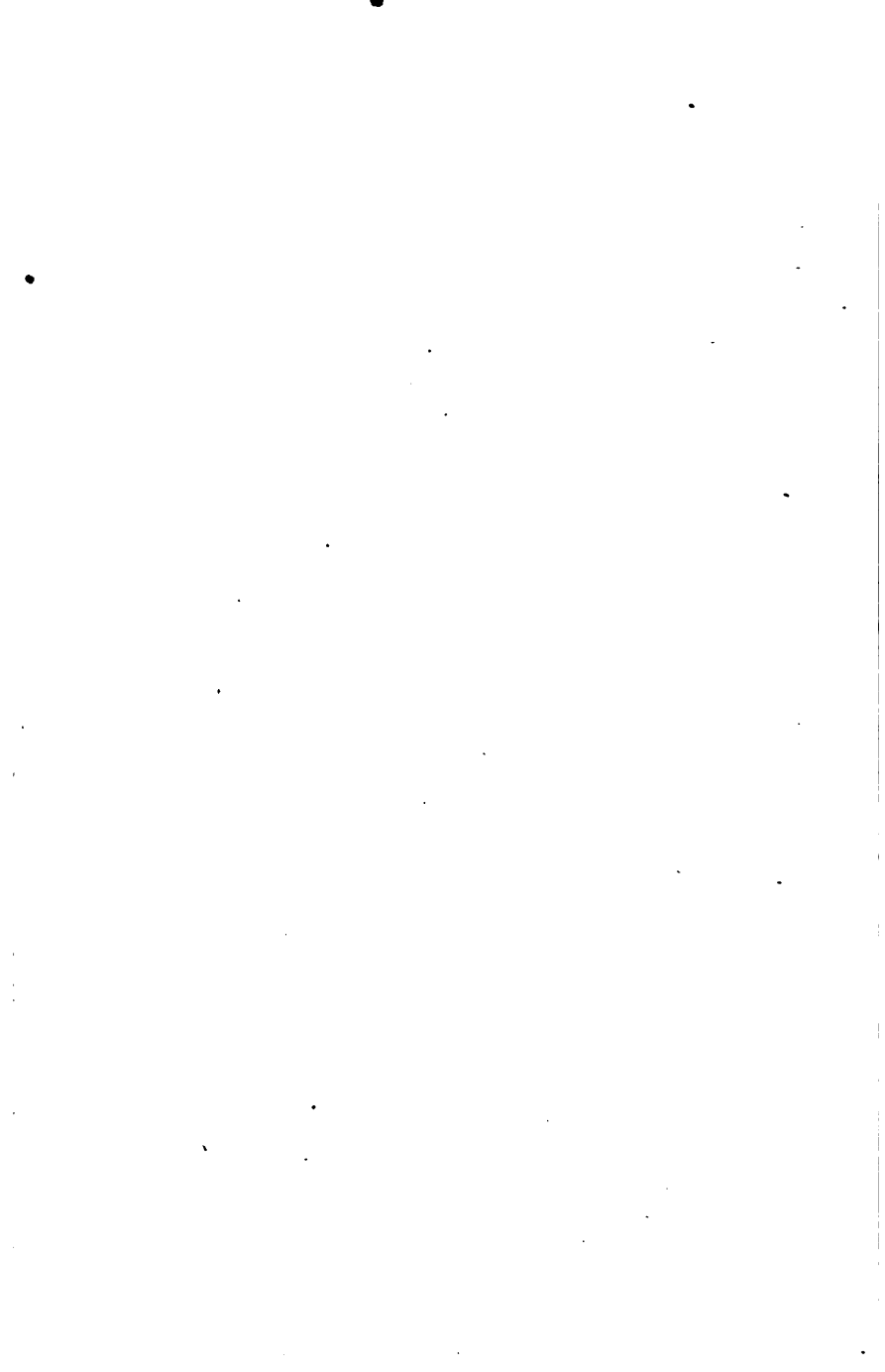
WOLFE, Rev. Charles,—b. in Dublin, Ireland, in 1791, d. in 1823. "His Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore went directly to the heart of the nation, and it is likely to remain forever enshrined there." [p. 89.]











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